

Oct. 20, 1986

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THE NEW YORKER





Kristina Koehler
Kindergartner, Age: 5
Quentin Huillard
Nursery Schooler, Age: 3
Living in Hong Kong

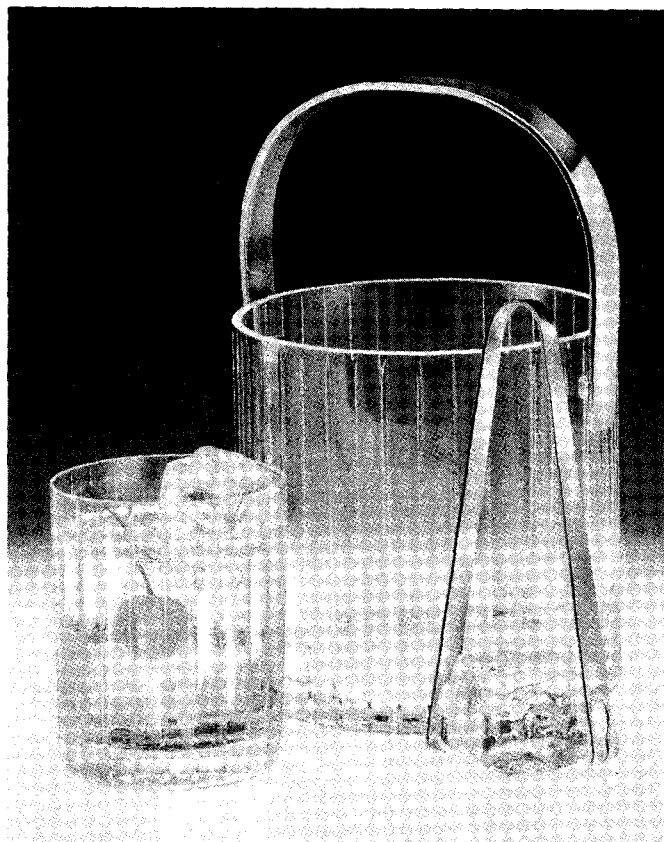
I'm only 5, but I've already been to 7 countries in S.E. Asia to swim competitively. I train 6 hours a week and I'm the youngest swimmer they've ever had from Hong Kong. I have an octopus, Elena, that I named for my best friend, and a white and silver rabbit, Lace. We all play in my garden where there are fig trees and mango trees. Quentin and I just met and he started singing to me right away. He could be a writer because he has a big imagination and likes telling funny stories. When I'm older I want to be a woman because I like to go everywhere by myself.

C R Y S T A L P E R F E C T I O N

SASAKI

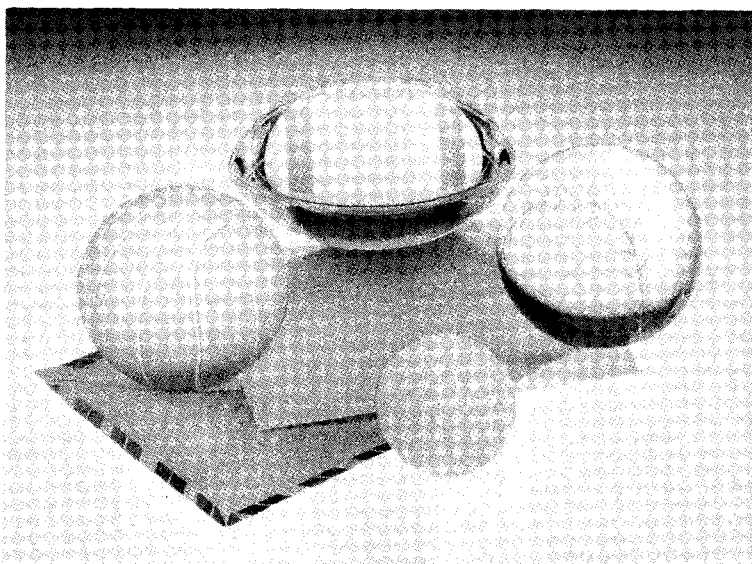
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGRY HOUSEWIVES—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CARMILLA—A revival of a chamber opera adapted by Wilford Leach from a novel by J. S. Le Fanu. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory—**IN THIS FALLEN CITY**: Bryan Williams' mystery, set in East Harlem, is not as gripping as it should be, in spite of excellent performances by Michael Higgins and Danton Stone. (10/6/86).... **THE EARLY GIRL**: By Caroline Kava, in previews. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

CONFESSIONS OF A NIGHTINGALE—Ray Stricklyn as Tennessee Williams in a one-man play adapted by Charlotte Chandler and Mr. Stricklyn from Miss Chandler's book "The Ultimate Seduction." (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DOUBLE IMAGE THEATRE—Presenting two plays in repertory—**THE RETURN OF PINOCCHIO**: By Richard Nelson. (10/6/86) Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, and Saturday, Oct. 25.... **THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW**: John Patrick Shanley's comedy—sometimes strong and funny, sometimes tedious—is composed of three conversations, between (1) a young woman and her former lover, (2) the young woman and her father, and (3) the father and the lover, all of them citizens of the Bronx. (Reviewed in this issue.) Sunday, Oct. 19, and Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 21-24. (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GROUCHO: A LIFE IN REVUE—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE IMPOSTOR—This import from modern China,

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about a clever young man who passes himself off as the son of one of the founders of the revolution, and rises steadily in a world of crooked, obsequious Party functionaries, is performed in broad farcical style by the capable members of the enterprising Pan Asian Repertory company. Keenan Shimizu is the attractive hero, and Donald Li is very good as the drunken, disillusioned manager of a collective farm. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 1.)

INTO THE LIGHT—Dean Jones in a musical with a book by Jeff Tamborino, a score by Lee Holdridge, and lyrics by John Forster. Staged by Michael Maurer. Previews through Wednesday matinee, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Actors

Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LADY DAY AT EMERSON'S BAR & GRILL—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

LAMBS THEATRE COMPANY—A play by David McFadzean, **THE CHINA FISH**, is the first in this season's series of three productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8; Thursdays at 11 A.M. and 8; and Fridays at 8.)

LILLIAN WALD, AT HOME ON HENRY STREET—A play by Clare Coss, about the founder of the Henry Street Settlement. With Patricia Elliott in the title role. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

ME AND MY GIRL—A fifty-year-old British musical, once started in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently

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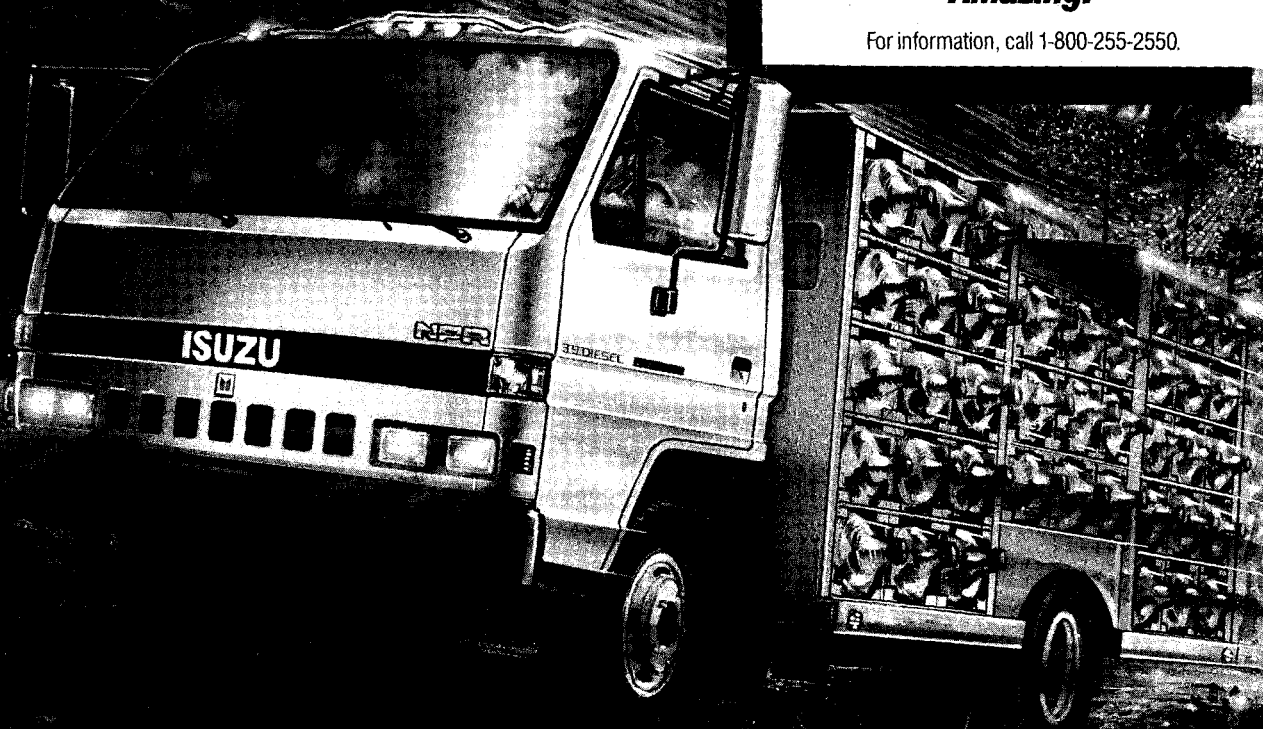
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A very welcome return engagement, after several years' absence, of the trio of performers who, disguised as objects that might well have fallen to earth from outer space, behave in a touchingly human fashion as they slink mysteriously about the stage. They astonish audiences into laughter and, like the creatures in "Alice in Wonderland," make us happy by means beyond our comprehension. Characteristically, the name of the show stands for anything you would like it to stand for. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

OLYMPUS ON MY MIND—A lark little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PERFECT PARTY—A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

RAGGEDY ANN—A musical with a book by William Gibson and score and lyrics by Joe Raposo. Patricia Birch is the director and choreographer. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially Thursday, Oct. 16. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ROWAN ATKINSON AT THE ATKINSON—Mr. Atkinson and Angus Deayton, two British comedians, in a show written by Dick Curtis, Ben Elton, and Mr. Atkinson. Mike Ockrent is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

SEX TIPS FOR MODERN GIRLS—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 541-8394.)

SOCIAL SECURITY—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, and Olympia Dukakis. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SWEET CHARITY—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a stunning little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—The Shaw play of 1896 has been given an agreeable production, with an exceedingly clever performance by Victor Garber as a lovesick intellectual (for whom read Bernard Shaw). Also in the cast are Uta Hagen, Philip Bosco, Lise Hilboldt, Stefan Gierasch, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BIG RIVER: A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with



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in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES: A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CATS: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 11,016 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

42ND STREET: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hooper who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'M NOT RAPPAPORT: Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Davis and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.)

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD: Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes

and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Donna Murphy, Loretta Swit, and Howard McGillin. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NUNSENSE: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PENN & TELLER: A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. Reopens Thursday, Oct. 23. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SONG & DANCE: A curious mish-mash of a show, starring Betty Buckley and John Meehan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsen's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—The Brooklyn Academy of Music's answer to the question "What's new?"—"Social Amnesia," a production by the Impossible Theatre, of Baltimore, and John Schneider, of Milwaukee's Theatre X. (Lepercq Space. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2.)

Jon Hassell's Concert Group performing compositions by Mr. Hassell. (Carey Playhouse. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8.)

Michael Clark & Company in "No Fire Escape in Hell," an evening-length dance work. (Lepercq Space. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 22-25, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

"The Angels of Swedenborg," a theatre work created by Ping Chong, and performed by Mr. Chong's Fiji Company. (Carey Playhouse. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 16—Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8: "La Fille Mal Gardée." ... Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2: "Birthday Variations," "Passage," "Confetti," and "Arden Court." ... Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: "Cloven Kingdom," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Italian Suite." ... Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Reflections," "Passage," "Confetti," and "Force Field." ... Wednesday, Oct. 22: "A Wedding Bouquet," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." ... Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Italian Suite." ... Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Birthday Variations," "Round of Angels," "Valentine," and "Light Rain." ... Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "The Taming of the Shrew." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "Bent Planes," "Echo," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Aurora I," "Echo," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." ... Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Straw Hearts." ... Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "The Grand Canon," "Echo," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." ... Sunday matinee, Oct. 19: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and

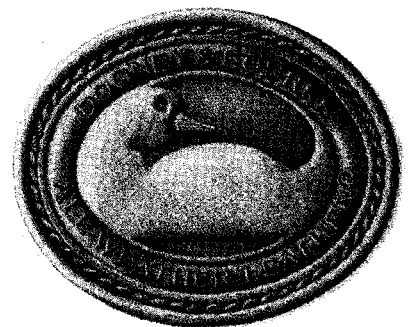


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"Bent Planes."... ♪ Sunday evening, Oct. 19: "Aurora I," "Adieu," "Echo," and "Skara Brae."... ♪ Tuesday evening, Oct. 21: "The Grand Canon," "Medium: Rare," "Aurora I," and "Bent Planes."... ♪ Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Theatre," and "Skara Brae."... ♪ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "Bent Planes," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae."... ♪ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "Aurora I," "Theatre," "Medium: Rare," and "The Jig Is Up."... ♪ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Skara Brae." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 26.)

FLAMENCO PURO—A troupe of twenty dancers, singers, and musicians from Seville. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Mark Helinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2.)

CoDanceCo—Thursday, Oct. 16; Saturday, Oct. 18; and Friday, Oct. 24, all at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3: "Ekagrata," "Stunt Plus," "Guardian Angels," and "Ward."... ♪ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3; and Thursday, Oct. 23, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Broken Pieces," "Plan der Liebe," and "Stunt Plus." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET**: Wednesday, Oct. 15, and Friday, Oct. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2. **BALLET D'ANGELO**: Wednesday, Oct. 22, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ABILENE CAFE, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that offers Buffalo chicken wings, Bud, and the blues. Memphis-born singer and piano thumper **ROSCO GORDON** pays a visit on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18; saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** drops by with his quartet on Sunday, Oct. 19; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, harmonica man **SUGAR BLUE** will hold forth. Other bluespersons can be found here during the rest of the week. Music from nine.

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room concentrating on the songs of the late Harold Arlen. William Roy is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Trumpeter **JACK WALRATH** (a graduate of Charles Mingus's tumultuous academy of jazz), bassist **ANTHONY COX**, and drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE** collaborate on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing about lawyers and light-eating gold-diggers and John Lennon in her tiny, precise, gently swinging voice. Her early-evening concerts begin at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mouth-organ virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** and his nimble accompanist, **ELLIS LARKINS**, perform at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at eleven Wednesdays through Saturdays **STEVE ROSS** sings and accompanies himself on the piano.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A large, carpeted, bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and balloons and tinsel everywhere else (the club is celebrating its fifth birthday). The music-makers: through Sunday, Oct. 19, pianist **OSCAR**

PETERSON'S quartet (guitarist **JOE PASS**, bassist **BOB CRANSHAW**, and drummer **MARTIN DREW**); Monday, Oct. 20, pianist **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV'S** All-Stars; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 21, the Crusaders, featuring pianist Joe Sample and saxophonist Wilton Felder. Music after nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup: Wednesdays, David Johansen's alter ego, **BUSTER POINDEXTER**, and his tuxedoed accomplices, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 16-19, the techno-jazz outfit **STEPS AHEAD**; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 23-24, blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND** and J.J. Cale; and Saturday, Oct. 25, folksinger-songwriter **CHRISTINE LAVIN**, Schooner Fare, and O. J. Anderson. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, half of the Monk-inspired quartet Sphere, work together through Saturday, Oct. 18, and on Monday, Oct. 20, Mr. Barron returns with a bassist yet to be named. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** sings with a trio through Sunday, Oct. 19, and on Tuesday, Oct. 21, clear-voiced trumpeter and occasional vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM** brings in a combo. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, a prince among café singers, presides over the little principality called the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his aides. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. ... ♪ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls and **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room with a zigzag bar. Guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** is here on Wednesday, Oct.

15; pop-jazz singer **KENNY RANKIN** will be on the premises Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 16-19; and on Tuesday, Oct. 21, **TOOTS THIELEMANS**, the Belgian guitarist, harmonica-ist, and whistler, settles in with his quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from nine.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**PHOEBE LEGÈRE**, a singer, pianist, accordionist, mouth-harpist, and parodist, performs Porter and Gershwin songs, "Great Balls of Fire," "Lili Marlene," and a couple of tunes in which the name Phoebe figures prominently. Her between-numbers patter is sophisticated as all getout. Shows from nine-thirty Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (but from the bar you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. Through Saturday, Oct. 18, **HAL SCHAEFER** (with a bassist on Oct. 17-18); Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 21-23, Keith MacDonald; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, **RICHARD WYANDS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON**; Sundays, **ANDY LAYERNE**; and Mondays, Peter Malinverni. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 15-18, Alicia Sherman sings with support from pianist Richard Sussman and bassist Phil Bowler; starting Wednesday, Oct. 22, pianist Larry Intorella and Mr. Bowler back up singer Stan Edwards; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to ex-Swing Street guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING**. All these groups begin about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and **JAMIL NASSER** collaborate nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, when Esther Blue comes to the fore. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof of this establishment; Texans like the reminders of home; and the musicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, **STEVE FORBERT**, the Dylanesque Mississippi-born singer and guitarist who once played for nickels and dimes in Grand Central Terminal; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, Poco and David Keyes; Sunday, Oct. 19, Terrance Simien & the Magic Rockers and **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON**; Thursday, Oct. 23, the Funk Busters; Friday, Oct. 24, **JOHNNY COPELAND** and Bud Moffett; and Saturday, Oct. 25, the **FLESHTONES**. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bangers and mash is not on the menu here, but there is warming musical fare: the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble, a septet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE** (he worked with King Oliver in the thirties and with Sidney Bechet in the forties). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule, in part: Thursday, Oct. 16, **PAPO VASQUEZ'S** Latin-jazz sextet; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, the R. & B. band **WHO IT IS**; Monday, Oct. 20, Eastern Standard Time (Ed Byrne, Gary Anderson, **MICHAEL ABENE**, **RON MC CLURE**, and **VICTOR LEWIS**); and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**. Music from about ten. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The main business of this thirties ballroom is up-to-the-minute rock and roll. Retro-chic dress suggested and a proper I.D. required. Thursday, Oct. 16, Death Comet; Friday, Oct. 17, the Smithereens; Saturday, Oct. 18, **BILLY PRESTON** and Mazarati; Sunday, Oct. 19, **CHICK COREA'S** Elektrik Band; Thursday, Oct. 23, Nick Cave and Rat at Rat R; and Saturday, Oct. 25, the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fall and Splatscats. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (including a larger-than-life toucan suspended above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15-16, **DAVID MURRAY's** adventurous (from New Orleans through Ellingtonia to dissonance) **BIG BAND**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, **MIKATA**; Tuesday, Oct. 21, **EDISON MACHADO**; Wednesday, Oct. 22, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; and Thursday, Oct. 23, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and his quartet play driving, spiritually enlightened hard bop and chant-along West African dance music through Sunday, Oct. 19; on Tuesday, Oct. 21, alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** brings in his fine quintet (trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, pianist **HAL GALPER**, bassist **STEVE GILMORE**, and drummer **BILL GOODWIN**); and on Mondays the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**, with its seventy-four-year-old leader conducting serenely from the piano bench, plays arrangements of tunes by Mingus, Jimi Hendrix, and other high-intensity composers. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday, Oct. 15, **VERNON REID's LIVING COLOUR**; Thursday, Oct. 16, **Wanda & the Way It Is**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, acrobatic saxophonist **BIG JAY MC NEELY**; Sunday, Oct. 19, Bullet-Proof and the Beth Winstead band; Tuesday, Oct. 21, guitarist **KELVYN BELL's** funk outfit, **KELVYNATOR**; Wednesday, Oct. 22, the Ordinaires and the Microscopic Septet; Thursday, Oct. 23, the Mosquitos; and Friday, Oct. 24, bluesman **EDDIE KIRKLAND**. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the gym-size downstairs room is filled with salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming, dancing fans. On Oct. 20, **OSCAR D'LEON y la Nueva Dimension**, **JOSE ALBERTO** and his orchestra, and saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, the guest soloist, will provide the music. The activity begins at nine. . . . On the Terrace, **JACK WILSON** and **BOOTS MALESON** engage in lively piano-bass duets every night except Monday. Music from ten. And on Tuesdays, at around nine, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in with her trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **TOMMY FLANAGAN** (piano), **GEORGE MRAZ** (bass), and **AL FOSTER** (drums) are three of the reasons that people like to come here; they're performing through Sunday, Oct. 19. On Tuesday, Oct. 21, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** descends the stairs with his quintet. Mondays are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machine and the EnduroRacer and the jukebox (now an accessory to the video screen above it) is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. The line-

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up: through Sunday, Oct. 19, trumpeter Don Leight & the Masters of Swing; Tuesday, Oct. 21, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON's** quartet; Wednesday, Oct. 22, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.'s** trio, with vocalist Kathy Farmer; and starting Thursday, Oct. 23, tenor saxophonist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** and his quartet. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A big, labyrinthine, elaborately done-up downstairs jazz club. **AHMAD JAMAL**, a pianist who befuddles some people and elates others (Miles Davis, for one), leads his trio through Sunday, Oct. 19, and on Tuesday, Oct. 21, tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** moves in with his quintet. Mondays are reserved for Tex Allen's sextet. Music from ten. Dining. . . . Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), the buoyant **ROLAND HANNA** is at the dining-room grand and **RICHARD DAVIS** is on bass through Sunday, Oct. 19. **GEORGE ZISKIND** and **RON MC CLURE** take over on Tuesday, Oct. 21, and **HUGH LAWSON** fills in on Mondays. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** converse on the piano and the bass every night except Sunday, when guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** produce sparkling, swinging chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BILLY JOEL—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 15, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 8.

LIBERACE—With the Rockettes, in the opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 8; Sundays at 3; Tuesdays at 2:30 and 8; Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2:30 and 8; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

JAZZ STRING SUMMIT—With John Blake, David Darling, Leroy Jenkins & Sting, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 17, at 7. For information about tickets, call 724-3256.)

CHUCK BERRY—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.

PIERCE TURNER—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.

ELVIS COSTELLO—Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesday, Oct. 21, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, with the Attractions; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, with the Confederates, all at 8.

ASIAN-AMERICAN JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, Oct. 24, at 9: Jason Hwang & Skysing and Reijo Sato's Ensemble, featuring Elaine Tobita. . . . Saturday, Oct. 25, at 9: Yoshio (Chin) Suzuki & Matsuri and the Makoto Ozone trio. . . . Sunday, Oct. 26, at 9: Yukio Tsuji & Origin

and Kuni Mikami & the East of the Sun Orchestra. (Jazz Center of New York, 38C Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

MARIO BAUZA and TANIA MARIA—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ALICE BABER (1928-82)—Lyrical abstractions most of them dating from the seventies. Through Nov. 8. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave. at 76th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages. Through Nov. 1 (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

TONY BERLANT—Three-dimensional cut-tin constructions. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JAMES BOHARY / RICHARD HICKAM—Recent abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings based on female figures. Through Oct. 29. (Stone 48 E. 86th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN (1919-85)—Painted-paper collages from the sixties. Through Nov. 1 (Schlesinger-Boisantié, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JUDY CHICAGO—Pencil drawings, oil paintings, bronze reliefs, hand-cast paper works, and tapestries from a new series of symbolic portraits entitled "Powerplay." Through Nov. 1 (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Fifteen paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—Large bronze and ceramic columns suggesting human figures. Through Nov. 1. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL (1911-84)—A memorial show of sand paintings and wood constructions (some of which incorporate sand, too). Through Nov. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MORTON KAISH—A new series of paintings of views from the artist's studio on West End Avenue, and other works. Through Nov. 8 (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER (1890-1965)—A two-gallery exhibit of works the artist called "galaxies," which are generally either paintings in sections or paintings combined with sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St., and McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973) / **ADOLF DEHN** (1895-1968)—Forty lithographs and a few paintings and drawings. / Landscapes, mostly watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 25 (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Sixty paintings, plus works on paper and sculptures. Through Nov. 20 (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.). . . . Another show of paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

JOHN PEARSON—Painted nonobjective constructions. Through Nov. 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

BRIDGET RILEY—Op Art paintings from the sixties, plus works done more recently. Through Nov. 8. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

JUDITH SHEA—Patinated bronze sculptures of figures (some have geometric forms attached) in various positions—sitting, reclining.





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We had come to Singapore to investigate some of the mysteries of the East and we were certainly not to be disappointed.

For just a trishaw-ride away from our hotel, which, incidentally, we found to be one of the finest in the colonial world, we encountered bazaars of the most modern standard, teeming with the spoils and riches of the Orient.

Items, both mechanical and exotic, anything from snakeskin shoes and silken saris to the most advanced technological apparatus available in our own land, most at prices that seemed to us a delightful absurdity.

Another pleasant surprise was the diversity of culinary fare: foods ranging

from the spiciest of Indian curries to succulent seafood and tropical fruits of the most exotic type.

Surprising, too, was the fact that because of its multi-racial populace, Singapore offers all the cultural attractions of a hundred

different festivals, rituals and ceremonies almost every day of the year. Furthermore, we were but hours away from such marvels as the blowpipe hunters of Sarawak, the majestic volcanoes of Java and the strange rites of the Balinese temples, which we were to experience in days to come.

All in all, it was a series of adventures too numerous to record here. What is to be recorded, however, is the delight



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by all our party, at the treatment we received en route and
of the charming and beautiful hostesses encountered.



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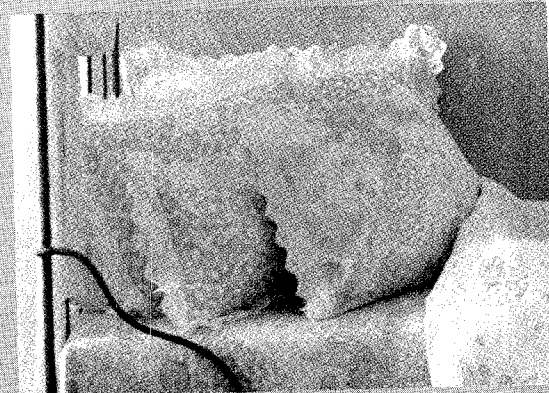


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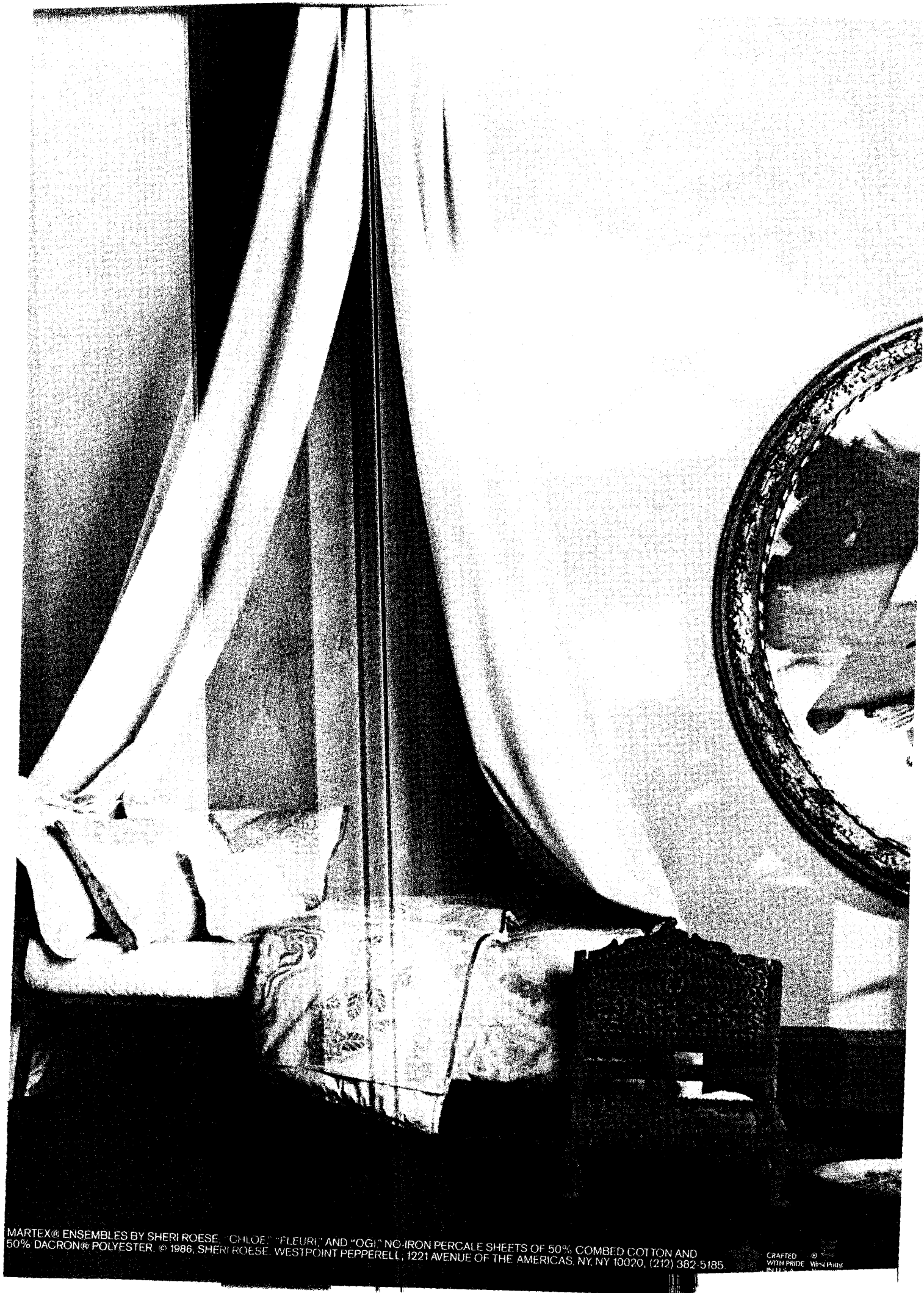
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

standing. Through Nov. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ELENA SISTO—Emblematic paintings. Through Nov. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Works on paper and five metal sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Kniedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

THE SOYERS—Figure studies in charcoal and watercolor by Raphael and Moses, plus an oil by Isaac—a portrait of his son. Through Oct. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

VIVIANNE THAUL WECHTER—Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

ARTHUR WEYHE—An installation, made with hand-stripped white-cedar logs, that includes two large structures resembling lookout towers and numerous tall tripod forms. Through Nov. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

LAURA ZIEGLER—Figurative sculptures in bronze, wood, and polychrome terra-cotta. Through Oct. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JON CARSMAN—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER / AL HELD—Her first show of new paintings since late 1983. Through Nov. 1. / Large geometric drawings on paper. Through Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

HAROLD GREGOR—Recent paintings of Illinois farm country. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOHN HARTSELL—Soft-colored paintings of landscapes and figures in interiors. Through Nov. 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN HULL / MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Realist paintings depicting the story of King Lear. / Prints. Through Oct. 30. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ARISTODIMOS KALDIS (1899-1979) / **WALTER MURCH** (1907-76)—Expressionist landscapes. / Works on paper (still-lives). Through Oct. 29. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62) / **ARMAN**—A selection of works on paper which spans his career. Through Oct. 31. / Bronze sculptures of classical Greek and Roman deities which were cast, cut into vertical strips, reassembled, and recast. Through Nov. 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

IDA KOHLMAYER—Painted-wood sculptures whose motifs are extracted from the artist's recent abstract canvases, also on view. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LEE KRASNER (1908-84)—Collages. Through Nov. 1. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER (1881-1955)—More than fifty prints. Through Nov. 1. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

AGNES MARTIN / LOUISE NEVELSON—Recent paintings. / Large painted-wood wall reliefs, some extending out more than three feet. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) ... Recent collages by Nevelson are on view at the Bernard gallery, 33 E. 74th St. Through Nov. 8.

JOHN MARTIN (1789-1854)—Mezzotints. Through Nov. 8. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

JAN MATULKA (1890-1972)—Cubist and Precisionist drawings, plus prints. Through Oct. 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

HARRY ORLYX—Plein-air landscapes of New York farm country. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

NAM JUNE PAIK—Video sculptures and other recent works. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

PETER POSKAS—Landscapes. Through Nov. 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER (1895-1978)—Paintings from the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY / MARK COHEN—Kinetic steel sculptures, including an eight-foot hanging piece composed of eight triangles forming two

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large squares, a memorial to Josef Albers. / High-contrast photographs of everyday life in Italy, Mexico, and the United States. Through Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS—New relief paintings. Through Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RAYMOND SAUNDERS / JOHN HIMMELFARB—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 29. / Brush-and-ink paintings, plus prints. Through Oct. 31. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St.)

SEAN SCULLY—Stripe paintings from the past year. Through Oct. 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Painted-plaster sculptures, including a portrait of Jacob Javits; reliefs in homage to the Cubists; drawings; and photographs. Through Nov. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID TRUE—A new set of paintings, each with a thin wash poured on its surface. Through Nov. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

JAMES TURRELL—Drawings related to his Roden Crater project, in Arizona. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGE WEXLER / BILLY SULLIVAN—Idyllic paintings of the Hudson River Valley. / Paintings and pastels of various populations—at the zoo, in the park, in night clubs. Through Nov. 5. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

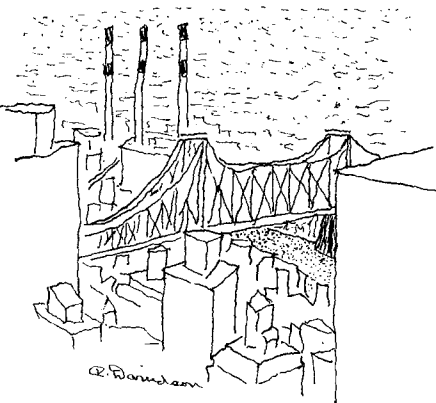
WILLIAM T. WILEY—Five recent paintings, each measuring more than ten feet, referring, in a combination of images and written passages, to such topics as the arms race and toxic waste. Through Thursday, Oct. 23. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

NOH THEATRE MASKS—Masks carved in cypress by contemporary artisans Nyosetsu Iwai and her daughter, Aya. Through Nov. 7. (Gallery Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St.)

VIENNESE DESIGN AND THE WIENER WERKSTÄTTE—Nearly two hundred objects (furniture, books and posters, decorative arts, and paintings and prints) in a show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 231 E. 60th St.: Works on paper by British artists, including Constable and Gwen John. Through Nov. 15. ... **GALLERY INTERNATIONAL** 52, 150 E. 52nd St.: Graffiti art by, among others, Daze, Crash, and Toxic. Through Nov. 8. (Open Mondays.) ... **WASHBURN**, in a new location at 41 E. 57th St.: Museums and private collectors have lent paintings that they acquired originally from this gallery, now beginning its fifteenth season. Works by Ammi Phillips, Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Nov. 1.

SCULPTURE—Some new works by Mary Frank,



Pat Lasch, and Winifred Lutz are in a tenth-anniversary exhibition at the Marilyn Pearl Gallery. Through Nov. 15. (38 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER—Formica sculptures from the sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

DOTTY ATTIE / MARY GRIGORIADIS—Drawings. / Paintings. Through Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

ED BAYNARD—Representative paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

JAMES BROWN—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

TOM BUTTER—Large abstract sculptures made from colored fibre glass and wood. Through Oct. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN / JOSEPH NECHVATAL—Small, rousing oil-on-paper abstractions painted in Cologne around 1970. Also, a couple of small 1986 sculptures of crushed toy automobiles. / Paintings executed in a series of steps that involved a laser, a computer, and a robot. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

HILO CHEN—Photo-Realist paintings of sunbathers, mostly. Through Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

GENE DAVIS (1920-85)—A group of his stripe paintings from the sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Thickly painted figure and landscape compositions. Through Nov. 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

VINCENT GALLO—Still-lives painted on found-metal objects. On some, the artist used acid to scratch and scar the surface. Through Oct. 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

MARCO GASTINI—Abstract landscapes, two of which have large pieces of glass, lead, and wood jutting out from the canvas edge. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

CRISTOS GIANAKOS—Freestanding black-granite sculptures and acrylic paintings on Mylar. Through Nov. 1. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

SHIRLEY GORELICK—Paintings from the sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

JENNY HOLZER—Messages spelled out on digital electronic signs and engraved in granite benches. Through Nov. 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

JIM HUNTINGTON—Abstract metal-and-granite sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Erpi, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

DONALD JUDD—Sculptures. Through Nov. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

DIANE KAISER—Installations of fired-clay sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

GLORIA KISCH / BILL SULLIVAN—Freestanding abstract steel sculptures. / Small landscape paintings. Through Nov. 1. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.) ... Einstein, 591 Broadway, has a complementary show of Mr. Sullivan's work. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.

SOL LEWITT—Colored-ink drawings cover the walls of the Drawing Center's new exhibition space. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

LOUIS LIEBERMAN—Wall reliefs in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 8. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

ROBERT MURRAY—Weathered-looking colored-metal sculptures. Through Nov. 8. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

JOHN OKULICK—Painted-wood sculptures and constructions that appear deeper than their six or eight inches. Through Nov. 12. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

A. R. PENCK—Portrait drawings done in East Germany in the late fifties and early sixties,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

when the artist used the name Ralf Winkler. Through Nov. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

NANCY B. PIERSON—Portrait paintings and drawings of men, with such superimposed amendments as flying disks or hanging objects providing psychological commentary. Through Saturday Oct. 25. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

GARY STEPHEN / FREDERICK CHILDS—Bronzes. / Figurative oils. Through Nov. 5. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings of female nudes by Paul Georges, Graham Nickson, Grace Hartigan, Judy Rifka, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

DENNIS ADAMS—Scale models for bus shelters, plus wall reliefs. Actual bus shelters that the artist has built (and continues to maintain) are on Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street and on Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue. Through Oct. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

WARD DAYENNY—Charcoal and pastel drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

ERIC ERNST—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 26. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 12:30 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

TOM KOKEN—Paintings. Through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

SAM MESSER—Bronzes colored with chemical patinas and enamel. Through Nov. 1. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

TED ROSENTHAL—Satirical sculptures wrought from found metal and sheet metal that has been sliced up like paper. Through Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

CHRISTY RUPP—New didactic sculptures. Through Nov. 2. (P.P.O.W., 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ALLEN RUPPERSBERG—New stuff, including a four-panel work combining collaged cartoon and calendar art with hand-drawn areas and a lot of text. Through Oct. 26. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

DAVID SAWIN—Small-scale abstract landscapes. Through Friday, Oct. 24. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Opens at noon.)

ANNE TURYN—Color photographs connected in one way or another with historic events as reported in *Times* headlines, which are superimposed on the prints. Through Sunday, Oct. 19. (Art City, 439 E. 9th St. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ATTITUDE ART**, 184 Franklin St.: Works by contemporary artists using tar as their medium. Nancy Holt, Richard Hambleton, and Alan Scarritt are among those represented. Through Nov. 15. (Opens at noon.) ... **FRANKLIN FURNACE**, 112 Franklin St.: Hand-made books, photographs, and other works that incorporate a text. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BRASSAI (1899-1984) / DENNIS FARBET—A dozen vintage prints. / Paintings on photographs. Through Nov. 8. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

RAYMOND DEPARDON—Photographs of patients at Italy's San Clemente psychiatric hospital; also, other prints. Through Nov. 8. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

JED DEVINE—Palladium prints of Bethesda Terrace, in Central Park, before its restoration. Through Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID HOCKNEY—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

DENNY MOERS—Hand-finished silver prints of architectural forms and of icons from ancient

Near East frescoes and wall reliefs. Through Nov. 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROSALIND SOLOMON—Photographs taken in Nepal, Peru, India, Guatemala, and lower Manhattan. Through Nov. 4. (Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. ... ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Both shows through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. ... ¶ "Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Koschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 26. A complementary exhibit is at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Works in color by Mary Frey, David Tavener Hanson, and Philip Lorca diCorcia. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. ... ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Starts Friday, Oct. 17. ... ¶ Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom has several on display. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan," an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists, among them Bill Thompson, Audrey Flack, Rodney Ripps, and Hannelore Baron, have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Sunday, Oct. 19. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no

admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, except Oct. 19, from 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil, and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Still another Statue of Liberty tribute, this one a partial re-creation of an 1883 exhibition of predominantly French paintings which was mounted at the National Academy by William Merritt Chase—the objective then was to raise funds for the statue's pedestal. The artists represented are Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Tissot, and others whose works were fresh to the public in the original show. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen artists from Belgium, France, Germany, and Holland whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalists and Conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of graphics by Max Ernst, among them prints, drawings, and books, more than three-quarters of which were the artist's personal property. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A selection of fourteen contemporary sculptures from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Betye Saar, Louise Nevelson, and Houston Conwill. Through Dec. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Tom Murrin in "Alien Comic—The Making of a Performance Artist," Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Oscar McLennan (performance), Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—"Two Moon July," an hour-long video directed by Tom Bowes, and featuring artists who have performed or shown works at the Kitchen, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "White Water," a theatre-video piece by John Jesurun; opening performances Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 22-26, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Bill Gordh (performance), Sunday, Oct. 19, at 9.

ARTISTS' FILMS—Two programs of films that are by or about artists. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7: Agnes Martin's "Gabriel," 1977 (90 minutes); Robert Smithson's "Spiral Jetty," 1970 (32 minutes); and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7: Michael Blackwood's "Philip Guston," 1980 (53 minutes); Françoise de Menil's "North Star: Mark di Suvero," 1977 (60 minutes); and others. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. No tickets necessary.)

NOTE—"Vita Da Vida," a performance work by Jo Andres, with Hayo David, Anne Iobst, Lucy Sexton, and Rebecca Moore. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. Thursdays through Sundays, Oct. 16-19 and 23-26, all at 8. For tickets, call 966-3651.) . . . ¶ A performance work by Pat Oleszko. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949;

and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Mollo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Johanna Meier, Peter Hofmann, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Juan Pons; García Navarro. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scott, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Aida," with Aprile Mollo, Grace Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Juan Pons; García Navarro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Claudia Catania, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Leo Nucci; Nello Santi. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Werther," with Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Claudia Cummings, Leigh Munro, Harry Theyard, and Robert Orth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Faust," with Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Leech, Kurt Link, and William Stone; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 1: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Margaret Cusack, Robert Grayson, and John Cheek; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7: "La Traviata," with Karen Huffstodt, Mark Thomsen, and William Stone; Neil Varon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Werther," with Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Joseph Evans, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Marianna Christos, Frances Ginsberg, Robert Grayson, and John Cheek; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Don Quichotte," with Susanne Marsee, Harry Dworchak, and Jan Opalach; Mario Bernardi. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—David Abell conducting the final performances of Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," staged by Marc Jacobs. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Klaus Tennstedt conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, at 8: Mahler's Sixth Symphony.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC—James Levine conducting a Wagner-Strauss-Beethoven program, with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, soprano. (Metropoli-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 4.)

MOSCOW STATE SYMPHONY—Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with Oleg Kagan, violin, and Natalia Gutman, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra. (66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Richard Kapp conducting. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

PRISM—Robert Black conducting a program honoring composer Miriam Gideon, with Şahan Arzruni, piano; Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and William Sharp, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

FINLANDIA SINFONETTA—Ari Rasilainen conducting this chamber orchestra in its first appearance here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—At the Central Presbyterian Church, the last two concerts of the "Basically Bach" Festival—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in four Bach cantatas. . . . Saturday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: The Western Wind performing a cappella Elizabethan music. (Park Ave. at 64th St. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.) . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall, the first in a series of four programs for which Richard Westenburg will direct the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30: Works by Bach and Handel, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; Stephen Oosting, tenor; and Wilbur Paulery, bass.

RECITALS

EMPIRE BRASS QUINTET—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

VIENNA 1900: A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC—The last two in a series of concerts—Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8: Benita Valente, soprano; John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; and pianists Marc Neikrug, Omus Hirschbein, Ursula Oppens, and Zaidee Parkinson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8: Judith Blegen, soprano; Håkan Hagegård, baritone; and Warren Jones, piano. (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatre 1, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9856.)

I SOLISTI ITALIANI—A twelve-member ensemble that performs without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

BOSTON CAMERATA—Presenting Italian Renaissance music, with Paul O'Dette as guest conductor and lute soloist, and with the Boston Shawm and Sacbut Ensemble; the first of three appearances here. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ALBORADA LATINA—A vocal-and-instrumental ensemble. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

ANTON KUERTI—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

FRANZ LISZT CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL—François-René Duchable will perform the last in a series of all-Liszt piano recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts, this one with Kim Kashkashian, viola, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

VIRTUOSI QUINTET—A wind ensemble. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, at 77th St. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2. No charge beyond the society's ordinary entrance contribution.)

KRYSTIAN ZIMMERMAN—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

ROBERT STALLMAN—Flute, with assisting artists,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

in an all-Mozart program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Members of the society and twelve guest artists in the opening concerts of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20-21, at 7:30.)

LA FOLLIA DI NEW YORK BENEFIT CONCERT—Among the participants will be Licia Albanese, Aprile Millo, and Ferruccio Tagliavini. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 5.)

RAY LUCK—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FROM ARCADY—Julius Baker, flute; Eugene Drucker, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; Walter Trampler, viola; and Masanobu Ikemiya, piano and harpsichord, in a program that includes works performed at Mr. Ikemiya's six-year-old summer music festival, in Maine. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

ON ORIGINAL INSTRUMENTS—Malcolm Bilson, forte-piano, and Anner Bylsma, cello, in an all-Beethoven program. The first in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—A program of contemporary Latin-American music, with Beatriz Roman, piano. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—Nancy Allen, harp; Ida Kavafian, violin; Cecile Licad, piano; Stanley Silverman, composer/classical guitarist; and others in the opening concerts of the season. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.)

JEROME ROSE—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

LARI MISENAS-PADUA—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

YEHUDA HANANI—Cello, with Seymour Lipkin, piano, and the Lark String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Two performances of the first in a series of three programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.)

NOTE—Israella Margalit, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 2, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Oct. 20, in the order that written

applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

BASEBALL—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 18, in the home park of the National League Champion.

BASKETBALL—Exhibition games—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA**: Nets vs. Knicks, Thursday, Oct. 16, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Houston Rockets vs. Washington Bullets and Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Tuesday, Oct. 21, starting at 6. . . . ¶ Detroit Pistons vs. Nets and Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors, Saturday, Oct. 25, starting at 6.

FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Oct. 20, at 9.)

HOCKEY—Devils at Byrne Meadowlands Arena vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:35; Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Oct. 17, at 7:35; and Los Angeles Kings, Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders at Nassau Coliseum vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:05; Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 5:05; Devils, Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:05; and Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 25, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers at Madison Square Garden vs. Islanders, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 7:35; and Los Angeles Kings, Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:35.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily at 1; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Daily at 12:30; starting Wednesday, Oct. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights, except Monday, Oct. 20, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13. The Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Oct. 18.

ET ALIA

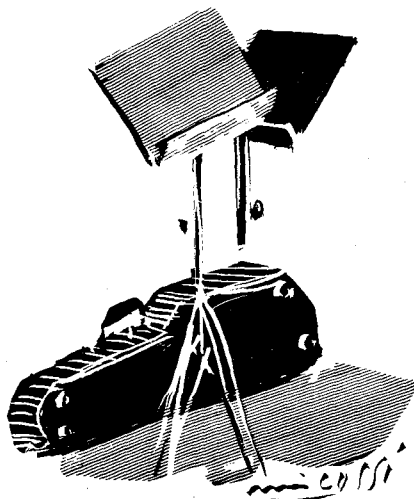
DISCUSSIONS—"Cartoonists on Page, Stage, and Film," with panelists Jules Feiffer, Herb Gardner, Calvin Trillin, Gahan Wilson, Lee Lorenz, and Steve Heller. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

PROSE AND POETRY READINGS—Gwendolyn Brooks and Robert Creeley reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ann Beattie reading from her short stories. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Howard Moss, Dana Gioia, Robert Phillips, and others reading the poetry of Philip Larkin. (Murphy Center, 555 E. 90th St. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Tama Janowitz reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ James Laughlin and Rosmarie Waldrop reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Alice Munro reading from her own fiction. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

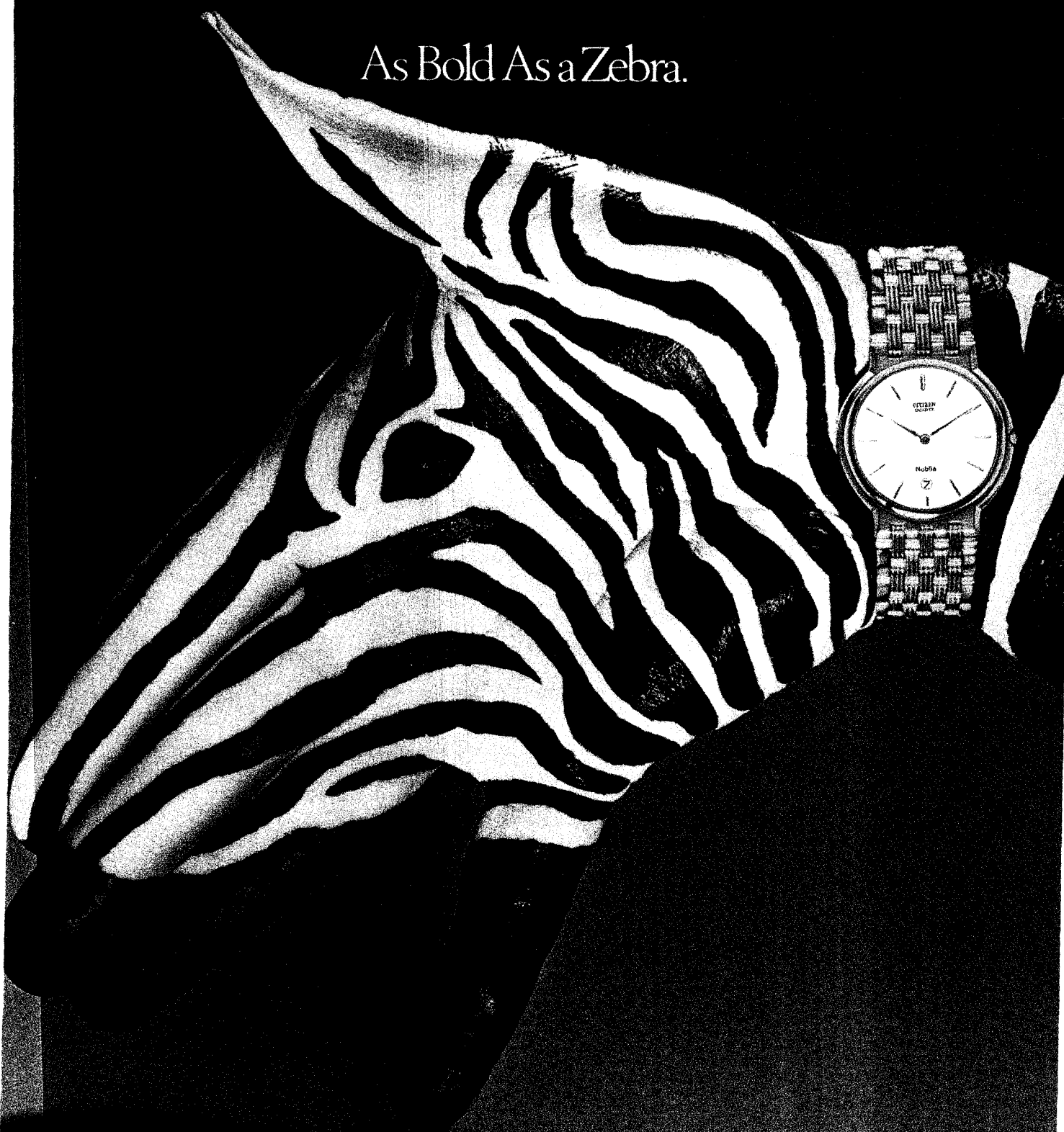
FALL ANTIQUES SHOW—The annual show of Americana, offered by more than a hundred dealers. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, from noon to 10; Sunday, Oct. 26, from 11 to 6. A free shuttle bus will run from 62 W. 50th St. to the show and back.)

WALKING TOUR—A conducted tour of the East Seventies, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 19, starting at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 5.)—Friday, Oct. 17, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 18, at 10:15 and 2: English furniture, decorations, paintings, and prints. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 20, at 2, and Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry.



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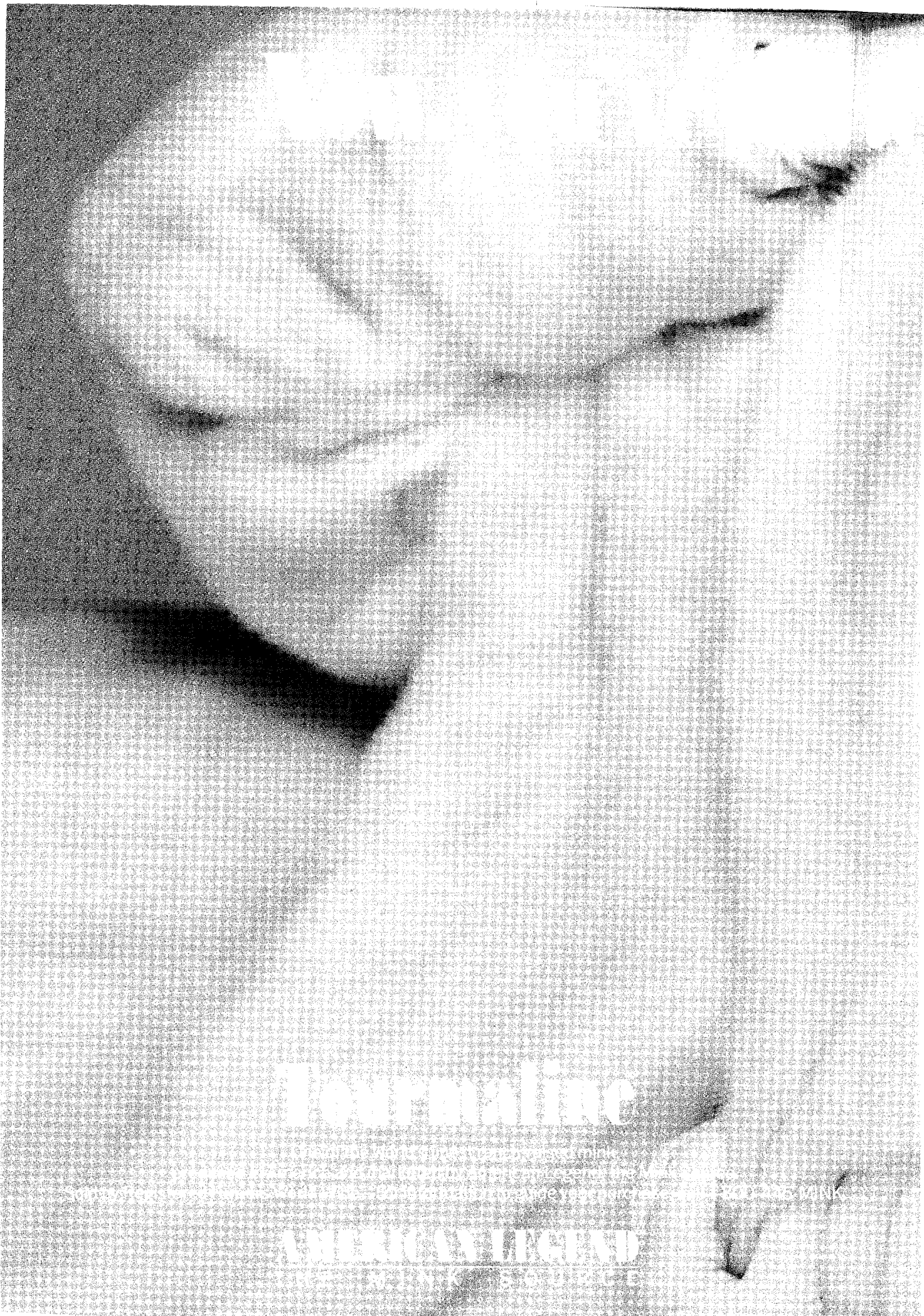


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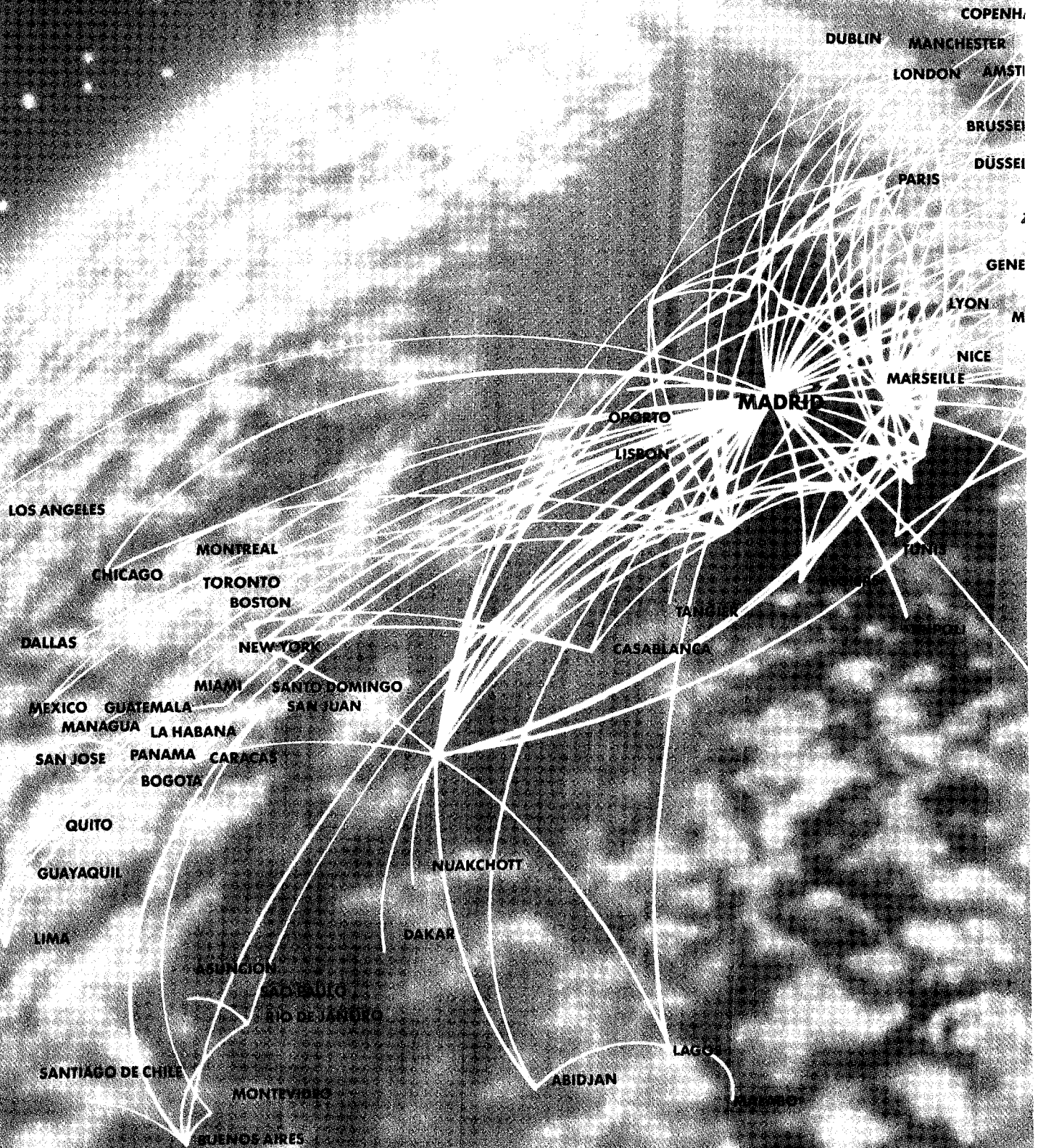


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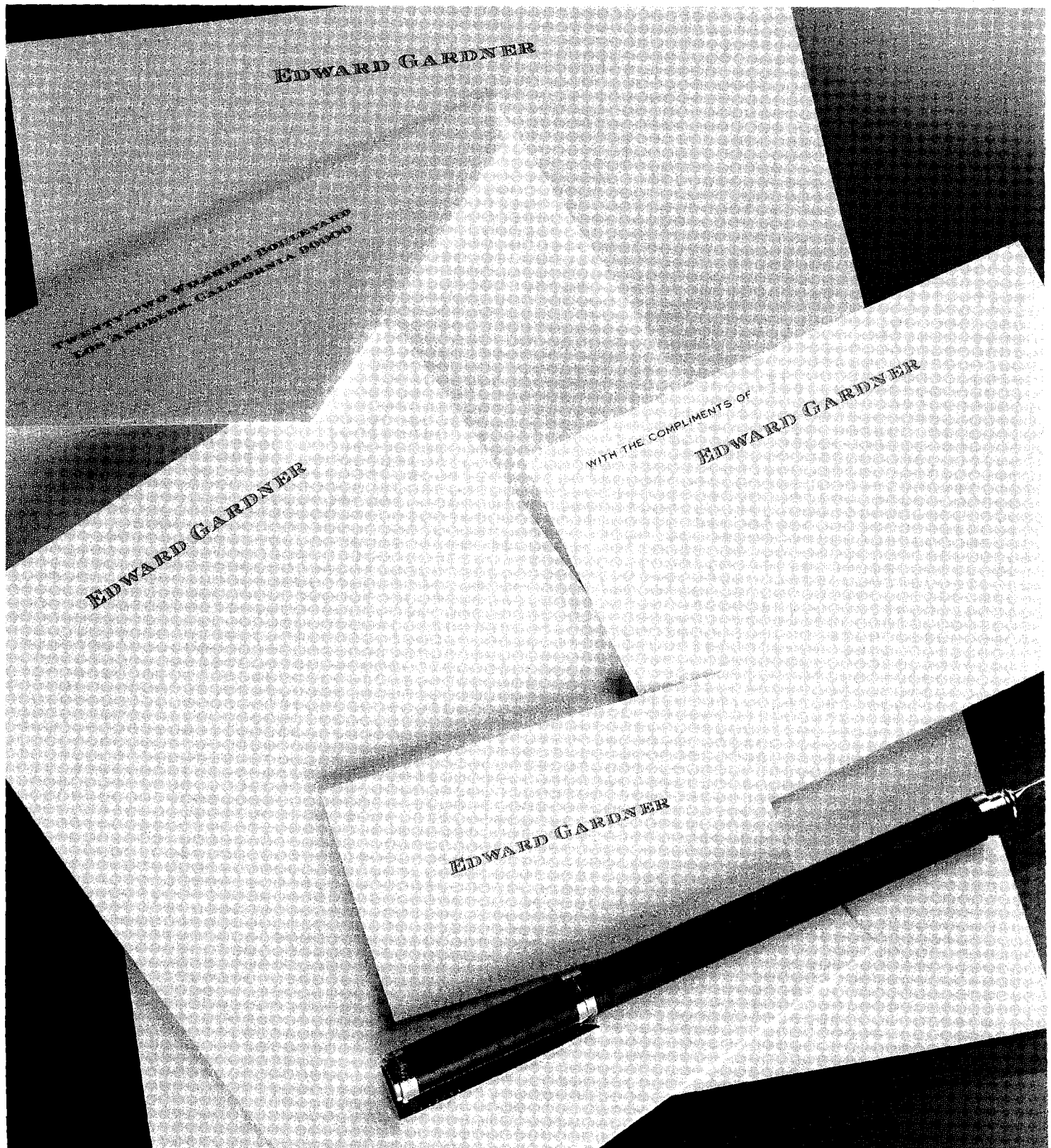
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Oct. 16: "Empty Quarter" (1985; directed by Raymond Depardon; in French), with François Prenant; and "Les Années Declic" (1983; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.

Oct. 17-18: "Empty Quarter;" and "Reporters" (1981; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.

Oct. 19 and 21: "Empty Quarter;" and "Faits Divers" (1983; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.

Oct. 22-23: "Empty Quarter;" and "San Clemente" (1982; Raymond Depardon), a documentary.

From Oct. 24: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle" (1980; Klaus Kirschner; in German); and "Mephisto" (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft.

Theatre 2: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Theatre 3: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Oct. 16: "Stand By Me" (†).

From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (†).

Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 16: "Nothing in Common" (†).
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Stories" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "Blue Velvet" (†). From Oct. 17: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "That's Life!"
From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 16: "Mona Lisa" (†).
From Oct. 17: "Blue Velvet" (†).

CINEMA 1 AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Back to School" (†). From Oct. 17: "Ratboy" (Sondra Locke), with Locke.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Stand By Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Twist and Shout" (Bille August; in Danish).

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 16: "Nothing in Common" (†).
From Oct. 17: To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 21: "A Composer's Notes: Philip Glass and the Making of an Opera" (1985; directed by Michael Blackwood). From Oct. 22: "Rate It X" (1985; Lucy Winer and Paula de Koenigsberg).

Theatre 2: Oct. 15: "Saps at Sea" (1940; Gordon Douglas), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. Oct. 16-18: "Sons of the Desert" (1933; William A. Seiter), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. Oct. 19-21: "Our Relations" (1936; Harry Lachman), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. Oct. 22-24: "Blockheads" (1938; John G. Blyston), with Laurel and Hardy; and two Laurel and Hardy shorts. From Oct. 25: "A Chump at Oxford" (†); and "Beau Hunks" (1931; James Horne), with Laurel and Hardy.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee). From Oct. 17: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Private Practices: The Story of a Sex Surrogate" (Kirby Dick), a documentary. From Oct. 17: "Sherman's March."

WAYERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon-

days through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 23: "America" (Robert Downey), with Zack Norman.

From Oct. 24: "True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Mona Lisa" (†). From Oct. 17: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 21: "That's Life!"
From Oct. 22: "Matter of Heart" (Mark Whitney), a documentary about Carl Jung.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 21: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Oct. 22: "Matter of Heart."

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 16: "Back to School" (†). From Oct. 17: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Oct. 16: "Partisans of Vilna" (Josh Waletzky), a documentary. (No evening performances on Wednesday, Oct. 15.)

From Oct. 17: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Oct. 16: "Stand By Me" (†).
From Oct. 17: "Cactus" (Paul Cox), with Isabelle Huppert.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through Oct. 16: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

From Oct. 17: "Dancing in the Dark" (Leon Marr).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Theatre 2: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.

Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.

Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†). From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Nothing in Common" (†). From Oct. 17: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 2: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Theatre 5: "Top Gun" (†).

Theatre 6: "Where the River Runs Black" (Christopher Cain), with Charles Durning.

METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "Deadly Friend" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith);
and "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 16: "Top Gun" (†).
From Oct. 17: "Stand By Me" (†).
Theatre 4: "Ruthless People" (†) and "Mona Lisa" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (1986 †).
Theatre 2: "Deadly Friend" (directed by Wes Craven).
Theatre 3: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young),
with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann),
with William Petersen.
Theatre 6: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg),
with Michael Dudikoff.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 16: "Top Gun" (†).
From Oct. 17: "The Color of Money" (Martin Scorsese), with Paul Newman and Tom Cruise.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Ruthless People" (†). From Oct. 17: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 16: "Heartburn" (†). From Oct. 17: "Ruthless People" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyoiki (Pat) Morita.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Playing for Keeps" (Bob Weinstein and Harvey Weinstein), with Daniel Jordano.

Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin); and "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. (No performances Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20-21.)

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "Women's Prison Massacre" (Gilbert Roussel). From Oct. 17: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 16: "Armed Response" (Fred Olen Ray), with David Caradine and Lee Van Cleef. From Oct. 17: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 16: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; directed by Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).
Oct. 17-18: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco.
Oct. 19-21: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
Oct. 22-23: "Irezumi" (1984; Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese); and "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.
Oct. 24-25: "Loophole" (1981; John Quesada), with Albert Finney, Martin Sheen, and Susannah York; and "Man on the Roof" (1977; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish), with Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt.

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REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 15: "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955; Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart.
Oct. 16-18: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.
Oct. 19-20: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1959; Terence Fisher), with Peter Cushing; and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (†).
Oct. 21-22: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable and Victor Mature; and "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.
Oct. 23-25: "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975; Dick Richards), with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 15: "Insignificance" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Bussey and Tony Curtis; and "Eureka" (1985; Nicolas Roeg), with Gene Hackman, Theresa Russell, Rutger Hauer, and Mickey Rourke.
Oct. 16: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Drive, He Said" (1971; Jack Nicholson), with William Tepper and Karen Black.
Oct. 17-18: "The Brother from Another Planet" (1984; John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles; and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Oct. 19: "The Return of the Soldier" (1982; Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Ann-Margret, and Glenda Jackson; and "Lily in Love" (1985; Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.
Oct. 20: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
Oct. 21: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Chained for Life" (1951), with Daisy and Violet Hilton.
Oct. 22: "Choose Me" (†) and "A Perfect Couple" (†).
Oct. 23: "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "The Trip" (†).
Oct. 24-25: "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey

Reggio); and "Metropolis" (1926; Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Brigitte Helm.

THALIA SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 16: "Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Oct. 17-18: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (1985; George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson and Tina Turner.
Oct. 19: "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Streets of Sorrow" (1950; Giorgi Pastini; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman and Geraldine Brooks.
Oct. 20: "Alphaville" (†); and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.
Oct. 21: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.
Oct. 22: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Young Wives' Tale" (1952; Henry Cass), with Joan Greenwood, Nigel Patrick, and Audrey Hepburn.
Oct. 23: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, Alexander Godunov, and Josef Sommer; and "Angel and the Badman" (†).
Oct. 24-25: "Lost in America" (†); and "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin.

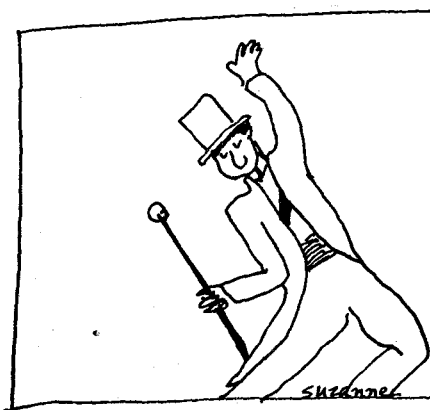
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 15: "Alphaville" (†); and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Oct. 16: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929; Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall; and "The Hollywood Revue" (1929; Charles Reisner), with Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny.
Oct. 17-18: "Ministry of Fear" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.
Oct. 19: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "King Rat" (1965; Bryan Forbes), with George Segal, Tom Courtenay, and James Fox.
Oct. 20: "Riffi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Oct. 21: "Life with Father" (†); and "Our Town" (1940; Sam Wood), with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden.
Oct. 22: "Stage Door" (†); and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.
Oct. 23: "Jezebel" (†); and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.
Oct. 24-25: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Palm Beach Story" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Descendant of the Snow Leopard" (1984; directed by Tolomush Okeev; in Kirghiz, with English subtitles). . . . Oct. 16 at 6: "Trial on the Road" (1985; Alexei German; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Bullfight" (1982; Olev Neuland; in Estonian, with English subtitles). . . . Oct. 17 at 6 and Oct. 18 at 2: "Sheherazade's 1002nd Night" (1984; Tak-hir Sabirov; in Tadjik, with English sub-



Depression.

It can affect you in ways you would never suspect

- unexplainable jumpiness or anxiety
- unusual irritability
- sleep disturbances
- difficulty in concentrating or remembering
- physical pains that are hard to pin down
- appetite loss (or overeating)
- a loss of interest or pleasure in your job, family life, hobbies or sex
- a downhearted period that gets worse and just won't go away
- frequent or unexplainable crying spells
- a loss of self-esteem or an attitude of indifference

A combination of the above symptoms, persisting for two weeks or more can be an indication of depressive illness and a warning to seek the advice of a doctor.

Because depression can be a lot more than just "the blues."

Over 30 million Americans today may suffer from some form of depressive illness. Unfortunately, it often goes unreported, and therefore undiagnosed and untreated, because people don't recognize the symptoms for what they are. Yet, depression can be easily diagnosed and treated in most cases. It's most important to realize that you are not alone by any means.

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titles)... ¶ Oct. 18 at 5 and Oct. 20 at 2:30: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (1985; Sergei Paradjanov and Dodo Abashidze; in Georgian, with English subtitles)... ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Alice's Restaurant" (1969; Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie, Pat Quinn, and James Broderick. Mr. Penn will be present... ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Farewell" (1982; Elem Klimov; in Russian, with English subtitles)... ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30 and 6: "Jack Levine: Feast of Pure Reason" (1986; David Sutherland), a documentary... ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "Meeting in the Milky Way" (1985; Ian Streitch; in Latvian, with English subtitles)... ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "The Nut-Bread" (1977; Arunas Zhebrunas; in Lithuanian, with English subtitles)... ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: "My Home in the Green Hills" (1986; Assya Suliyeva; in Kazakh, with English subtitles)... ¶ Oct. 25 at 5: "Fraggi Deprived of Happiness" (1985; Hodjakuli Narliyev; in Turkmen, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2 Oct. 16 at 3 and 6:30: "Moments of Play" (1986; Jorgen Leth), a documentary... ¶ Oct. 17 at 3: "Flare-Up Sal" (1918; R. William Neill; a silent film), with Dorothy Dalton and William Conklin, produced by Thomas H. Ince... ¶ Oct. 17 at 6:30: "Dangerous Hours" (1920; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Barbara Castleton and Lloyd Hughes, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "The Clodhopper" (1917; Victor Schertzinger; a silent film), with Charles Ray and Margery Wilson, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 18 at 5:30: "The Iced Bullet" (1917; Reginald Barker; a silent film), with William Desmond and Robert McKim, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30:

"Dangerous Hours"... ¶ Oct. 19 at 5:30: "Flare-Up Sal"... ¶ Oct. 20 at 3: "Hail the Woman" (1921; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Florence Vidor and Madge Bellamy, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 20 at 6:30: "The Cup and the Lip" (1986) and "A Woman's Touch" (1983), both films directed by Warren Sonbert, who will be present... ¶ Oct. 21 at 3: "Bell Boy 13" (1923; William A. Seiter; a silent film), with Douglas MacLean and Margaret Loomis, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 23 at 3: "Speedy" (1928; Ted Wilde; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Manhandled" (1924; Allan Dwan; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson... ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924; Sidney Olcott; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels... ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: "Beau Revel" (1921; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 24 at 6:30: "Anna Christie" (1923; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Blanche Sweet, produced by Ince... ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Bell Boy 13"... ¶ Oct. 25 at 5:30: "Hail the Woman."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of the films of James Benning—Through Oct. 19: "11 x 14" (1976), showing Tuesday at 2, Wednesday through Saturday at noon, and Sunday at 1; and "One Way Boogie Woogie" (1977), showing Tuesday at 6:30, Wednesday through Saturday at 3, and Sunday at 4... ¶ Starting Oct. 21: "Grand Opera" (1979) will be shown Tuesday at 2 and Wednesday through Saturday at noon; and "Him and Me" (1982) will be shown Tuesday at 6 and

Wednesday through Saturday at 3. Closed Mondays.

MARK GOODSON THEATRE, 2 Columbus Circle. (489-6716)—A two-week program of films made in New York City. Oct. 20 at noon: "Claudine" (1974; John Berry), with Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones... ¶ Oct. 20 at 3: "A New Leaf" (1971; Elaine May), with Walter Matthau and May... ¶ Oct. 20 at 6: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton... ¶ Oct. 20 at 9: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Pat Hingle, and Warren Beatty... ¶ Oct. 21 at noon: "Going in Style" (1979; Martin Brest), with George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg... ¶ Oct. 21 at 3: "The Anderson Tapes" (1971; Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon... ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale... ¶ Oct. 21 at 9: "Naked City" (1948; Jules Dassin), with Barry Fitzgerald, Don Taylor, Howard Duff, and Dorothy Hart... ¶ Oct. 22 at 3: "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage and Treat Williams... ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider and Jessica Lange... ¶ Oct. 22 at 9: "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine and Michael Wright... ¶ Oct. 24 at noon: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, and George C. Scott... ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis... ¶ Oct. 24 at 6: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, and James Caan.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALIENS—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. The picture is brilliant, yet it's no good. At first, the dehumanization is funny and alluring and a little eerie, but the people of Alphaville are ruled by a giant computer, and soullessness can be very monotonous. The movie was shot at night, and it seems to give off powerfully soporific vapors, especially since the comic-strip story is an uninspired mixture of sci-fi and private eye that never takes hold. With Eddie Constantine as cool, tough Lemmy Caution (his face is so tired and leathery he's like an old shoe), Anna Karina as the most radiant of robots, and Akim Tamiroff, Laszlo Szabo, Michel Delahaye, and Howard Vernon. Written and directed by Godard. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 15... ¶ Thalia SoHo; Oct. 20.)

ANGEL AND THE BADMAN (1947)—Pleasantly unslick minor Western, with John Wayne as Quirt, the gunfighter who reforms, matched against Bruce Cabot as the villainous Laredo. It's easily distinguishable from other Wayne Westerns: Gail Russell, of the sexy-sad eyes, is the Quaker heroine—one of the few Western heroines who suggest softness and body warmth. James Edward Grant, who worked on many Wayne films as a writer, was both writer and director this time. With Irene Rich, Harry Carey, Lee Dixon, Tom Powers, and Paul Hurst. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 23.)

BACK TO SCHOOL—Rodney Dangerfield, the complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is

miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Criterion Theatres... ¶ Gemini, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through Oct. 16.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Waverly, and Metro Cinema... ¶ Baronet; through Oct. 16... ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Oct. 17.)

CHOOSE ME (1984)—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way—it seems to be set in a poet's dream of a red-light district. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Thalia; Oct. 22.)

A CHUMP AT OXFORD (1940)—Laurel and Hardy, in pretty good form, in a feature with a story line that makes it possible for them to do a retrospective of their own careers—brief reenactments of routines from several of their earlier shorts. As a reward for catching a bank robber (actually, he slips on a banana

skin they have dropped), Stan and Ollie are sent to Oxford for an education. The bank that rewards them is called the Finlayson National Bank, in tribute, no doubt, to James Finlayson, who once again appears with them. Alfred Goulding directed; Harry Langdon was one of the scriptwriters. The cast includes Peter Cushing as one of the Oxford students. (Film Forum; starting Oct. 25.)

DOWN BY LAW—With Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni; directed by Jim Jarmusch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II, and Cinema Studio.)

THE FLY—Jeff Goldblum is the brilliant loner scientist Seth Brundle, who turns into Brundlefly, in David Cronenberg's remake of the 1958 horror film. Cronenberg gives the B-picture material new weight, and for what this version is it's very well done. In the opening half, Brundle and the science reporter, played by Geena Davis, become lovers, and their scenes have a romantic-comedy edge. But Cronenberg narrows the film down to one man's decaying body, and concentrates your attention on one stage after another of poor Brundle's becoming bent over double and deformed. Cronenberg wants to drive you to revulsion; that's his aim. And if the movie has a power, it's simply in our somewhat prurient fixation on watching a man rot until finally he's pleading for a coup de grâce. So, despite Goldblum's terrific performance and despite the graceful teamwork between him and Geena Davis, moviegoers may not feel that they're having such a great time. Shot in Toronto, with John Getz as the science-magazine editor and Cronenberg as the gynecologist. Based on a short story by George Langelaan; the script, by Charles Edward Pogue, was reshaped by Cronenberg. (10/6/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

HEARTBURN—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a joke, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—smart little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossip kick has gone out, too. The effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in top form. (8/11/86) (Embassy; through Oct. 16.)

JEZEBEL (1938)—A dazzling romantic melodrama. Bette Davis is impulsive, complex Julie, the Southern belle who destroys her chances for happiness by perversely flouting convention. William Wyler produced and directed this sumptuous moss-hung evocation of pre-Civil War New Orleans, with its great balls where tradition decreed that unmarried ladies dress in white—and where Julie's red dress wrecks her life. It's hard to know which is Davis's "big scene" in the movie—the painful, flamboyant error of her appearance in red or the breathtaking moment of her apology in white. With Henry Fonda, George Brent, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Eddie Anderson, and Fay Bainter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23.)

LIFE WITH FATHER (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated long-running Broadway comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous New York household in the eighteen-eighties; Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, Jimmy Lydon, Martin Milner, and ZaSu Pitts. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21.)

LOST IN AMERICA (1985)—It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is onto something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an only slightly exaggerated specimen of a large number of rising young businessmen and professional men. He's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. The picture is about what happens when these two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 24-25.)

MEN...—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

MEPHISTO (1982)—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on—and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The film is gripping, but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe and the superb, feline Karin Boyd, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (Public Theatre; starting Oct. 24.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole



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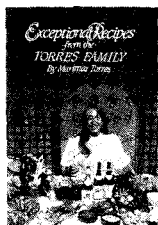
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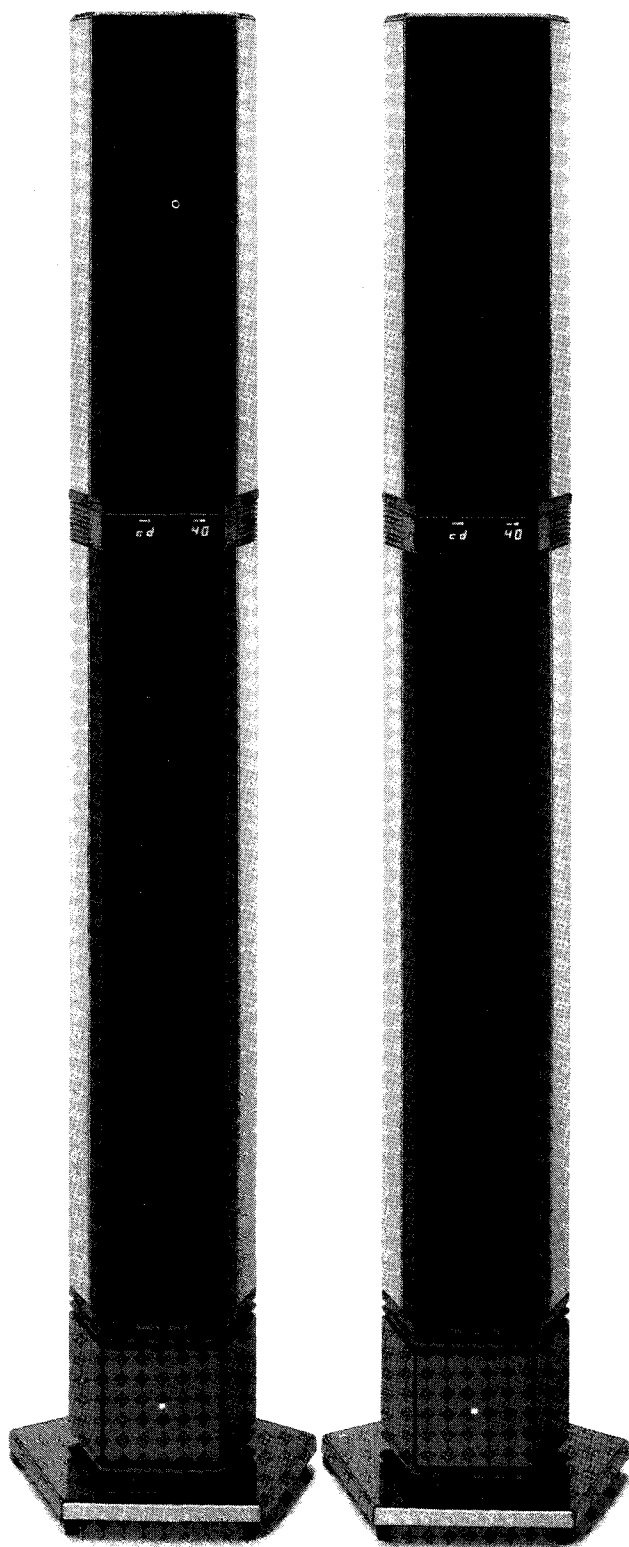
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Olympia Quad. . . ♪ D. W. Griffith, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through Oct. 16.)

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St. . . ♪ Blecker St. Cinema; starting Oct. 17.)

NOTHING IN COMMON—Tom Hanks is like an updated version of the cocky reporter heroes of thirties movies, but the script puts him in a mawkish situation. After thirty-six unhappy years, his unworlly housewife mother (Eva Marie Saint) leaves his garment-salesman father (Jackie Gleason), and the son is thrust into the grownup role of being a mainstay to each of them. He discovers that he has a bond with his sour, self-centered father, once a wizard at selling, who loses his job and is losing his sight, too. The movie is "Death of a Salesman" as a sitcom, with the father's misery used as a lesson to the swinging Yuppie son. Directed by Garry Marshall, from a script by Rick Podell and Michael Preminger. With Hector Elizondo, Barry Corbin, Bess Armstrong, Sela Ward, and Conrad Janis and the Unlisted Jazz Band. (9/8/86) (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 16.)

PALM BEACH STORY (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges' satiric orgies. Claudette Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges' comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24-25.)

PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED—With Kathleen Turner and Nicolas Cage, directed by Francis Coppola. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

A PERFECT COUPLE (1979)—Directed by Robert Altman. About an affair between a classy Greek-American (Paul Dooley) and a girl who lives in a commune (Marta Heflin). The difference between them is oversimply expressed by their taste in music—he and his family, in a stiff way, like classical music; she likes the sort of mild humbug that is churned out by the ton on a lot of radio stations. This isn't Altman at his best, but there's no point

in belaboring the matter. (Thalia; Oct. 22.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1970)—Billy Wilder's detective picture is meant to be a put-on of the Sherlock Holmes mythology, concentrating on a case that Holmes (Robert Stephens) fouls up, because he's distracted by the treachery of a smart charmer (Geneviève Page). It's a graceful picture, but it dawdles, and Stephens doesn't seem to have the star presence that Holmes requires. One must content oneself with the occasional archly amusing lines, the handsome Victorian décor, and Christopher Challis's lovely (if somewhat dark) tinted-looking cinematography. With Colin Blakely, Christopher Lee, Clive Revill, Stanley Holloway, and Catherine Lacey. (Regency; Oct. 19-20.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

RUTHLESS PEOPLE—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's nunny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps

it all sparking and bouncing along. He gave the script the structure (and title) of an exploitation picture for the soft-core market, but his own exuberance and the soft lighting that the cinematographer Ernest Dickerson uses for the sex scenes transcend that structure and give the movie a lyrical, liting feeling. Lee doesn't appear to know how to develop the story, and he fumbles toward the end. But by then the picture has built up so much good will that you don't feel too let down. With Tommy Redmond Hicks as the conventional narrow-minded middle-class romantic Jamie, John Canada Terrell as the vain and pretentious Greer, and Spike Lee himself as the jive artist Mars. The jazz score is by his musician father, Bill Lee. (The picture was completed on a final budget of \$175,000, of which all except about \$60,000 was deferred.) (10/6/86) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, Metro Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

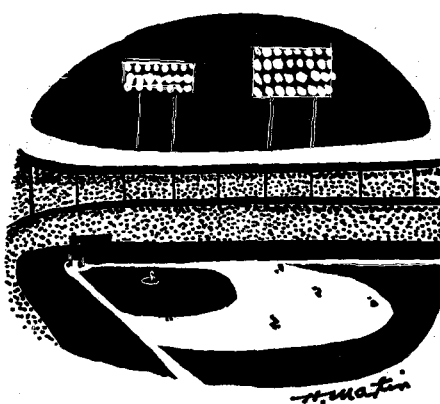
STAGE DOOR (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wise-cracking partners. The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes the supremely regal (and supremely funny) Constance Collier, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn. Directed by Gregory La Cava. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22.)

STAND BY ME—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Loews New York Twin, and Waverly. . . ♪ Bay Cinema, and New Carnegie; through Oct. 16. . . ♪ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 17.)

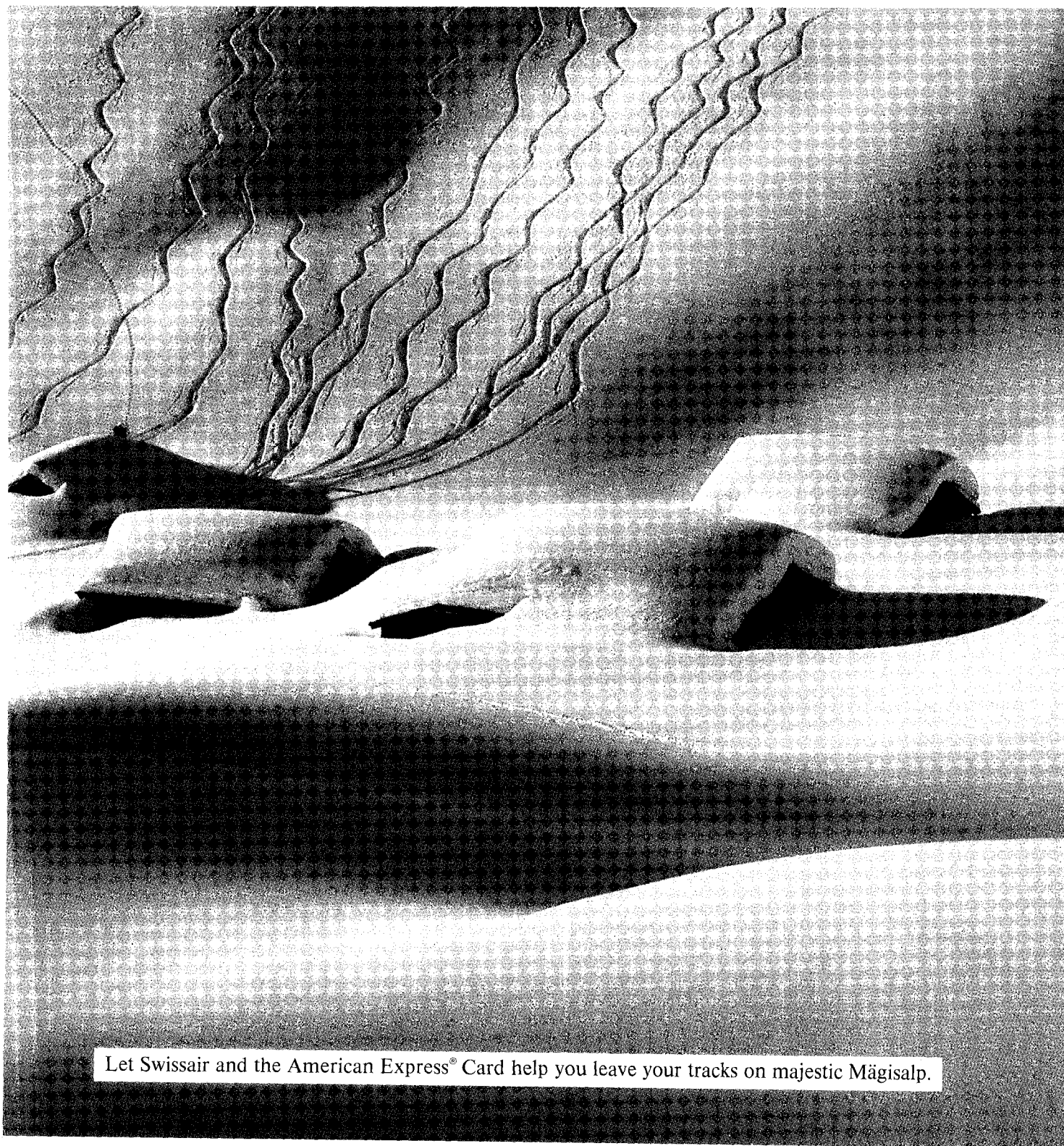
TOP GUN—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the elite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon, and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . ♪ Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1; through Oct. 16. . . ♪ Embassy; starting Oct. 17.)

THE TRIP (1967)—Exploitation, late-sixties style. Roger Corman takes his hero, Peter Fonda (playing a TV-commercials director who lives in Los Angeles), on an extended LSD trip, during which he is reborn. (He may not look any different to you.) Fonda's hallucinations provide Corman with the chance to imitate several styles of filmmaking, and to introduce what appear to be brief clips from his own horror movies. With Dennis Hopper, Susan Strasberg, and Bruce Dern. Written by Jack Nicholson. (Thalia; Oct. 23.)

TRUE STORIES—With David Byrne, John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray; directed by Byrne. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton. . . ♪ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 24.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

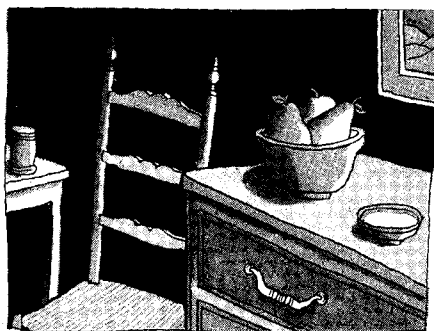
WHEN the Polish government released more than two hundred political prisoners recently, the opposition movement had to figure out how to respond. Two weeks later, it gave its answer. Lech Walesa, the head of the outlawed Solidarity trade-union federation, and Zbigniew Bujak, the leader of its Warsaw branch, announced, in simultaneous press conferences in the port city of Gdansk and in Warsaw, the formation of a seven-man council—made up of prominent members of the original Solidarity movement—to work for the restoration of Solidarity. The step constituted a bold but measured challenge to the government. Anyone who thought that the Solidarity movement would allow itself to be co-opted by the amnesty was disabused of the notion. Anyone who thought that the Solidarity movement lacked the flexibility to welcome a positive step by the government learned otherwise. “The decision to release political prisoners is an important fact, and it creates a chance to change the social climate in the country,” the announcement said. “The step should be followed immediately by such measures as will break the deadlock between the authorities and society.” Four members of the new council had just been released in the amnesty, and two leaders from the underground—Jan Litynski and Wiktor Kulerski—surfaced at the Warsaw meeting and announced their return to public life.

The history of the democratic revolution in Poland has so far had two major turning points. The first, in the summer of 1980, was the rise of Solidarity, whose swift spread to all parts of the nation caught even the leaders of the movement by surprise.

For a moment, they were not so much leaders as followers of a process of social combustion that raced forward spontaneously and uncontrollably: first came the mass movement; then came the demands and the negotiations, resulting in the Gdansk accords, of that August, in which Solidarity was legalized, political prisoners were released, and other concessions were made by the government. What caught everyone by surprise, however, was not only the extent of the movement and the rapidity of its growth but the very nature of the thing. Suddenly, there was a power in society where none was supposed to be. Just as suddenly, the power that *was* supposed to be—the all-pervading, presumably unchallengeable power of the totalitarian government—seemed to be on the defensive everywhere, and receding everywhere, as if its strength had in fact been an illusion, which now stood revealed for what it was. To outside observers, the two sides in the contest seemed to be engaged not only in a struggle for power but also in a sort of philosophical argument about what power was. That argument, in which deeds took the place of debating points, was of great interest to people far beyond Poland. The movement seemed to be attempting not just to add a chapter to the political textbooks but to

fundamentally rewrite them from the beginning. For when Solidarity rose it seemed that new principles of political life rose with it, while the old principles on whose basis the government operated were somehow suspended. One of the new principles was that the consent of the people and their peaceful participation in political life were not just laudable goals for political action to aim at but sources of power in themselves—a means of attaining goals. If that seemed like the fulfillment of an ancient dream, seemed even a little utopian, it was. Right in the heart of a totalitarian system, under which people are supposed to be at their most helpless, Solidarity gave the world one of the most startling demonstrations of the power of the people that it has ever seen. On the government side was something much more familiar—power based on force, defined once and for all by Mao Zedong’s statement that political power flows from the barrel of a gun. But that power, somewhat mysteriously, seemed disabled in the presence of Solidarity. After a while, even the firmest believers in the doctrine of force as the ultimate basis of political power expected little from the Polish government. Only the Soviet Union, with dozens of its divisions on the borders of Poland (and two divisions within Poland), still seemed mighty—and in Poland itself even Soviet power, which is the prime political fact of life there, seemed to dwindle in fearsomeness. In the West, debate on the future of the country took account of only two forces: Solidarity, on the one side, and the Soviet Army, on the other. The question most often asked was how far Solidarity could go in its program of social renewal without bringing in the Soviet troops.

Then, in December of 1981, came



the second turning point: the declaration of martial law by the Polish government—the last place from which most people inside or outside Poland expected any dramatic action to arise. The government, which in 1980 had seemed to shrink abruptly almost to insignificance, now just as abruptly sprang back to its full size: it was seizing all the levers of power available to a totalitarian regime and using them to telling effect. Now it was the turn of Solidarity—“ten million strong,” as the members used to say to each other, to convince themselves of their invincibility—to seem to melt away. And from its doing so the government seemed to win a crushing point in the debate before world opinion about the nature and sources of political power. Now guns looked powerful again, and people weak. The debate, of course, was not being conducted in Poland alone. It was being carried forward, at a high cost in suffering and lives, in many countries, and with many outcomes: in the Philippines, where “people power” astonishingly prevailed virtually without bloodshed over mili-

tary force; in Korea, where force continued to hold sway; in Haiti, where a long-established dictatorship was ended; in Argentina, where a democratic regime came to power through a sort of quiet surrender by the generals; in Chile, where the generals were holding on; in South Africa, which was still in the grip of a racial minority; and in all the countries of Eastern Europe to the west and south of Poland, which were still held in subjection by the Soviet Union. When the Polish government, announcing a “state of war” against its own people, launched its successful coup de société, its action made life a little harder, a little more discouraging, for the democratic forces in all those places.

Almost immediately, however, it became apparent that something more complicated was going on. Even under martial law, the opposition continued to bubble with life and activity—especially in the sphere of culture. Then, last month, the amnesty was declared, and the opposition leadership made its public move. A fog cleared in Poland,

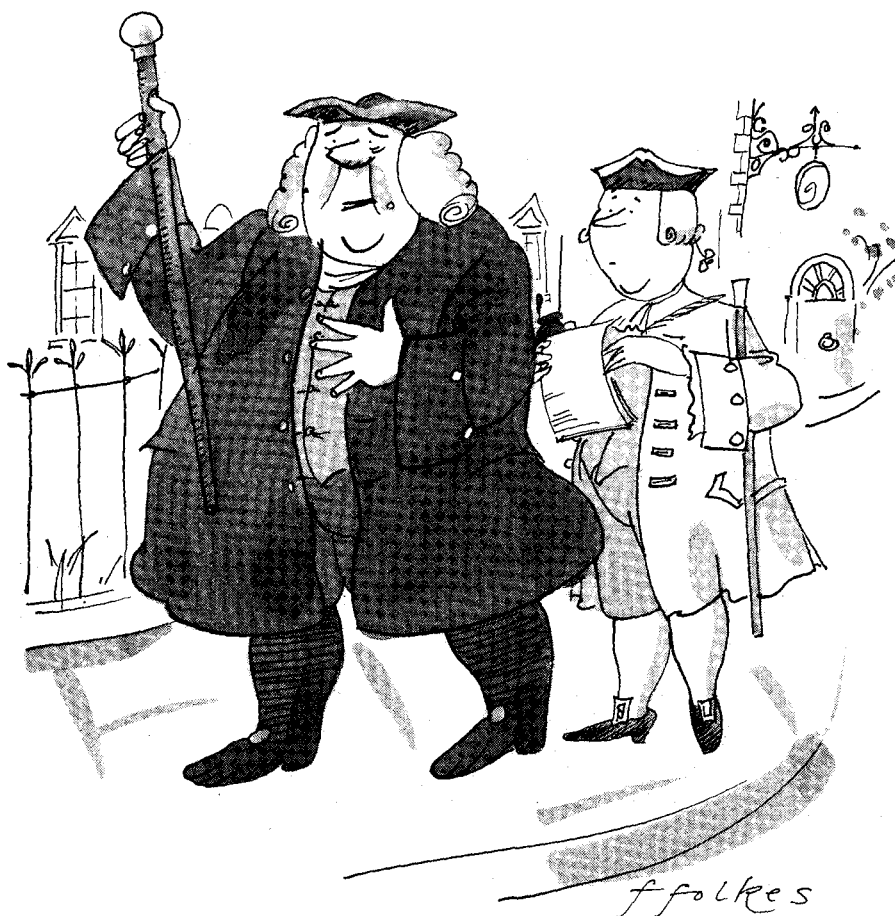
at least for a moment, and standing there were the seven strong men of the new Solidarity council—resolute, calm, reasonable, immovable—whereupon hopes had cause to lift again all over the world among the people fighting for their freedom.

Going, Getting Through the Door, Being There

SAY you're in the market for a flying piece of art—say, an elegantly streamlined 1929 Davis monoplane, cobalt blue with yellow tapered racing stripes, a single-blade propeller, and a retrofitted hundred-and-twenty-five-horsepower 1931 Warner engine good for cruising at a hundred and five miles per hour. If you're lucky, you eventually find your way to Cole Palen. We found him in a parking lot by the Hudson River one day last week, shortly before dawn. He was wearing a grease-smudged short-sleeved khaki jumpsuit, a white T-shirt, and crêpe-soled brown leather loafers. He has a round, weathered face, gray hair but not much of it, blue eyes, a salt-and-pepper mustache, a gap between his front teeth, a lean build, nimble movements, and an attraction to airplanes that got serious fifty-six years ago, when he was four. Up in Dutchess County, Mr. Palen stores about fifty antique airplanes, operates the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome, and, every fair-weather late-spring-to-early-autumn weekend, stages thrilling and unapologetically corny air shows and mock First World War dogfights. He also owns a couple of dozen vintage cars and trucks. In the parking lot, a white 1959 Cadillac Coupe de Ville—a specimen from the killer-tail-fin era—was hitched to a yellow flatbed trailer with a cobalt-blue cargo. The wings weren't attached to the fuselage, but the cargo was unmistakably an airplane and a piece of art. “That's a Davis, a 1929,” said Mr. Palen. “Back from the days when the men were men and the women were—wow! Pretty much like today.”

Cole Palen had spent the previous night sleeping in the back seat of the Cadillac. The idea now was to deliver the airplane to the Brooklyn Museum and to install it there—a loan from Mr. Palen to a new exhibition, called “The Machine Age in America: 1918-1941.”

“This plane is just light enough so



“It is wonderful, comma, sir, comma, how rare a quality good humor is in life, full stop. We meet with very few good-humored men, full stop.”

I feel comfortable with it," he said, pulling into traffic on West Street and heading downtown. "O.K., smooth and easy. Here we go."

At that hour, there were no other airplanes on the road. Nor did there seem to be any other 1959 Cadillac Coupe de Villes.

"Nineteen fifty-nine was the peak of the tail fins," said Mr. Palen. "I like to tell people they help the gas mileage. I once got eighteen miles to the gallon driving one of these from Key West to Delray Beach, Florida. It was a perfect southwest tail wind. I own four of these cars—this one, a pink one, a yellow one, and a black limousine. My Uncle Jim willed me the pink one, the best of all. When Uncle Jim died, there was a note in his pocket: 'Give the Cadillac to Cole.' That was in '71. He always kept it inside, never out in the sun. And he always kept it covered in the garage. He drove it to sixty thousand miles. I've driven it past two hundred thousand. The crankcase cooks up a few extra vapors, so I'm going easy on it now. I bought this white one six years ago. I needed a car to pull a trailer, and this turned up, so I bought it. This car was lost, in effect, inside a parking garage in New York City. It belonged to a doctor, but he never drove it. The garage attendants kept the battery charged, started it up and ran the engine regularly. But they must have also played baseball in that garage. The body had a million little dents. The doctor died, and his estate sold it real cheap. And the new owner sold it to me very expensive. But it only had eleven thousand miles on it. Then I bought the yellow one, five years ago. The first woman to own the yellow one always wore kid gloves when she drove it. The black one is a limousine. It used to go to funerals. It saw a lot of sorrow. Now it goes only to weddings. The same day I bought it, I also bought a Rolls-Royce that had been converted into a bakery truck. The first time I saw them, I was a thousand feet away. They were part of an auction in Boca Raton, Florida. I flew over and spotted them from the air."

A few minutes after seven, Mr.



"What do you say, fellows—one chorus of 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' from 'Naughty Marietta'!"

Palen made his way across the East River into Brooklyn, and a few minutes after that he was headed up Flatbush Avenue. He rounded Grand Army Plaza and made a right onto Eastern Parkway. The Beaux-Arts splendor of the Brooklyn Museum was approaching fast on the right, and he overshot the entrance. "That's why I always like to leave an hour early," he said as he circled Prospect Park. "Especially if I'm catching an airplane."

The crowd in front of the museum was smaller than the one that greeted Lindbergh at Le Bourget. A member of the maintenance staff wandered outside, followed a few minutes later by a half-dozen of his colleagues. A man with a video camera set up a tripod a few yards from the trailer. While Mr. Palen unlashed the wings, which had travelled upright in plywood protective frames, the maintenance men examined the Cadillac.

"You know what I could do with a car like that? I'd put about a two-thousand-dollar stereo system in there, maybe six speakers. Then some plush red upholstery. I'd just park it and lean against it and the ladies would flock. That's not a car, that's a hotel."

"Oh, yeah?"

From the trunk Mr. Palen removed the airplane's tail rudder. "This was in the back seat when I drove down from Rhinebeck yesterday," he said as he carried it into the museum's Grand Lobby. "But when it was time to go to

sleep last night I found room for it in the trunk."

Dianne Pilgrim, the curator of decorative arts at the Brooklyn Museum and co-curator—with Richard Guy Wilson, professor of architectural history from the University of Virginia—of the "Machine Age" exhibition, arrived, accompanied by Christopher Wilk, an assistant curator.

Christopher Wilk said, "Someone here—one of our curators with a flair for the dramatic—suggested that we close down Eastern Parkway for a couple of hours and have Cole Palen fly in and land right in front of the museum."

Inasmuch as the airplane had already arrived, Mr. Wilk's next concern was getting it through the front door. The fuselage would be the main challenge.

"I've taken you guys literally," Mr. Palen said, smiling. "You told me the width of the doorway is five feet eight inches. This plane measures five feet and a quarter inch across."

"Good," said Mr. Wilk.

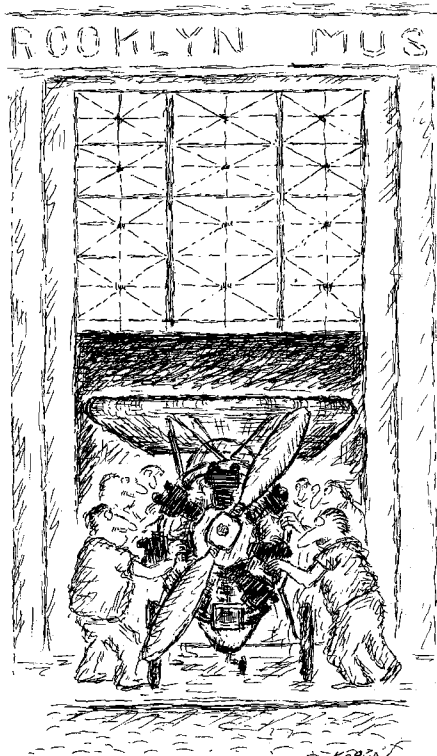
"But if we can't fit there are other ways."

It was time to take the fuselage off the trailer. "Now, we have an option," said Mr. Palen. "There's the slow and easy way, which takes about five minutes. Or, with enough manpower, we can do it in about twenty seconds."

"We've got five minutes," said Mr. Wilk.

The nose of the fuselage was supported by a jerry-built travelling land-

ing gear—rusty struts connected to a pair of old bicycle wheels. The bicycle tires were almost flat and had lost some tread. Gripping the propeller, easing down the trailer ramp, Mr. Palen coached his crew: “I don’t trust my Mickey Mouse landing gear that much. O.K. Slowly. *Slowly*. O.K.



Down. Hold the plane. Slowly. Slowly. O.K. Great.”

He drove the Cadillac and trailer out of the way, and then he, Mr. Wilk, and four assistants escorted the plane up a curb, across a narrow flagstone sidewalk, through the five-foot-eight-inch-wide doorway, and into the Grand Lobby.

Only Mr. Palen, who has suspended airplanes from several ceilings—he has hung a Waco 10 in a casino in Atlantic City, a Blériot monoplane in the United States Pavilion at Montreal’s Expo 67, a Voisin in the Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, in Manhattan—knew what came next. All the parts—fuselage, wings, tail, rudder, struts, landing gear, landing-gear housings, aluminum fairings—were spread on the lobby’s marble floor. The plan was to raise the fuselage a few inches with a battery-operated hoist; remove the jerry-built landing gear; replace it with the standard landing gear; lower the plane; attach the wings, struts, tail, rudder, and landing-gear housings; hoist the plane on an angle so that it appeared to be banking through a turn; and sus-

pend it at last on a seven-foot cable that hung from the lobby’s twenty-two-and-a-half-foot ceiling.

Along the way, Mr. Palen told stories: about his boyhood hero Johnny Miller, who is in his eighties and still flying; about Captain Eddie Rick-enbacker’s experiences flying a Nieuport 28, a matchless First World War airplane, whose only drawback was that the leading edges of its wings had a tendency to fly off; about the heroic French aviator Charles Nungesser; about how he himself had come to own the Davis monoplane (“I bought it in Mississippi from an old crop duster who liked to have fun with these in his spare time. He told me everybody loved to fly it so much that he finally had to get rid of it”).

Each wing of the Davis was thirteen feet long. When it came time to attach the right wing to the fuselage, Mr. Palen said, “We use undersized bolts and we just slap it together quick-quick. We have the right-sized bolts for when we fly it.” It took six men to hold the wing. Standing beneath the joint where it met the fuselage, Mr. Palen gave instructions: “Squiggle it slowly on the tip. Forward on the tip. Then rearward on the tip. Squiggle. O.K. Now let’s withdraw. Fore and aft at the tip. Now rearward at the tip. Now let’s really line up the fittings there. Fore and aft at the rear. O.K. We’re too high at the tip. Put a little pressure down. O.K. Fore and aft at the tip. Wiggle it. That’s it. O.K. Have you got the rear? O.K. That’s it. There she is. That’s beautiful! O.K., we got one bolt in there. Now forward at the tip. O.K.”

When the struts were in place, he pounded the final bolt through its fitting and said, “O.K., we got half an airplane.” Two hours later, he had a whole one, and two hours after that the Brooklyn Museum had a flying piece of art.

The Kids

“THE Williamsburgh Savings Bank Tower is the highest building in the outer boroughs, and it boasts the highest four-faced clock in the world,” Brian Prinsell, of Personal Transit, Inc., said one day recently as he drove a minibus full of reporters out to the Brooklyn Children’s Museum, which is a mile or so northeast of the Brooklyn Museum. Mr. Prinsell knows his five-borough facts backward and forward and also

maintains a small inventory of apocrypha, which he passes along, clearly labelled. “The janitor told me that the architect jumped off the top the day it opened. People saw him on the stairs climbing up, and he was smiling, and all, and they just assumed he was going up for a look. In my research I’ve found that a lot of these architects become obsessed with their projects. He could have been, you know, satisfied. That was it for him. But actually he didn’t jump. The story is not true.”

Mr. Prinsell, who offers a wide range of tours, dropped us outside the museum and waited while we went in for a preview look at “Sounds Around,” an exhibit dealing with all kinds of things that all kinds of people hear. Moses Josiah, a leading gospel-musical-sawyer, was playing, and pleased-looking staff people were leading a first group of children through the exhibits. Someone pulled us aside and said, “There’s been a lot of research on how families function in museums. Believe it or not, there’s a lot of fighting. We have an intervener who comes over when he sees a family fighting, and says, ‘Here’s a treasure-hunt sheet. Let’s all do that.’” Wendy Aibel-Weiss, the museum’s director of education, took us on a quick tour of the very funky-shaped building, which is mostly beneath the ground. “This building began to be designed in the nineteen-sixties, when the experiential thing in education was at its height,” she said. “We’re trying to be not less experiential but more didactic.” (We realized that it was a long time since we’d heard the word “didactic” used as a blessing.) She pointed out a giant clear-plastic construction—a tube that somewhat resembles a molecule, with many twists and turns and levels and chambers, and big enough for a child (or even for us) to climb inside. “There used to be four times as much of that—a child could climb all over the museum,” Ms. Aibel-Weiss said. “But we took most of it out. We, as educators, hate it, because it is essentially playground equipment. Now we use it only a few times a day. Before the kids go in, we give them a little talk on cell structure and on soap bubbles. It’s still very popular.”

Back in the “Sounds Around” exhibit, we noticed that a lot of kids were not examining the kalimba, or the elephant-tusk trumpet, or the Tibetan horn made from a human thigh, or the Liberian belly rattle, or the American Indian rattle made from a snapping turtle, or even the Indonesian Garan-



tung. A few were looking at the model of the human ear, which vibrates when it hears a noise, and a couple of others, using earphones, were trying to guess whether they heard a snapping shrimp, a kookaburra, or a lion. Many of the children had decided not to try and match the drone of Tibetan monks or the high-pitched song of Alpine yodellers with pictures of the droners and singers. Quite a crowd, however, had gathered around the microphone, which modulates the human voice, sometimes adding an echo or making one's voice sound as if a robot were speaking.

"Nicole, you are dead," one little girl said into the microphone.

"I know you are, but what am I?" said another girl, presumably Nicole.

"I know *you* are, but what am I?" said the first girl.

"I know you are, but what am I?" said Nicole.

This went on awhile. It was a little experiential but still pretty much fun.

SEVERAL hours later, we dropped by Fluties, a bar, at the South Street Seaport, that for the young urban professional (there should be a word for these people) is what a salt

lick was for wildlife on the open frontier. Fluties and the Diamond Information Center were conducting a "Search for the Best Dressed Man on Wall Street," in order to give him some diamond cufflinks and a diamond tie tack. "Diamonds for men have really taken off in recent years," said Liz Dolan, the manager of the Diamond Information Center. "It's not just Mafia chieftains with pinkie rings anymore. It's much more understated—collar bars, tie tacks. No more belt buckles in the shape of Texas with a diamond where Houston is."

About six-thirty in the evening (this is an after-work clientele), four models from the Ford agency began circulating in the crowd. Each was supposed to pick three men she thought especially handsome and well dressed. It was easy to follow the progress of the models as they wandered through the throng, because they were two or three inches taller than most of the men. Finally, they picked sixteen men, some of whom we managed to talk to.

Earl Scott Enzer, a new associate at a Wall Street investment bank, said he was aiming for an Italian look. "The suit's not Italian, but the look is," he said.

Steven Fierro, a credit analyst at Manufacturers Hanover, said, "I dress conservatively—nothing loud. A clean, crisp look. A nice tie is key. A modified paisley." Steve added that he was a short-term bull—at least till year's end. "Buy anything undervalued" was his advice.

Don Garber, of National Football League Properties, Inc., was dressed in pleated pinstripes. "Stylishly conservative," he said. "And the stylish paisley tie. The Brooks Brothers paisley is too stuffy."

A consultant for National Westminster Bank, David Grayson, said, "You have to fit in with the blues and the grays, but you do the best you can within that realm." He also said, "I'm always bullish. You're young, you're wild, you've got to be a bull."

John Fell, of KMS Brokers, trades zero-coupon government bonds. "I'm not a very fancy dresser," he said apologetically—even though he was one of the finalists.

We told him he looked sharp.

"I'm a bull in the long run," he said. "There's technical factors you want to look at. The economy is in the doldrums, but in the bond market there's room to move up in the medium term."

UNCLE ARON

THE biography of my aunt's husband, Aron, zigzags like the history of the Soviet Union itself. First he was a *Gymnasium* student, then a radical university student, then, for a short time, a Red Army soldier. Then, strange as it sounds, he joined the White Poles fighting the Red Army. Then he became a Red Army man again, this time out of political conviction.

When the Civil War ended, Uncle Aron entered a workers' university program. Then when the Party tried the New Economic Policy, he became a NEPman and, it seems, got temporarily rich. Then he worked at dispossessing the kulaks. Then he helped purge the ranks of the Party. Then he himself was purged for having been a NEPman.

At the meeting where he was purged, my uncle delivered a speech. He said, "If you expel me, I will be obliged to tell my wife, which means she'll hit the roof. It's up to you to decide."

The comrades thought about it and decided: "Expel!"

Later, it is true, he was reinstated. And the main thing was, he didn't have to do time in prison.

He went into management; he became the director of something, or maybe the deputy director of a division of something.

My uncle adored Stalin—adored him the way one adores a wayward son, knowing his shortcomings. He collected phonograph records of all the speeches of the Generalissimo, and kept them in red albums. People had albums then that were bound with laces, with a relief portrait of the Leader on the front.

When Stalin was exposed as a villain, my uncle was sincerely grieved. Then he became infatuated with Malenkov. He liked to remark that Malenkov was an educated man, an engineer.

When Malenkov was removed from power, Uncle Aron fell in love with Bulganin. Bulganin had the appearance of a backwoods pre-Revolutionary police chief. Perhaps since my uncle came from the provinces himself, from Novorossisk, he honestly fell in love with Bulganin as someone who reminded him of his childhood idols.

Then he fell in love with Khrushchev, and when Khrushchev was removed from power my uncle lost some of his capacity to love. He got

sick of expending his feelings for nothing.

It was then that he decided to fall in love with Lenin. Lenin had died long ago and could not be removed from power. It was close to impossible even to smear his name. This meant the love could not be endangered.

At the same time, though, my uncle somehow came loose ideologically. He fell in love with Lenin but also with Solzhenitsyn. Sakharov, too—mainly because he had helped develop the hydrogen bomb in the Soviet Union and then hadn't become a drunk but fought for the truth.

In the last years of his life, my uncle was practically a dissident, but a moderate one. He never for an instant tolerated the anti-Communist, pro-Nazi Vlasovites; he revered Solzhenitsyn selectively.

Brezhnev he did not like. He regarded Brezhnev as a temporary phenomenon—which didn't turn out to be the case. He used to send Brezhnev anonymous notes. He wrote them in the savings bank in violet ink, using his left hand and printing in block letters. These notes were brief; they might say: "Where are you leading Russia, monster?" Signed "General Sviridov." Or "The Baikal-Amur Mainline is a complete fiction!" Signed "General Kolyuzhny." Sometimes he employed more artistic forms: "Thy brows/Crave blood!" Signed "General Nechiporenko."

MY uncle wished to return to the sources of Leninism; I did not. This was the source of endless arguments. The level of the polemic was not high.

"A provocateur, a syphilitic, and a German spy," I said of Lenin.

"Blasphemer and blockhead!" my uncle said to me.

We touched on a rather narrow circle of themes: lynchings, the decline of morals, the Vietnam epic . . .

My uncle would get terribly angry. "Fascist!" he would shout at me. "Dyed-in-the-wool Vlasovite!"

And then, suddenly, my uncle was on his deathbed. More exactly, he got

very sick and decided it was time for him to die. He was seventy-six years old. "I want to see Seryozha," he told his wife.

I came at once. Uncle lay propped on pillows, thin and pale. He asked everyone else to leave the room. "Sergei," he said very quietly, "I'm dying."

I said nothing.

"I'm not afraid of death." He paused for a moment and then went on. "I've made honest mistakes that . . . I've felt anguish over the wrong steps I've taken. Here is what I have understood: the holy tenets I upheld all my life have turned out to be false. I've cracked up ideologically."

He asked for water. I lifted a cup to his lips.

"Sergei," he said, "I always scolded you, but it was only because I was afraid. I was afraid they would arrest you. You're very unrestrained. . . . I criticized you, but inside I agreed with you. You should understand me. Forty years of that"—and here Uncle used a very dirty word—"Party. Sixty years under this"—here he repeated the word—"system—"

"Please calm down," I said.

"—have turned me into a whore," he said, finishing the sentence. He had to make an effort to go on. "You were always right. I only argued because I was afraid for you. Forgive me."

He started to cry. I felt very sorry for him. Just then, an ambulance arrived and my uncle was taken to the hospital.

They took him to an ordinary hospital. My aunt had expected he would be taken to the Sverdlovsk Party Hospital. "But you're an Old Bolshevik," she kept saying.

"No," he said. "I am not an Old Bolshevik."

"How is that?"

"The term 'Old Bolshevik' has a particular, concrete meaning. An Old Bolshevik is someone who entered the Party in the earliest days. I entered a bit later."

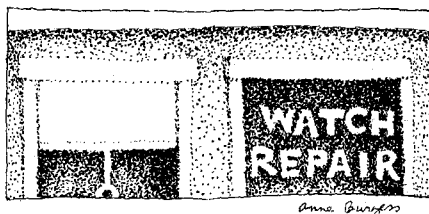
This was a surprise to my aunt. "You really mean to say you're not an Old Bolshevik?"

"No."

"But still," she said, "surely they owe you something?"

"It's possible," my uncle agreed. "It's possible they owe me something. For instance, an apple . . ."

So he went into an ordinary hospital. When the admitting doctor examined him, my uncle asked, "Doctor, were you at the front?"



Anna Gurevna

"Yes," the doctor said, "I was at the front."

"So was I," my uncle said. "So tell me honestly, as one front-line soldier to another, will I be in the hospital long?"

"If all goes well, a month," the doctor answered.

"And if all goes not so well," my uncle said with a smile, "considerably less!"

HE was in the hospital for about three weeks, and then he came home. I went over to visit him right away.

He seemed sad and quiet, as if he had attained some higher wisdom. However, when I brought up Che Guevara in our conversation Uncle grew alert. I said of Guevara, "An adventurer and a gangster."

"And you're a social parasite and a blockhead!" he shot back. Then, with great animation, "Show me one good idea that exists outside of Communism!" At this point, he suddenly interrupted his own speech. He must have remembered our deathbed conversation. He gave me a guilty look. I said nothing.

From that time on, we saw each other often, and invariably we quarrelled. Uncle would rail against rock music, the defector Baryshnikov, and General Andrei Vlasov. I took stands against socialized medicine, "Swan Lake," and Feliks Dzerzhinski.

Then he fell ill again. "Ask Ser-yozha to come," he told his wife.

I came at once. Uncle looked pale and shrunken. The bench near the head of his bed was covered with medicine bottles. Dentures in a glass there gave off a rosy, intimate glow.

"Sergei," he said in a muffled voice. I stroked his hand. "I have an enormous favor to ask you. Give me your word you'll do it."

I nodded.

"Smother me," he said.

In dismay, I said nothing.

"I'm sick of living. I no longer believe Communism can be built in one country. I've slid into the swamp of Trotskyism."

"Don't think about it," I said.

"Are you prepared to do what I ask of you? I can see that you're hesitating. I could, of course, take twenty sleeping pills. But alas, they're not sure to cause death, and what if I then woke up paralyzed? I would become an even heavier burden to everyone. That's why I absolutely have to turn to you for help."



His Chickens

"Stop it," I said. "Stop it."

"Don't think I won't show my gratitude," my uncle said. "I'll leave you my set of the complete works of Lenin. Then you can take them to the recycling plant and exchange them for a really good edition of 'Pinocchio.' But I'm not leaving you anything unless you smother me."

"Stop it," I said.

"There's nothing but malice and stupidity all around us," he said. "There's no truth."

"Calm down."

"Do you know what torments me?" he said. "When we lived in Novorossisk, there was a fence—a tall, brown fence—near our house. I walked by that fence every day. And I don't know what was behind it. I never asked. I didn't think it was important. How senselessly and stupidly I've lived my life! So this means you refuse?"

"Stop it," I said.

Uncle turned away from me and would not talk anymore.

TWO weeks later, he got well. We went back to our terrible quarrels.

"Blockhead!" he would shout. "You refuse to understand anything! Communism may have been compromised by mediocrities, but the idea is as brilliant as ever! No wonder millions of people believe in the ideology of Communism!"

"Who believes in it?" I would say. "Not one person who thinks logically and clearly."

"So you think they don't believe in it?" my uncle said, red in the face. "They don't believe in it, and they say nothing? You're trying to tell me there are nothing but hypocrites all around us?"

"It's not necessary to believe in an ideology," I said. "You can take it or leave it. It's like prison: you like it, you don't like it, but you stay put."

"Blockhead!" he would shout. "Vlasovite! Black marketeer!"

A small portrait of Solzhenitsyn hung near the head of his bed. He took it down whenever guests came.

These scenes were repeated again and again. Uncle would get sick, then get well again. We would quarrel and then make peace. Years passed. He became truly old. I was very attached to him.

Then my uncle actually did die. A pity. And that tall, brown fence gives me no peace. —SERGEI DOVLATOV

(Translated, from the Russian,
by Anne Frydman.)

10:30 MASTERPIECE THEATRE In part six of "The Flame Trees of Thika" Ian's love for lettuce overcomes his sense of propriety.—TV listing in the New Hampshire Public Television Program Guide.

Crazy vegetarian.

CHARLIE-O

WHEN I was fifteen, I was almost as tall as the man I have always thought of as my father. He was five feet three, and his name was Charles Osaka—Charlie-O to everyone except my mother, who called him Charles when she didn't like him and Chuck when she did, just as she called me Olivia or Livvie, depending on my behavior. Charlie-O was almost always cheerful, and he had a childlike joie de vivre that would not quite have fit a larger man. My mother's mother forced my mother to marry him, though I didn't know that until I'd grown up. I don't know how exactly my grandmother found him, but I later heard she'd first brought him to Fresno to meet my mother when my mother was seven months pregnant with me. Charlie-O came from a small town in Oregon called Florence. When I was older, he used to keep a picture on his bureau of my mother on prom night, when she was seventeen, and sometimes I wonder whether that was the picture my

grandmother first sent him to get him to Fresno. He married my mother when she was eight months pregnant, and in time they had three sons, making me the only girl. But I think that I was always Charlie-O's favorite, and that if he'd loved me less he would have spoiled me the way I sometimes felt he wanted to. My real father had visited me several times, but he was married and had other children, and we never became close. So I was devoted to Charlie-O and followed him everywhere when I was quite young—he even took me to his poker games—and sometimes I brought him to Parents' Day at my school, where, starting in the fifth grade, he was shorter than some of my classmates. As I grew older, though, I no longer cared about poker games or Parents' Days, and Charlie-O and I began to grow apart. That hurt him. By the time I was fifteen, my allegiances had shifted to my mother. At thirty-three, she was graceful and pensive and sincere—things I wanted to be when I grew

up. Charlie-O was loud, undignified.

I was born in Fresno, but shortly after my birth Charlie-O took my mother and me to his home in Florence. I loved it there, but when I was fifteen we moved, suddenly and very much against my will. I was furious with Charlie-O for taking us from Oregon. I had friends, babysitting jobs, and my first boyfriend, and during the summer, when the windows were always open, the ocean air would drift through our house, so that I could feel its touch when I woke in the mornings. I would go for walks not long after first light, but sometimes Charlie-O, an amateur painter, would already be outside painting on the beach. I would look back at our house and see tendrils of fog moving into the windows, and it seemed as if we lived in a house in the clouds. I knew that after I left Florence my friends would still build fires on the beaches at night, my boyfriend would soon find a new girlfriend, and by the following week my employers would have found new babysitters—maybe better ones than I. I resented not just that I would

lose my old life in Oregon but that I was replaceable. I wanted to grow up to be like my mother, who struck me as a woman who couldn't be replaced.

We were moving to, of all places, the Ozarks. Charlie-O said he wanted to move to Arkansas because he had a chance to buy into a garage a friend of his owned. In Oregon he worked in a garage for somebody else.

WE put our furniture in a trailer and drove to Arkansas. Our arrival was inauspicious. It was almost midnight when Charlie-O announced that, first, he believed we were in Arkansas; second, he believed we were lost; and, third, we had run out of gas. I was the only one awake.

"How do you know we're in Arkansas if



"Look out! Here comes Denis Farnell and his 'wellness unto death.'"

we're lost?" I said. I put on my longest face.

"Don't worry, honey-dog," he said. He smiled, but his eyes didn't look happy. His eyes looked uncertain, and they seemed to be asking me something—nothing specific, just asking.

I got out a map. "Where's the highway?" I said.

He didn't know. It was raining hard, and the rain formed rivers down the windshield. The raindrops made the windows look like textured glass. Charlie-O got out, and I pressed my nose against the back-seat window and watched him squint into the darkness as the rain splashed on his face. He was looking down the road, but I didn't see why he couldn't look from inside the dry car. It was as if he were under a spell. I lowered the window. The air was warmer than I'd expected.

"What are you doing?"

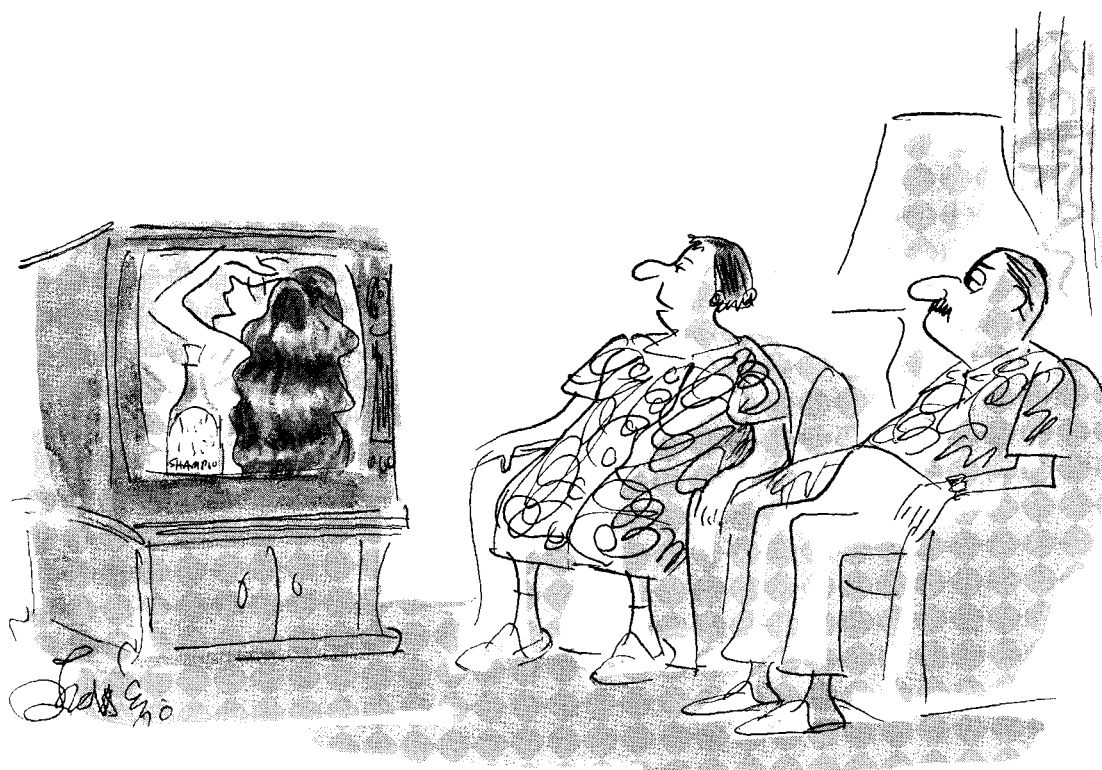
"Just seeing what's what," he said. "I'm gonna walk down a ways and try to get us some gas." As he set off, he appeared as sturdy as always but even smaller than usual. In the car my three brothers and my mother slept on. I rolled up the window and ran after Charlie-O, almost slipping in the mud as I hurried. He walked on sure-footedly.

"If I were me, I wouldn't be doing this," I said. "I would just wait in the car."

We went a long way, but we never thought of turning back. We were both very stubborn. We'd always been alike that way. There was nothing but bush around us, and sometimes—maybe it was the play of sky light off the rain—I would think I saw lights in the leaves. Charlie-O didn't look either right or left as he walked, and I thought how much more scared I would be without him.

We got gas at a gas station and returned to the car. My youngest brother had awoken. He cringed from me. "You're all wet," he said, as if my wetness were a contagious disease.

"Just a little water," boomed Char-



"I think I'll let my hair grow."

lie-O. "Ain't nothing to have a cow about."

In front of my friends, his way of talking had lately embarrassed me, but it didn't now. He was wet and tired, and though it had been he who'd decided we would leave Oregon, he'd lived there a long time and I suddenly realized that he was losing a lot, too.

We found a highway after a while, and then a motel. I'd heard my parents say the day before that they would take two rooms tonight—one for me and my brothers, Ben, Walker, and Peter, and one for themselves. I knew it was so that they could make love. Only a couple of years earlier, I wouldn't have understood completely why it was so important for them to get their own room, as they sometimes did on vacations.

A tired-looking man with rollers in his hair registered us at the motel. Lightning lit the sky like a flash of sunlight. When I watched my parents at the counter, they seemed to be the same person. Maybe it was just that they lived in the same world, bought their clothes at the same stores, ate the same foods. In any case, they matched. Yet I knew that sometimes my mother felt lonely and my father felt alone. And though my mother was barely

taller than Charlie-O, she always struck me as womanly, whereas my father was boyish.

"One room?" said the man.

"Yes, plus cots, if you have any," said my mother.

The man got a cot. "Only have one. I won't charge you. We usually charge a dollar, but I understand. I've got seven of my own." A cry came from a back room. "There's one now," the man said with a sigh. He yawned and shook his head, and a loose roller jiggled.

Charlie-O turned and winked at me, and when we got outside he said, "Remember—you can always trust a man with seven children and the nerve to wear rollers in his hair." Charlie-O carried the cot to the room. Then he and I went to a coffee shop, where he got coffee and I stole packets of sugar and containers of ersatz cream to give to my brothers, because they couldn't come. They were too young to be out so late. Ben was ten, Walker nine, and Peter four.

Back in the room, the lights were off, and everyone was already asleep—my mother in the bed and the boys on the floor. I wondered why my mother had decided to take just one room. Did it mean that my parents



"You have, it would appear, high recognition!"

big believer in organizations, and he joined a bowling team, a golf club, and a group of small-business owners, which was really sort of a poker club. After he'd bought a half interest in his garage, he subscribed to a business newsletter, and whenever he was reading it we would all have to be very quiet around the house. I tried to make friends with some of the children of my parents' new friends, but it was hard, and whenever I didn't fit in I would hate Charlie-O, because I thought it meant that I was more like him than like my mother. There was a boy I liked in our town. I didn't think he liked me, but just his being there made me hopeful for a future that was as lush as I lately imagined my mother's past—I knew she'd loved my real father a great deal, and I thought she loved Charlie-O. My mother was amused by my crush. "You forget everything so easily when you're fifteen," she said, referring to my forgotten Oregon boyfriend. She was right about him but

wrong about my memory. There were many things that I remembered. For instance, I remembered that my grandmother, before she died, had frequently told me that if I hoped to get what I wanted in the future I would always have to take great care with what meagre looks I had. At night I would take off my clothes and stand on the rim of the bathtub so that I could see my body in the medicine-cabinet mirror. But I knew that if I didn't get what I wanted in life it wouldn't be because my skin was not the smoothest, or my hair not the blackest and straightest—not because I didn't look the best. I knew that much about my future.

The first time I spent more than a few minutes with the boy I liked was about half a year after we'd arrived, when Charlie-O and my mother were driving him, his parents, and me to a party—children were always invited to the parties of my parents' new friends. I sat next to the boy in the car, and I was nervous and chewing my

fingernails. Charlie-O laughed and said, "I remember when you were little you used to chew your toenails."

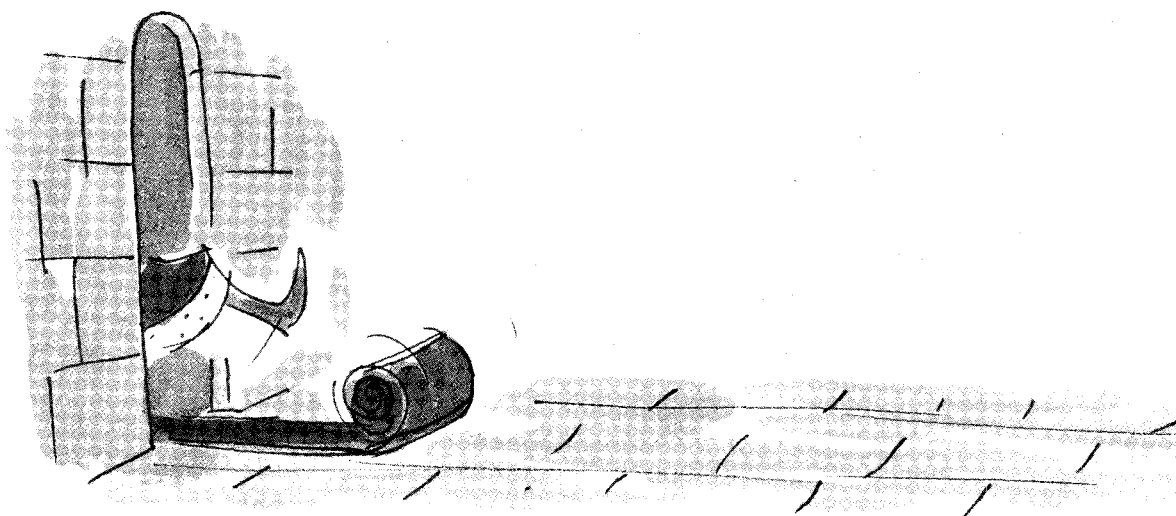
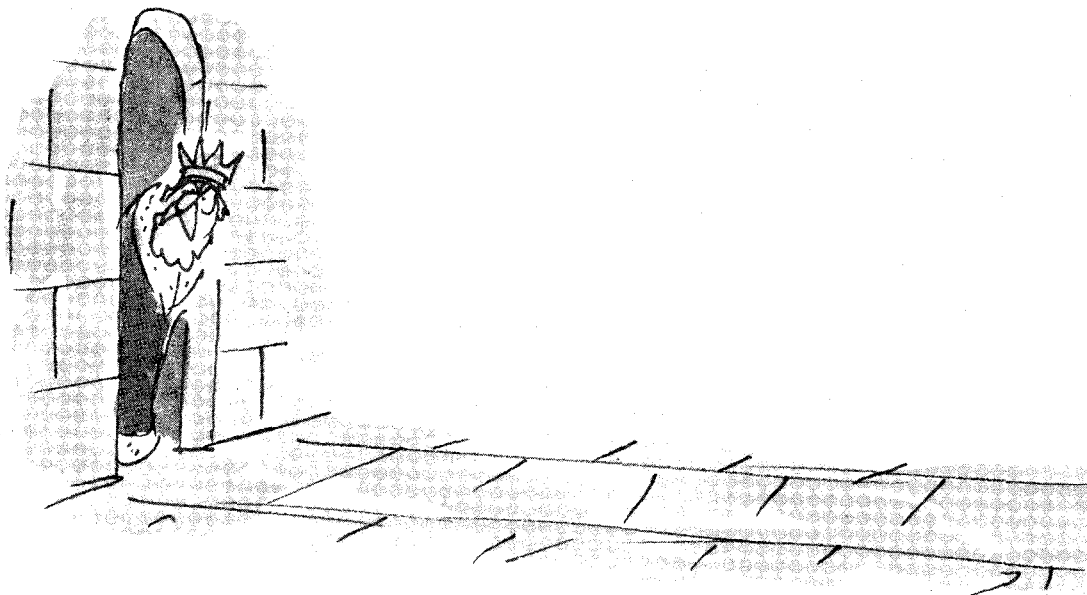
I felt mortified, but the boy didn't seem to have heard. I slunk down in my seat.

Charlie-O continued, "And then after you'd bit them off you used to swallow them."

I considered flinging myself out of the car to my death, but we were going only thirty miles an hour, and I probably would have just got a concussion. I looked at the boy and he smiled, and for the first time I thought that he might like me.

Charlie-O had just resumed his art interest, and on Saturdays he would take me when he went painting landscapes. In Oregon I would never go painting with him, though he asked all of us to. Since I didn't really feel close to him any longer, perhaps it was two-faced of me to make such a turnaround, here where I had no friends and needed company—any company.

He was not a good painter. He



painted pictures of forests, with solid yellow sunbeams plunging through the trees like missiles from heaven, and his clouds were applied in thick globs, "for texture." But it was fun to go painting with him. At the time, I wanted to be a biologist, and I would take along my microscope and examine insects, blades of grass, whatever I came upon. Other times, I would paint. Charlie-O showed me how to hold a brush—not like a pencil but the way you would hold a brush to paint a house. That, he said, is how the Impressionists held brushes.

Though his paintings were dreadful, he hung them up in the garage and offered them for sale. Sometimes he painted me and my brothers, and hung up those pictures as well. Once, when I stopped by the garage, he told

a customer that he'd painted pictures of all his children.

The customer pointed to a picture of four-year-old Peter. "Is that you?" she said to me.

"That's my brother," I said. "But my brother and I look a *lot* alike. People *always* get us mixed up."

The woman said, "How nice."

"Have you ever sold a painting?" I asked Charlie-O after she'd left.

"Oh, sure," he said. He winked and pointed to his head with his forefinger. "I've sold lots of paintings." In his imagination, he meant.

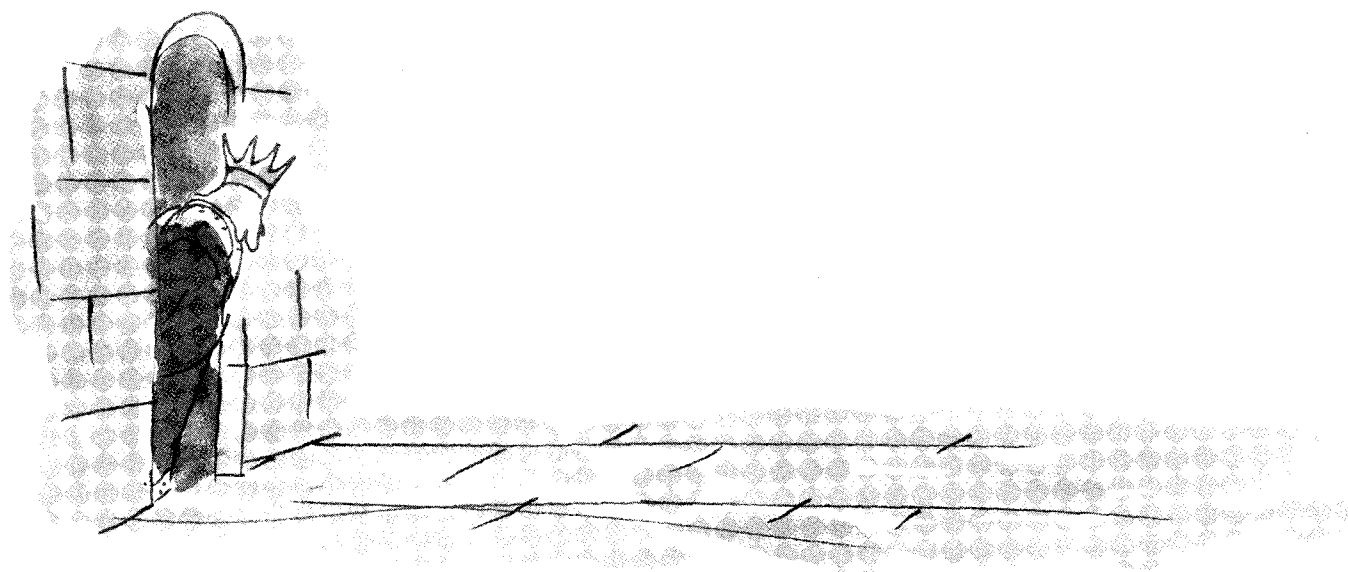
MY mother had had an affair in Oregon, but I didn't find that out until almost a year after we'd come to Arkansas. I walked into the living room one day and came upon Char-

lie-O and my mother standing in the center of the room, doing nothing, saying nothing. I hadn't heard any shouting, but something in the room felt the way it did when there'd just been a big fight in the house. Peter had been peeking out the window, but he turned when he heard me walk in. He appeared pleased to see me.

"What's going on?" I said.

"There's a man out there waiting for Mom."

My parents still didn't move, and I went to the window. On the walkway stood a man I'd seen around in Florence—a friend of my mother's. At first I didn't know why he was out there—why he didn't come in. Understanding came to me physically before it came mentally; my whole body flushed and grew tense, and then I understood



who the man was: my mother's lover.

"Who is it?" whispered Peter. Though young, he had an instinctive ability to detect when something had gone wrong.

"The enemy," I whispered back. I suddenly hated that man. "Remember, Peter," I whispered fiercely, "if you ever see that man, he's the *enemy*." Peter looked scared, and I wished I hadn't spoken.

First Charlie-O went outside to talk to the man, then my mother went, and then the man left. The house was extra quiet. My parents went into the bedroom to talk. We were supposed to go to a party later—it was a local novelist's birthday—but I figured now we wouldn't go. But after a while my mother went into the bathroom to get ready. I worked with my microscope. I

studied dust, hair, tap water, spit. I studied dirt, fly wings, a seashell from Oregon. As I worked I kept thinking of a fight I'd overheard a few weeks before we left Oregon. My mother had been crying, and she said, "I tell you I *am* grateful. But now— Do you still want me?" Charlie-O said he didn't know. "I don't know if you *should* still want me," she said. "And I don't know if I want you to."

Charlie-O had a few beers, and when we got in the car he took a wrong turn almost immediately. It was easy to do. The town we lived in was green. There was the wild green of sprawling oaks and maples, the honeysuckle vines in untended fields. Each street looked like the one before: green everywhere.

At one corner Charlie-O said,

"Should I make a right here?"

"No," I said.

He turned anyway, too sharply, and we ended up in a ditch.

"Whoops, sweetie-dog," he said. "I thought you said yes. I thought she said yes."

We sat there for several minutes, as if we'd simply come to a very long traffic light. Eventually, Charlie-O said, "All right," and got out of the car, slipping almost immediately and falling to the ground. My mother and I got out to help him. He lay on the ground with his eyes open, blinking. We lifted him into the car, then patted down the dirt around the wheels. We weren't sure whether that was what we were supposed to do, but it made us feel better. I pushed in back with my brothers while our mother accelerated,

the wheels whipping dirt into the air. The car didn't budge. Despite protests from my mother, my father got out of the car. "Aw, I can help," he said. He pushed with my brothers and me. I found myself pushing harder than before. My legs stretched out as I tried to get into a good position, and my cheek rested against the cool metal of the trunk. The effort took me over, and I realized how badly I wanted my father to be able to say later that he had helped to get us out of that ditch. I thought that that would help the marriage somehow. But it was no good. The car remained stuck. Finally, my mother and I found a house and a man came to help us, and my mother took over the driving.

THE novelist, whom Charlie-O played golf with sometimes, owned a small farm. The boy I liked was at the party, and he stood out back and talked with me while the grown-ups, mostly the fathers, got drunk. Some of the drunk men took off their blazers and dress shirts and got into a field and started chasing some animals—a few sheep and pigs and a goat. There was a dog, too. After a while a couple of the women and some of the kids joined in. In fact, the man who owned the farm was running around with his wife and two kids. Everybody was chasing without actually trying to catch anything—they just felt like whooping and having fun. Some of the drunker men actually seemed to have taken on the running style of the animals; for instance, one man began taking little steps, like the short-legged sheep.

A couple of women were talking next to where the boy and I stood. They watched serenely, as if their husbands and friends were playing croquet or badminton.

"I adore that dress Marie is wearing," said one of them. Marie was the daughter of the novelist. She was having a great time running around.

"Isn't she getting married soon?" said the other woman.

"Yes."

"When is she getting married?"

"Oh," said the first woman, watching Marie fall on her face. "Some Saturday, I guess."

The boy frowned and bit his lip, as if he didn't understand something, and

then his face lit up with discovery. "Life is funny," he said.

I really liked that boy.

Charlie-O tackled the dog. "Got me a pig!" He looked at the animal in his arms. "Got me a dog," he said.

There was a tussle with the dog, and then everyone was up and chasing the animals again. Over the field, fleets of bleached clouds raced through the sky, and above the sounds of shouting rose the ubiquitous chirp of crickets.

Charlie-O, tired, walked over to me. His mouth was bleeding a bit—I guess from the struggle with the dog—but he was sweaty and happy, not happy with his life or with himself but happy with his exertion. He wiped his mouth. "Did you see that?" he said. "Thought I had me a pig."

The animals suddenly all spread out, running every which way, and there was general confusion in the field.

My father wasn't watching anymore. He had turned the other way, and was gazing past me. I turned, too, and saw my mother coming forward. Charlie-O didn't move, but she walked over. They stood for an instant facing each other, and he gave her that look—the one with the question in it. He seemed confused, and then he said, "Thought I had me a pig."



My mother was lovely and radiant, and suddenly she reached out to touch his face. The touch was sad, and also loving—sad because loving but not in love. "The boys are asleep," she said gently. "I think we'd better get going." She tugged at my hair affectionately and walked inside.

Charlie-O wiped his mouth again and turned to the field.

"Aren't we leaving?" I said.

He put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "So you like my daughter?" he said.

The boy's jaw dropped, almost imperceptibly, and then he sort of hunched up one shoulder and averted his eyes.

"She's a honey-dog, ain't she?" said Charlie-O.

"She is," the boy mumbled. He smiled with embarrassment, and he looked cute and silly.

Then Charlie-O put his arm around me, too, and we stood and

watched the end of the chase. A couple of people hoisted a pig into the air.

"Poor thing," said the boy. "I'm glad I ain't a pig."

Someone fell down, and the boy looked at me. "My dad," he said. He went off to help.

"Are you O.K., Dad?" I heard him say.

"Never felt better," said his father as he got up.

Charlie-O watched, not seeing. I looked down and saw a cricket hop onto his foot. "I never saw a cricket do that before," I said.

Charlie-O nodded abstractedly, and his face looked old in the same light that had made my mother so radiant. He still had his arm around me. "Promise me something," he said.

"O.K."

"Promise me you'll never break anyone's heart."

—CYNTHIA KADOHATA

LONG SORROWING

My path's so
frail it's
hardly discernible

from
wilderness: no
gravelway

laid and no
signs up:
brook banks are

unmodified for crossings,
the flies ghastly:
but when I

tire I take up
backing with
a boulder too old for any event

and doze and
listen for
existence

in its
waterlike
deep,

the voices of
ciliates & crustaceans
among

tracings and fern prints
held in a dark unanswerableness
to so much loss.

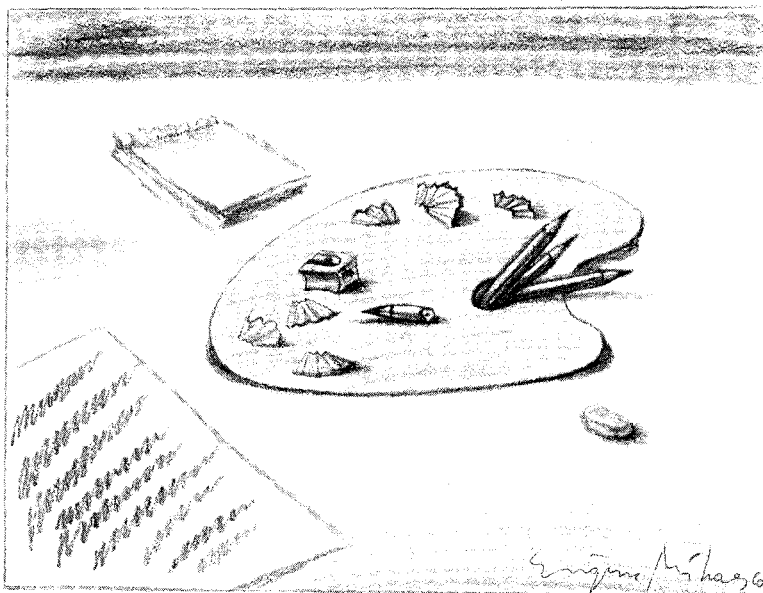
—A. R. AMMONS

•• P R O F I L E S ••

A GIRL OF THE ZEITGEIST—I

ROSALIND KRAUSS's loft, on Greene Street, is one of the most beautiful living places in New York. Its beauty has a dark, forceful, willful character. Each piece of furniture and every object of use or decoration has evidently had to pass a severe test before being admitted into this disdainfully interesting room—a long, mildly begloomed rectangle with tall windows at either end, a *sachlich* white kitchen area in the center, a study, and a sleeping balcony. An arrangement of geometric dark-blue armchairs around a coffee table forms the loft's sitting room, also furnished with, among other rarities, an antique armchair on splayed, carved feet and upholstered in a dark William Morris fabric; an assertive all-black Minimalist shaped-felt piece; a strange black-and-white photograph of ocean water; and a gold owl-shaped Art Deco table clock. But perhaps even stronger than the room's aura of commanding originality is its sense of absences, its evocation of all the things that have been excluded, have been found wanting, have failed to capture the interest of Rosalind Krauss—which are most of the things in the world, the things of “good taste” and fashion and consumerism, the things we see in stores and in one another's houses. No one can leave this loft without feeling a little rebuked: one's own house suddenly seems cluttered, inchoate, banal. Similarly, Rosalind Krauss's personality—she is quick, sharp, cross, tense, bracingly derisive, fearlessly uncharitable—makes one's own “niceness” seem somehow dreary and anachronistic. She infuses fresh life and meaning into the old phrase about not suffering fools gladly.

I have come to her loft to talk with her about the history of the magazine *Artforum*. I am preparing an article about the magazine's present editor, Ingrid Sischy, and have been speaking



with some of the old guard—the people who were at the magazine in the early seventies, when it was such a formidable critical force in the art world as to give rise to the expression “*Artforum* Mafia.” The editor then was Philip Leider, followed by John Coplans, and the editorial board included, along with Krauss, Annette Michelson, Lawrence Alloway, Max Kozloff, Barbara Rose, Peter Plagens, Robert Pincus-Witten, and Joseph Masheck. In 1975, Krauss and Michelson left *Artforum* to found *October*, a taut, Eurotropic intellectual journal, which they have co-edited since then. In addition, Krauss has been a professor of art history at Hunter College since 1975, and has written vanguard art criticism since the sixties. Her writing has a hard-edged, dense opacity; it gives no quarter, it is utterly indifferent to the reader's contemptible little cries for help. (Another art critic, Carter Ratcliff, told me, “I remember one of the writers at *Artforum* in the old days—I think it was Annette Michelson—saying, with a kind of pride, that *Artforum* was the only American journal that seemed to be translated from the German.”) I am therefore surprised by the plain, entertaining way in which Rosalind Krauss speaks, as she sits in the Morris chair with the gold clock beside her on a little table—a Minerva with her owl. She is a handsome, dark-haired, elegant woman in her

mid-forties, reminiscing, with a sort of peevish relish, about the bad feeling that existed among the contributing editors of *Artforum* in the seventies: “Lawrence Alloway was forever sneering at me and Annette for being formalists and élitists and not understanding the social mission of art. There was also a quite unpleasant quality emanating from Max Kozloff. He was always very busy being superior—I could never understand why.

He, too, had this attitude that the rest of us were not aware of art's high social function. Neither Annette nor I would buy into this simplistic opposition that they set up between formal invention and the social mission of art. Our position was that the social destiny, responsibility—whatever—of art is not necessarily at war with some kind of formal intelligence through which art might operate, and that to set up that kind of opposition is profitless. It's dumb. I remember having all these stupid arguments with Lawrence, saying things like ‘Why are you interested in art in the first place?’ and pointing out that presumably one gets involved with this rather particular, rather esoteric form of expression because one has had some kind of powerful experience with it—and that presumably this powerful experience then makes you want to go on and think about it and learn about it and write about it. But you must have at some point been ravished, been seduced, been taken in. And it's this experience that is probably what one calls an aesthetic experience. And it probably doesn't have very much to do with the message.”

Rosalind Krauss pours tea from a clear-glass Bauhaus-design teapot into thin white porcelain cups and asks me if I have heard about “the Lynda Benglis thing.” I have. It is a famous incident. In the November, 1974, issue of *Artforum*, an advertisement ap-

peared—a two-page spread, in color—that caused readers to disbelieve their eyes. It showed a naked young woman, the artist Lynda Benglis, with close-cropped hair and white-rimmed harlequin sunglasses, standing with her breasts assertively thrust out, one arm and hand akimbo, and the other hand clutching an enormous dildo pressed against her crotch. The ad not only caused a stir among the *Artforum* readership but impelled five of the editors—Krauss, Michelson, Masheck, and (for once aligned with Krauss and Michelson) Alloway and Kozloff—to write a letter, published in a subsequent issue, stating that they wished to publicly dissociate themselves from the ad, to protest its “extreme vulgarity” and its subversion of the aims of the women’s-liberation movement, and to condemn the magazine’s complicity with an act of exploitation and self-promotion. An article about Lynda Benglis, written by Pincus-Witten,

had appeared in the same issue as the notorious ad. According to the Alloway-Kozloff-Krauss-Michelson-Masheck letter, “Ms. Benglis, knowing that the issue was to carry an essay on her work, had submitted her photograph in color for inclusion in the editorial matter of the magazine, proposing it as a ‘centerfold’ and offering to pay for the expenses of that inclusion. John Coplans, the editor, correctly refused this solicitation on the grounds that *Artforum* does not sell its editorial space. Its final inclusion in the magazine was therefore as a paid advertisement, by some arrangement between the artist and her gallery.”

Rosalind Krauss recrosses her handsomely shod feet, which are stretched out on the coffee table before her, and says, “We thought the position represented by that ad was so degraded. We read it as saying that art writers are whores.”

I had heard that in addition to the

Benglis affair there had been a struggle between Coplans and some of his editors over the issue of “decommodified” art vis-à-vis advertising. Many of the most advanced artists of the seventies—the people doing conceptual art, performance art, film and video art, multiples—were deliberately creating work that had little, if any, market value. Their work constituted a kind of protest against the fact that unique, one-of-a-kind art objects, possessed of an “aura,” which could be bought and sold for huge sums of money—i.e., commodities—were still being made in our “age of mechanical reproduction” (as Walter Benjamin identified it in his classic essay). Coplans, who had become editor in 1972 and was trying to keep the magazine financially afloat (when he took over, *Artforum* could barely pay its printing bill), was felt to be selling out to advertisers by turning down articles on (unmarketable) film and performance and conceptual art in favor of articles on (marketable) painting and sculpture.

“Yes,” Rosalind Krauss says. “That’s how we felt. And one of the things that Annette and I have done with *October* is to free ourselves from that. We’ve never had a single piece of gallery advertising. But our theory about John’s courting of the dealers and gallery owners, which was certainly why Annette and I thought that various projects of ours were not acceptable to John—that theory failed in the light of what John subsequently did. Because John’s policies in the last years of his editorship alienated every advertiser. He accepted Max’s position and carried on in a way that had to do with becoming this—I don’t know—this *Novy*-left type, dumping on the art market, and writing all kinds of attacks on it, and running the magazine absolutely contrary to the interests of the dealers and the advertisers, to the point that the owner, Charlie Cowles, simply sacked him.”

I ask Rosalind Krauss what she thinks of the present *Artforum*. She replies, “I just got so bored with it that I stopped subscribing. I’ve just not looked at it. I’m just not interested in it. Ingrid’s sensibility just doesn’t interest me.”

I ask her what she thought of Thomas McEvilly’s critique of William Rubin’s and Kirk Varnedoe’s primitivism show at the Museum of Modern Art—to whose two-volume catalogue she had contributed an essay on Giacometti. The controversial



“Isn’t that cute? He’s reading his diplomas again.”

McEvilley article appeared in the November, 1984, issue of *Artforum*.

"I thought it was very stupid," she says. "I think Tom McEvilley is a very stupid writer. I think he's pretentious and awful. His piece seemed to be primarily involved in trying—as Tom McEvilley always seems to be trying—to present himself as some sort of expert while misrepresenting what the museum was doing."

"Did you read the exchange of letters that Rubin and Varnedoe had with McEvilley?"

"Yes. And I must say I found it very unpleasant, because you couldn't tell which side was the more horrible. On the one hand, you had Rubin and Varnedoe sounding like complete assholes and, on the other, you had McEvilley doing his hideousness. I have never been able to finish a piece by McEvilley. He seems to be another Donald Kuspit. He's a slightly better writer than Donald Kuspit. But his lessons on Plato and things like that—they drive me crazy. I think, God! And I just can't stand it."

JOHN COPLANS' loft, on Cedar Street, has the look of a place inhabited by a man who no longer lives with a woman. There are ill-defined living and work areas (after being fired from *Artforum*, Coplans became a photographer, and the loft serves as his studio and darkroom as well as his living quarters), punctuated by untidy mounds of things on which a gray-striped cat perches proprietorially. The furniture is spare and of simple modern character. Coplans is a man of sixty-six, with curly gray hair and with black eyebrows that give his eyes a kind of glaring gaze. He speaks with a British accent in a vigorous, incisive, almost military way. (I later learn that he was in fact a British Army officer.) At the same time, there is something ingratiating and self-deprecating in his manner. Coplans leads me to a table strewn with papers and books,

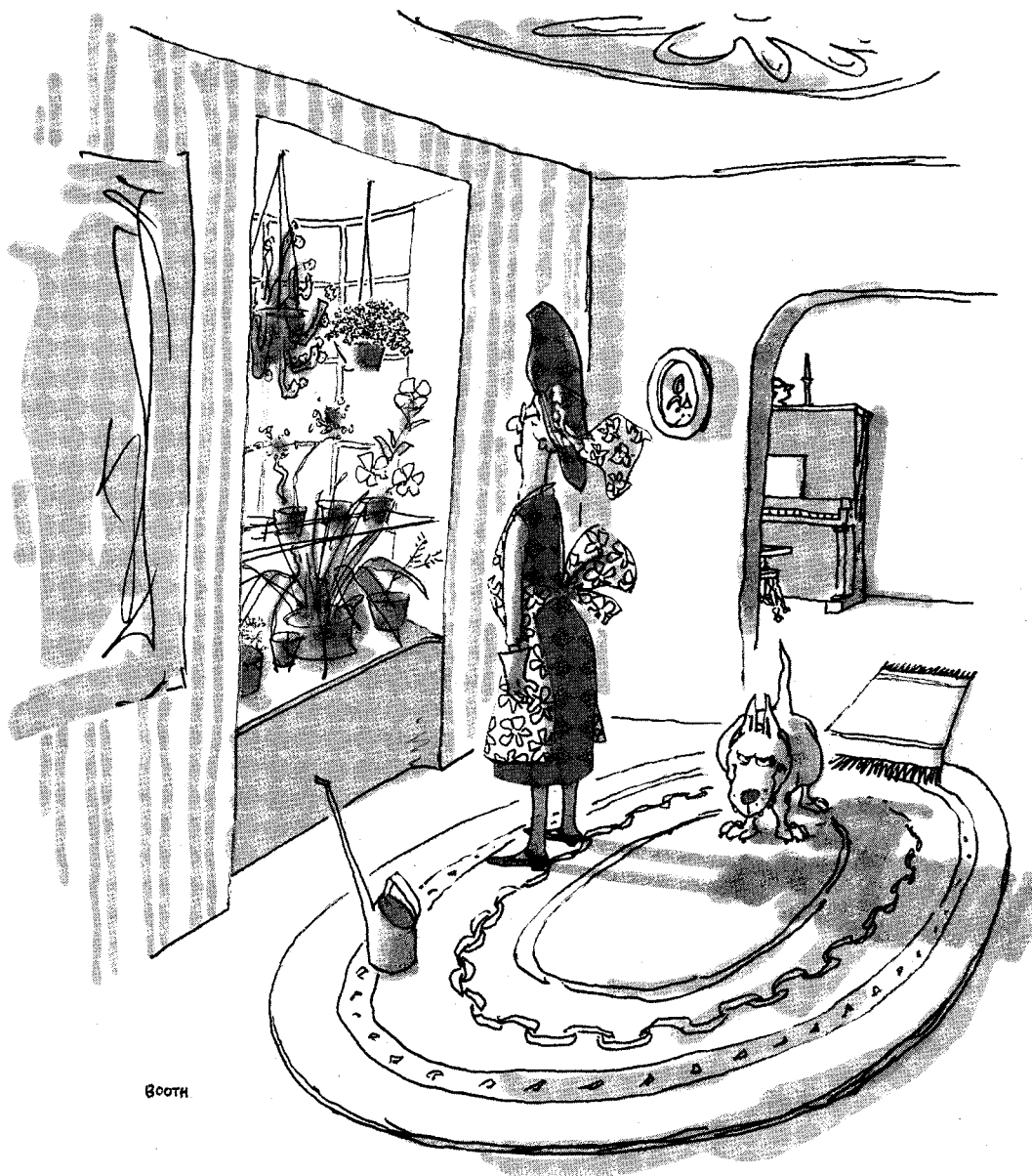


"Clifford and I love New York, but all we seem to have for each other is mutual respect."

brings a bottle of seltzer water and two glasses, and talks about the early history of *Artforum*, in California.

The magazine, he says, was founded in San Francisco in 1962 by John Irwin, a salesman for a printing company who had formed the desire to start an art magazine—"a sweet, naïve guy, in his early thirties, who had very little idea of what he was doing." Coplans had recently come to San Francisco—he had gone to art school in London after leaving the Army and was now a painter and occasional art teacher—and he was with the magazine from the start, serving as an adviser to the wide-eyed Irwin and writing reviews and articles. But Irwin's most important recruit was a brilliantly intelligent young man named Philip Leider, a law-school dropout who had briefly been the director of a San Francisco gallery that showed Coplans' paintings and was now employed as a social worker in the San Francisco welfare department. Within a few months of his joining the magazine, Leider was asked by Irwin to

become the magazine's managing editor (and its only paid staff member), and then its editor—a position he held for the next seven years. But even as early as 1964 the magazine was failing financially. It was rescued the next year by the publishing magnate Gardner Cowles and his stepson, Charles Cowles, who had just left Stanford and was looking for something to do. Charles Cowles became publisher. (Irwin, when last heard from by Coplans, was running a dry-cleaning business in Cleveland.) "Gardner Cowles provided the magazine with an annual subsidy and Charlie with a job and a position in the world," Coplans says. "But Phil Leider couldn't stand Charlie, who was concerned with social position and with the prestige of being publisher, and was indifferent to the everyday minutiae of publishing. Phil was the kind of intense human being who could sit for five years in this tiny office next door to Charlie Cowles and never say a word to him. Phil came out of a quite poor, non-intellectual Jewish-immigrant family—Jewish-



"Cheery little flowers, saying good night, saying good morning!"

immigrant in the most traditional sense: high morality and very involved with Jewishness itself. He got through college by writing papers for other people, at five or ten dollars apiece. He got a master's degree in English and then served in the Army, where he worked as a typist—he was one of the fastest typists the Army had. Later, he went to law school, but he sheered off from that. Phil was always wary, alert, and skeptical. He had no personal ambition; he was not a careerist in the American sense. He wanted nothing to do with power or money. He lived with his wife and children in the simplest way. Furniture was just plain, straightforward furniture, like mine—whatever could be bought cheap, like office furniture. He loathed and hated decoration, social ambition,

careerism, making money. He dressed simply but neatly, in a black suit. The whole orientation of his life was his family. I've rarely come across a man so involved with his wife—they used to read together every night—and with his children. His only aberration was that every year he and his wife would drive down to Las Vegas, and he would take maybe a hundred dollars and gamble as long as the money lasted. Then he would come home; he had purged himself of frivolity for the year. He was an enormously articulate man, and he couldn't stand inarticulateness in others. He was offended by it, by the dumbness of artists. His best friends eventually were the artist Frank Stella and the art historian Michael Fried, two of the most articulate men in the American art world. I

took to the guy tremendously; I really liked him, and he saw in me someone deeply strange and felt that there could be some dialogue between us. I have to say that he didn't trust me, really, because as time went on he thought—and he may have been right—that I was too interested in power. He saw in me some aspect of worldly ambition that he backed away from.

"I am a self-educated man. I was raised in South and East Africa, in a Russian-Jewish family, and I left school when I was sixteen. I joined the British Air Force and then the British Army, for a total of eight years of military service. I didn't go to college, but I wanted to learn everything. I was curious. I became an art historian. I taught art history at the University of California at Irvine. I became a museum curator at the Pasadena Art Museum, a writer, an editor. When I was editor of *Artforum*, I had half a dozen editors on my board. They were always quarrelling with each other. They all hated each other. They were strong people, all academically very well trained, all extremely knowledgeable, the most experienced writers and critics in America, who had all gone through

the various evolutions of art since the fifties. And now here's this young lady Ingrid Sischy, who goes in at about twenty-five and has been learning everything on the job and trying to find out what to do. She has no background in American art—this moment in art is all she can deal with—and she doesn't have the range of people I had. She's got a little board. She's got Germano Celant, who's a European, hardly ever here; and this Frenchman whom I simply don't know; and Edit deAk, a young woman like herself; and Thomas McEvelley, who is first-rate, absolutely first-rate; and a books editor who is a lightweight."

As Coplans talks, my eye is drawn to a large black-and-white photograph on the opposite wall of a male torso and genitals. It is part of a series of

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photographs that Coplans has taken of his own naked body, which are soon to be shown at the Pace/MacGill Gallery here and have already been exhibited in Paris. Coplans gets up and shows me other pictures in the series: brutally searching examinations of an aging, sedentary, hirsute body, which refer both to ancient sculpture and to twentieth-century art and photography and have an appearance of monumentality and solemnity that almost obscures their underlying, disturbing exhibitionism. I am therefore not surprised by Coplans' subsequent unrepentant recollections of the Lynda Benglis incident:

"The ad was in response to Robert Morris's photograph of himself as a macho German, wearing a steel helmet and iron chains over bare muscles, which he used as a poster for a show of his work at Castelli/Sonnabend. This was her message to him. She wanted it to run in *Artforum*, and I said to her, 'Look, the editorial content of the magazine can't be interfered with in any way. We don't allow any artist to have a role in what is published. I'm sorry, but you just can't have this in the magazine.' So she said, 'Well, can I do an ad?,' and I said, 'There is a publisher, and you'll have to ask him. I don't interfere with him, and he doesn't interfere with me. Go to Charlie Cowles and ask him.' Then Charlie came to me and said, 'What do I do?' I said, 'Charlie, make a decision. I will not be put in the position where you don't make a decision. You have to face the art world and the artists. I'm not saying anything. Make a decision.' After about three days of heavy sweating, Cowles came to me and said, 'I can't *not* publish it. They would hate me.' I said, 'That's right, Charlie.' So he said, 'All right, we'll run it.' I made up the magazine and sent it down to the printer, and the printer refused to print the ad. So Charlie said to me, 'It's solved. I'm off the hook.' And I said, 'No, Charlie, you're not off the hook. Those printers have no

right to refuse to print, and our lawyer will tell them so. They can't select what's going to appear in the magazine.' So I went down to the printer, and the head of the printing firm was a former brigadier general in the U.S. Army, and I'm a former Army officer, too, and I said, 'Come on, General, you know you can't do this.' He was a nice guy, actually. I said, 'We have a contract with you. Don't let's have to go to law.' So the general said, 'All right.' I went back to Charlie, and I said, 'Charlie, it's going to be printed. I insisted that it had to be printed as a matter of principle.' Now, I was obviously interested in seeing that ad get published. My position was that every woman had the right to make her individual choice as to how she faced her womanhood. This was an artist, and she had made this choice, and I was determined to protect her choice. Annette Michelson and Ros and Max

thought it was obscene, that it was too sexually explicit. They were wholly opposed to me. Whether I was right or wrong I don't know."

ROBERT PINCUS-WITTEN is a short, fresh-faced man with a sleek, well-tended look about him, who seems younger than his fifty-odd years, and who speaks with the accent of that nonexistent aristocratic European country from which so many bookish New York boys have emigrated. Pincus-Witten is a professor of art history at Queens College and teaches at the City University Graduate School. He was one of Coplans' gang of contributing editors, and for the last ten years he has been writing a column for *Arts* in the form of a journal. I first talked to him at a gathering of artists, collectors, curators, art-magazine editors, and critics at Marian Goodman's apartment after an opening of Anselm



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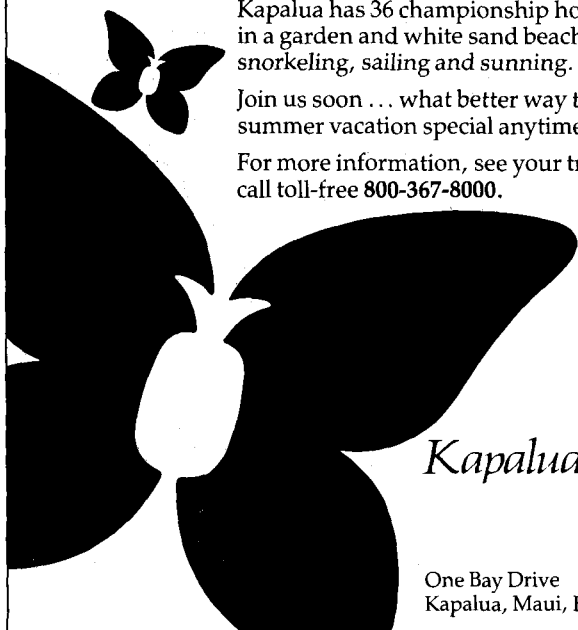
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Kiefer's work at the Goodman Gallery, and I retain an image of him slightly bent over the buffet table as he helped himself, with a serious, responsible, almost sacerdotal air, to delicious, expensive food. Later, we talk further over lunch at a Japanese restaurant near the graduate school. He speaks of Rosalind Krauss, who is a fellow-member of the graduate faculty, with the grumpy familiarity of an older sibling: "Ros is a full professor, and she tends to pout in order to get her own way. She receives extraordinary academic consideration. She teaches only two courses a semester, instead of the three that the rest of us teach. She's a very attractive person, and many of the seemingly better students—I don't know if they actually are better—are drawn to her glamour. What happens is that she tends to be condescending, though not cruel, to students she doesn't think are intellectually desirable, so those students, as it were, become the students who come to one. They are not intellectually undesirable, but they walk around with this feeling of rejection and intellectual disparagement. Rosalind tends to attract a certain kind of stylishly intellectual student. Some of them are not particularly well prepared. I myself am more interested in general cultural knowledge than in the interpretative skills of the new dispensation, under which the truth of Derrida, the truth of de Saussure—what have you—are replacing the truth of Greenberg. The kids who can do this deconstruction talk are doing the eighties' equivalent of the fifties' Greenbergian formalist talk. It disturbs me. When I examine them, they have very little general knowledge. They have methodology, but they don't know the monuments. I happen to be interested in monuments. When one supports a certain radical position, one should know the conservative position that one is rejecting. What troubles me is the unexamined adoption of a radical stance. These kids still believe in a class struggle without realizing that they have made an a-priori judgment that capitalism and its fruits are evil. I'm not happy with that, so I'm considered an arch-conservative. And it shocks me, because these are such privileged kids."

I ask Pincus-Witten if he feels a kinship with the New Right.

He replies, "No, I feel a kinship with something much older: the aristocracy of the intellect, the aristocracy of sensibility. The others, they're just Rotarians. They're bowling teams,

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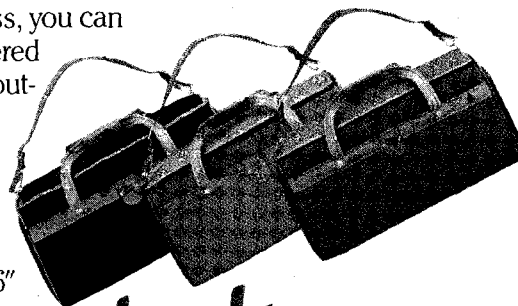
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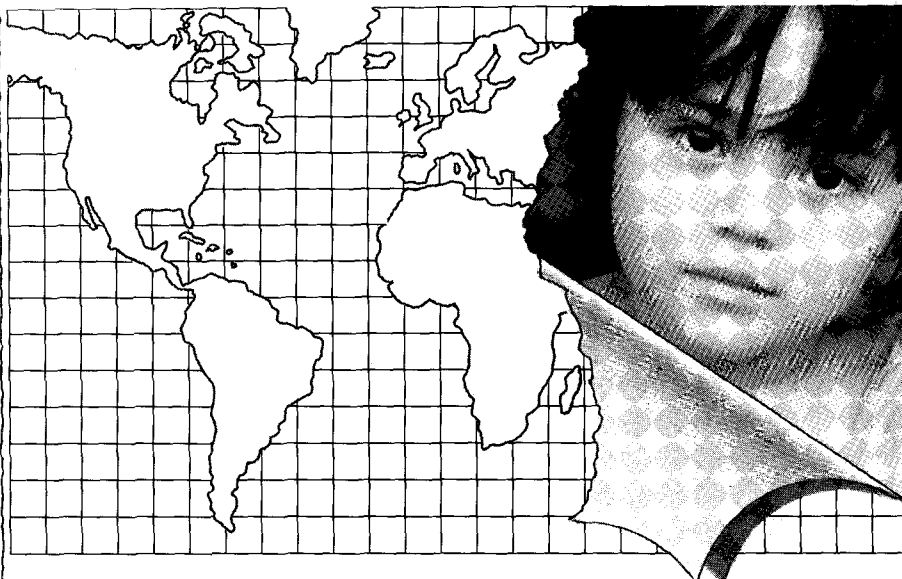
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whether they're bowling teams of the right or the left. I know that I must always remain an outsider. I feel a fundamental alienation that is not materialistic or class-oriented, and that's why I don't join anybody. Ingrid Sischy is another person who doesn't belong to any team or party, and that's why there is a thread of identification between her and me. Ingrid is very anarchic, and that's why she is resented by some sectors of the art community. Her reluctance to adopt a party line is viewed as a *retardataire* form of bourgeois privilege, and opens her to a dated form of criticism that seems to come from fifty years ago. The fact that she can be interested in any style that might be regarded as involved with commodification—or what her critics imagine to be commodification—identifies her in their minds as an enemy of the class struggle. I find it quite astonishing that people who embrace such textbook theories still have no trouble being owners of co-ops or putting copyright marks at the bottom of their writings. They're stuck in a paradoxical situation that renders their absolutism ludicrous. Ingrid is odd. She can get curious *idées fixes*. She is very interested in popular culture. I remember one conversation I had with her and some fairly glamorous people when she was telling us about the tragedy of an extremely popular pop singer—the one who wears a glove. His tragedy was the built-in supersedence of his prestige by another extremely popular pop singer, named Prince. And it was simply impossible for me to think of that as even remotely entering the sphere of tragedy. She was reading tragedy in connection with some issues in popular culture, and I was reading it in terms of, you know, hubris, nemesis, the idle cruelty of the gods. What was nice about the conversation was that on some level Ingrid was closer to what the conversation was really about than I was with my high-flown stuff. When I first met Ingrid, I was struck by how young she was and how she wasn't conventionally pretty—she didn't look like Gloria Steinem. I've known Ingrid for six years now, and I've never seen her behave badly or coldly or curtly. I've never seen her even be short. I've never seen her behave in an ugly way—ever."

BARBARA ROSE's loft, on Sullivan Street, with its mirror-filled walls, soft-gray carpeting, curved

black sofa, mirror-topped coffee table, abstract and Oriental art, and fur-covered bed, looks more like a Park Avenue co-op than like a downtown living space, and Barbara Rose herself—a thin, pretty, somewhat jumpy woman of around fifty, with apricot-colored hair and wearing a loose, stylish light-blue wool dress and high heels—has a decided uptown aspect. When I arrive, she is talking on the telephone, and throughout my visit the telephone (which she sets to have answered by machine) rings frequently, with a discreet, rasping electronic sound. Barbara Rose's speech puts me in mind of simultaneous translation: she speaks very rapidly and a bit remotely, as if dealing with someone else's text. Since leaving *Artforum*, she has taught art history at several universities, has been a museum curator, and has written art criticism for *Partisan Review*, *Art in America*, and *Vogue*. "The art world today is not a serious world," she says. "Art today is an aspect of décor, of entertainment. It's like gourmet food. In the sixties, I would invite people over—I was married to Frank Stella then—and there would be raging fights. Of course, people like Barnett Newman and Ad Reinhardt were alive then. They were major intellectuals. There's nobody like them today. There are a few artists who are intellectuals, but most artists have become professionals. They're like cloak-and-suiters—they make this product, it's the thing they do. It's not about the agony and the ecstasy, or whatever, anymore; it's middle-class, it's bourgeois. There used to be a sharp demarcation between the bourgeois world and the art world. The bourgeois world was Other, its values were Other. You didn't have anything to do with these people; you didn't see them socially, you certainly didn't have dinner with them. But now that's all artists want to do—be invited to fancy restaurants and discothèques. And there are all those people from the suburbs. How do they get a foothold in Manhattan? They get involved with art. They're out there in New Jersey and Long Island collecting Major Works. And all those ladies running around with—you know—the briefcases and the slides. The people who are talking about art today are the people who twenty years ago were talking about—What were those people talking about twenty years ago? They were talking about big cars. I find the art world today very much like



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suburbia, and I'm not interested in the values of suburbia or its life style or its aspirations. I left suburbia many years ago, and I don't want to go back.

"At *Artforum* in the sixties and seventies, we were talking to each other and we were talking to a group of artists who could understand us—Robert Morris, Donald Judd, Claes Oldenburg, Jasper Johns, the remaining Abstract Expressionists. They were people of high intellectual calibre—I mean major intellectuals, not dodos. We had all been formed by the same educational process. We were all trained art historians, and we all had a background in philosophy and aesthetics. We knew what we were talking about. Annette and Max and I had been pupils of Meyer Schapiro at Columbia, and Michael Fried and Rosalind had been at Harvard. Frank and Michael, who were undergraduates at Princeton together, went to hear Clement Greenberg lecture, and they were converted immediately to the Greenberg doctrine, because it offered a coherent way of looking at art. Nothing else did. Harold Rosenberg wrote, but nobody serious took him seriously—it was sociology; it wasn't art criticism. It had nothing to do with aesthetics, it had no background in art history, it was off the top of the head. It was fine for a general audience, but for people who had been trained in aesthetics and art history it seemed very hollow, and it had nothing whatever to do with actually looking at art. Whereas Greenberg looked at art. Now, he was a strict formalist, but he really shone in comparison with Harold, particularly at that time. We were all very impressed by Wittgenstein and by Anglo-American philosophy and by linguistic analysis and the verification principle—by that school of philosophy, which fitted perfectly with Greenberg's way of thinking—and Harold just simply didn't seem to have any philosophical underpinning to his thinking.

"After 1967, when Philip Leider moved the magazine to New York, there was a lot of hanging out together. You had a sense of not being isolated. You were talking to other people. It might be only five people, but you were talking to somebody, and you knew who you were talking to. I would write an article knowing that what I was basically doing was hav-

ing a fight with Michael. We were a group of people who had had the same kind of education addressing the same topics from different points of view. The magazine had coherence, which the culture had at that point, too. There was then such a thing as a core curriculum, there was such a thing as a liberal-arts, humanistic education, there was such a thing as a thorough art-history education. These things don't exist anymore. The people involved in the art world don't have them. The new *Artforum* is a media magazine; it's totally media-oriented. There's no real criticism in it, or almost none. McEvilley writes criticism, and John Yau writes criticism, but I haven't found anything else that I would call criticism in the new *Artforum*. It's some kind of writing—some strange kind of writing—but it's not criticism. It's Rene Ricard doing whatever it is that Rene Ricard does. I mean, it's something weird, and a lot of the people can't write. They have no background; they don't know what they're talking about, if they're talking about anything.

"We were literary people—academic literary people. We didn't watch television. If we were interested in cinema—which Annette and I were—it was on the level of avant-garde film, not Hollywood. And we didn't like junk. There wasn't this horrible levelling, where everything is as important as everything else. There was a sense of the hierarchy of values. We felt that we had to make a distinction between Mickey Mouse and Henry James. There's a generation now that feels you don't have to make that distinction. Mickey Mouse, Henry James, Marcel Duchamp, Talking Heads, Mozart, "Amadeus"—it's all going on at the same time, and it all kind of means the same thing. For that, you have Andy Warhol to thank. I also think Susan Sontag was very influential in giving permission to so-called educated people to watch trash. Her article 'Against Interpretation' said that this idea of highbrow and lowbrow didn't matter any longer—you could just love everything that was going on, you could be positive and optimistic and just love it all.

"I used to be able to earn a living as an art critic. I got paid a lot of money by *Art in America*, because there was a differential, you see: if you were a very popular writer or were considered a very good writer, you got paid more



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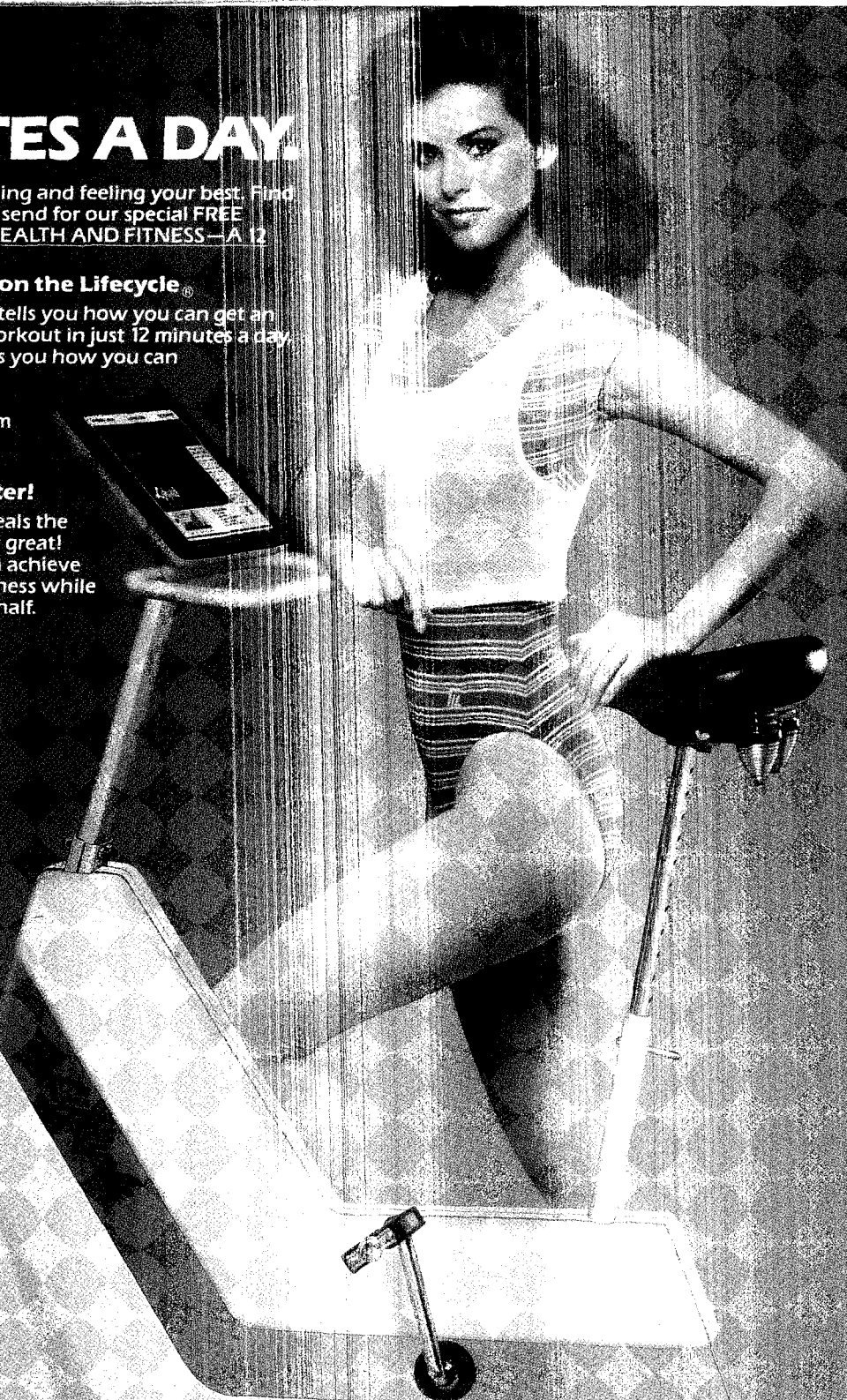
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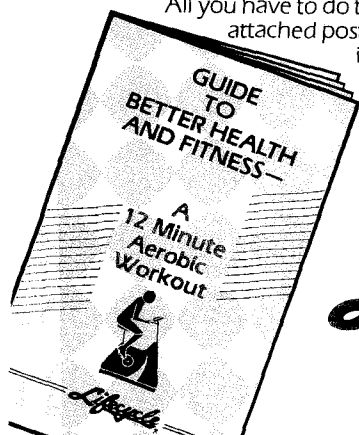
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money. Then, all of a sudden, the great era of democracy came to *Art in America*, and they started paying everybody the same. So I said, 'Forget it—I have too much experience, and I'm not going to write for the same amount of money you pay my students.' I don't believe in democracy in art. I think that when élitism got a bad name in this country it was the beginning of the end for American culture. The only interest the *New Criterion* has is its pretension of being an élitist magazine. Unfortunately, it's not. What it is is just a strange kind of dinosaur. It has such a clear party line that it's just not an interesting magazine. In fact, it's extremely boring. But its goal—the reconstruction of what was once a consensus of educated people—is correct."

THE party at Marian Goodman's apartment where I first talked to Robert Pincus-Witten began with a certain—as Pincus-Witten would say—*déconfiture*. Almost everyone there had heard about, if not actually seen, a confrontation that had taken place between two of the party guests an hour before, at the Anselm Kiefer opening. The opening had been an enormous one, with hundreds of viewers on hand drinking bad champagne—Kiefer is one of today's most admired and highest-priced German painters—and the confrontation had taken place in an alcove off the main, museum-size room, so that not too many people actually witnessed it. Those who did—I among them—were stunned by what had suddenly erupted in their midst. At one moment, Richard Serra and Ingrid Sischy were having a normal conversation; at the next, Serra, his face contorted with fury, was jabbing a finger at Sischy's face and abusing her with a stream of invective. "I think he would have hit me if I'd been a man," Sischy said later. "I was very glad I wasn't." Sischy—a short, very young-looking person with cropped, dark, wavy hair, a round, clear, olive-skinned face, and large glasses, who was wearing tapered stretch pants and a tailored shirt—stood facing Serra, occasionally putting in a quiet word and showing no emotion beyond a reddening of her face. Like the other bystanders, I stood transfixed, catching some of the words but not able to understand what Serra's tirade was about or what had so enraged him. This was the first time I had seen Richard Serra, and he didn't fit the image I had formed. From his mas-

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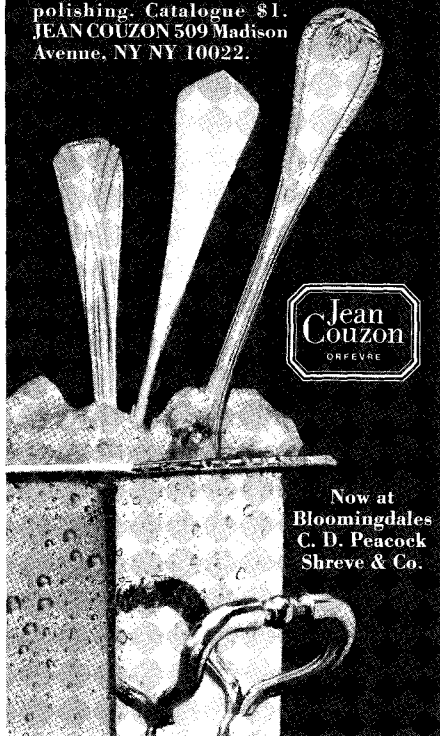
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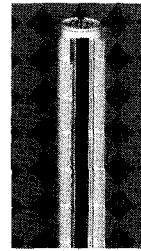
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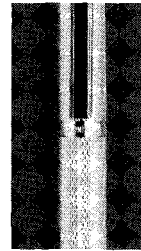
sive, thrusting sculpture, his difficult, theory-laden writing, his reputation as a major artist, and the name Serra itself, I had imagined a large, dark, saturnine man—a sort of intellectual-conquistador type, emanating an air of vast, heroic indifference. The actual Serra looked like someone from a small American rural community: a short man with a craggy, surly face, receding gray hair, and pale eyes rimmed by light eyelashes. He was wearing a long black shirt over black trousers and under a black leather jacket—an artist's costume—but his aura was of rough small-town America rather than of bohemia. I have seen men like him standing beside pickup trucks in wintry landscapes, locked in slow, obdurate, implacable argument; I have heard that voice, that aggrieved intonation of flat unyieldingness and threat, that conviction of being right, and that suspicion of being put upon; I know that closed yet oddly sly expression. Sischy stood her ground, letting Serra's abuse rain down on her without flinching, and finally he stalked off, and she unclenched her fingers. I shared a taxi with her to the Goodman party, and I at last learned what she had said to trigger the explosion. It had had to do, of course, with the "Tilted Arc" controversy, which was then at its most intense.

In 1979, Richard Serra received a hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar commission from the federal program called Art-in-Architecture—whereby one half of one per cent of the cost of a new building goes for public art—to create a sculpture for the circular plaza in front of the glossy and ugly forty-one-story Jacob K. Javits Federal Building, on Foley Square, and in 1981 he fulfilled the commission by sinking a seventy-three-ton curved steel wall, twelve feet high and a hundred and twenty feet long, into the paving of the plaza, positioning it so that it seemed to be arrogantly turning its back on the bland fountain that had previously been the plaza's focal point, and in every other way declaring its contempt for the characterless place it had been chosen to embellish. "Tilted Arc," as Serra called his work, brutally dominated the plaza and confirmed the worst suspicions of the building's federal employees as to the unlovable nuttiness of modern artists. The wall blocked the view of the street and bisected the plaza like a kind of Berlin Wall, and as time went on and its surface acquired a patina of rust, graffiti, and—if one witness at a

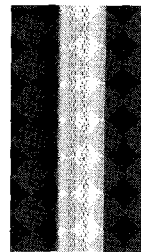
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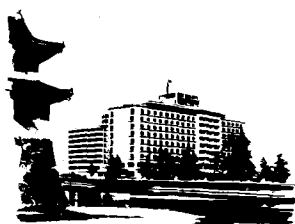
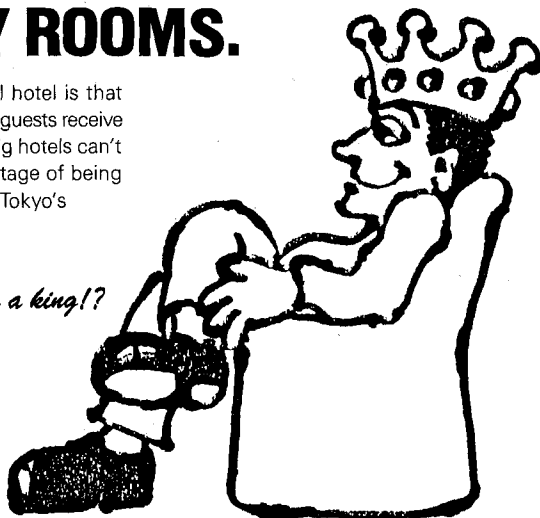
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public hearing held in March of 1985 was to be believed—pee, it looked less and less like a work of art to the federal workers and more and more like a forgotten piece of industrial debris that someone would eventually come and cart away. The hearing was called by William Diamond, the regional administrator of the General Services Administration, which is the Washington agency that runs Art-in-Architecture; it was a somewhat belated response to a petition submitted three years earlier by thirteen hundred federal workers in and around the Javits building, asking for the removal of the Serra piece. It has been said, and it has not been denied, that the hearing was a kind of Stalin trial—that a decision to recommend removal of the sculpture had already been made by Diamond and his four-man panel—and, indeed, after three days of testimony such a recommendation was handed down, even though the testimony had been predominantly pro-sculpture. It has also been observed that the art world, which appeared to be solidly behind Serra at the hearing, was in fact in a state of anxious division over the paradox-fraught controversy. For this was no simple case of a philistine public's hostility to an art work it didn't understand. The public's objection was only secondarily aesthetic. The primary objection was to the way the sculpture had moved in on the plaza and turned it from a place of benign, ordinary workaday recreation into a kind of dire sculpture garden of the Age of Orwell. "The placement of the sculpture will change the space of the plaza," Serra had told an interviewer in 1980. "After the piece is created, the space will be understood primarily as a function of the sculpture." The disconcerting thought that the public might, after all, prefer eating lunch and hanging out to interacting with a piece of Minimalist sculpture evidently never crossed his mind. What troubled many people in the art world—people who ordinarily would have sprung to the defense of avant-garde art against philistine attack—was the touching reasonableness of the federal employees' wish to have their plaza restored to them. Although a few people at the hearing made the obligatory hysterical references to Nazi book-burning, most of the pro-Serra speakers were quiet and thoughtful, well aware of the pitfalls and traps that lurk in the vicinity of any position that puts the claims of avant-garde art ahead of those of a

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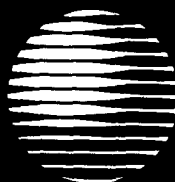
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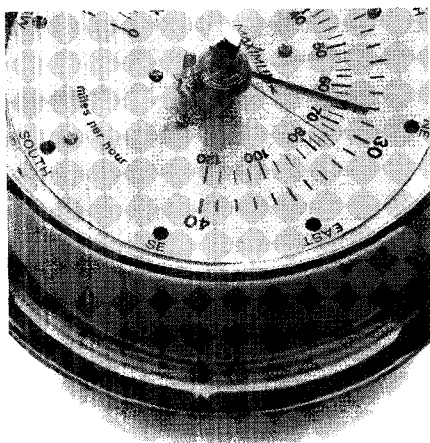
clerk or a secretary who wants to hold a Health Fair outside the building where he or she works.

The co-editors of *October* and a younger colleague, Douglas Crimp, were among the most delicate treaders in the pro-Serra party. Annette Michelson pointed out Serra's working-class origin and read a statement from him saying, in part, "As a kid, I worked in steel mills . . . and my work could have something to do on the personal level with the fact that my father was a factory worker all his life." (From Michelson's testimony, one would not have suspected that Serra also went to college at the University of California, to graduate school at Yale, and then to Italy on a Fulbright.) She went on to say that Serra was concerned that working people "be confronted with an art which . . . does not necessarily confirm their beliefs or impose second-class or third-rate qualities on them" and that "the working man and the office worker be presented with that same kind of challenge that the middle-class and upper-class art patrons have found so interesting."

Rosalind Krauss, accordingly, paid all the spectators present the compliment of speaking to them almost as she might have spoken to a seminar of her students at the graduate school. In her elegant lecture on, as the transcript has it, "minibalist" sculpture (the phonetic spellings that leap off the pages of the transcript—"Grancoozi," "Saint Gordons," "DeSuvoral," "De-Eppilo," "Modelwell," "Man-whole"—testify to the gap that exists between the ordinary *literate* American and the tiny group of people who are the advanced art public), Krauss told the group:

The kind of vector that Tilted Arc explores is that of vision. More specifically: what it means for vision to be invested with a purpose, so that if we look out into space, it is not just a vacant stare that we cast in front of us but an act of looking that expects to find an object, a direction, a goal. This is purposiveness of vision, or, to use another term, vision's intentionality. For the spectator of Tilted Arc, this sculpture is constantly mapping a kind of projectile of the gaze that starts at one end of Federal Plaza and, like the embodiment of the concept of visual perspective, maps the path across the plaza that the spectator will take. In this sweep, which is simultaneously visual and corporeal, Tilted Arc describes the body's relation to forward motion—to the fact that if we move ahead it is because our eyes have already reached out in order to connect us with the place to which we intend to go.

Evidently, not everyone was up to the stern challenge of Krauss's discourse;



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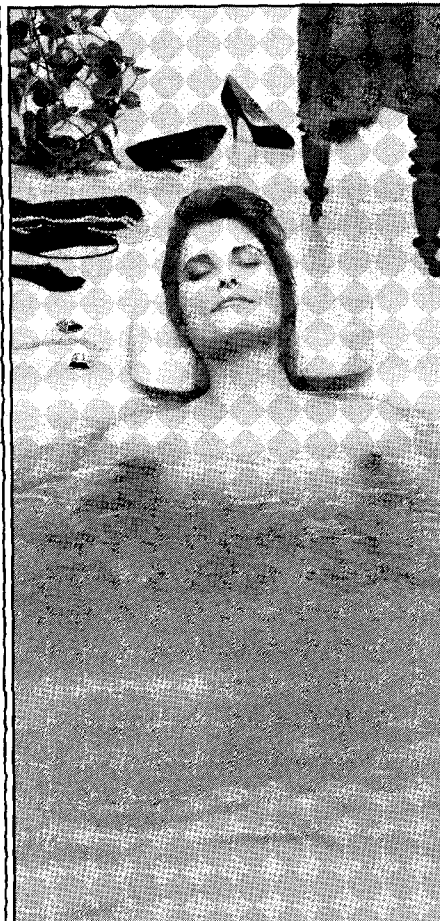
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after she had spoken, Diamond had to admonish the audience, "Please, no negative comments."

As for Douglas Crimp, who lives a few blocks from the Federal Building, he said that although he considered Tilted Arc the "most interesting and beautiful public sculpture in my neighborhood," he had to acknowledge that "my experience evidently differs from that of many people who live and work in the area of Tilted Arc." However, he went on, "I believe that this hearing is a calculated manipulation of the public. . . . What makes me feel manipulated is that I am forced to argue for art as against some other social function. I am asked to line up on the side of sculpture against, say, those who are on the side of concerts or maybe picnic tables."

What Sischy had said to Serra at the Kiefer opening—which took place a few weeks after the hearing—was that she was *not* lined up on his side in the Tilted Arc controversy. He had begun talking to her about the case, comfortably assuming that she was one of his supporters, and she had felt constrained to disabuse him. "I felt I couldn't just stand there and say 'Yeah, yeah, it's terrible,'" she told me. "It would have been a kind of betrayal of my job to get drawn into a conversation where it was assumed that I was one of a gang of outraged people. I knew that if I didn't say anything and then commissioned an article on the thing I would feel like a hypocrite. As an editor, I felt that it was necessary to claim not neutrality—there is no neutrality—but that this was still an open book. So I said, 'The whole thing is very complicated.' And there was like a minute of surprise on Richard's part—which there shouldn't have been—and then he flooded out with all this stuff. Calling me a capitalist, saying that I sucked up to advertisers, telling me that I was a fascist, because 'you believe in petition-signing.' I guess he thought I was a fascist because I found significance in the fact that thirteen hundred people had signed the petition. He said, 'You don't know what it's like to have your work on trial'—as if those of us who are trying to do something or make something weren't on trial all the time. He said, 'You don't know what it's like to be betrayed by your country. It was my government, and I believed in it. I believed in art and government. Don't you understand that I've been betrayed?' But how can he or I or any of us be so angry about a betrayal over



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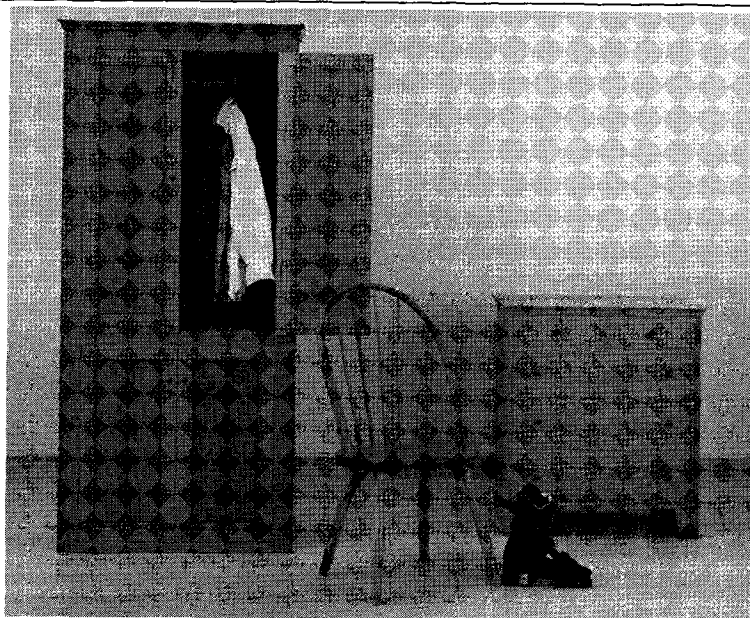
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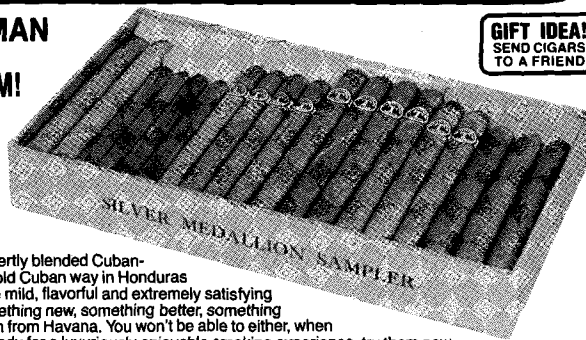
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an object? The betrayal wasn't Vietnam. How could we dare to be so naïve and personal?

"Everything in my head and body says that we can't go around undoing works of art because people have signed petitions. But what do you do when people really don't want something? There's more than one liberty involved here. And I think that if we ever get to the point of believing that avant-garde art is so sacrosanct that we can't undo a decision, then it's all over. The worst thing we could do is to feel that our decisions are so sacred, and our committees of experts are so sacred, and avant-garde art is so sacred, that the very notion that something should be debated causes us to invoke all those horrifying, atrocious episodes in history."

I asked Sischy how she felt during Serra's attack.

"I felt O.K.," she said. "Before he attacked me, I felt nervous and anxious—when he thought I was part of his gang, on the side of those who were saying that this was like a book-burning. I felt like a hypocrite then. But once I'd told him where I stood I felt O.K. I felt as though I'd had a job to do and I'd done it. But he wasn't able to listen to me. It just never occurred to him that I might have something to say. He was abusive in the most extraordinary way."

"It was as if he were yelling not at you but at some fantasy figure," I said. "Who do you think you represented to him?"

"It wasn't me, in the sense that you mean, but in another sense it *was* me. You have to remember that I haven't been overly obedient to the tyranny of this particular avant-garde. I think I've been a great disappointment to people like Richard. I've turned down articles on works like Richard's. This avant-garde was the power structure that ruled the art world and was never questioned—an authoritative, massive power structure. Its rule was that painting was dead—it was just decadent picture-making, the regressive act—and all one could do was produce heroic works of abstraction, accompanied by a great deal of terminology. There wasn't room for anything else. My interest in painting—particularly in European painting—as opposed to heroic structures was offensive to them. When I ran articles on Kiefer and Clemente and Schnabel in *Artforum*, I'm told, artists like Richard felt that I'd done something devastating. There wasn't much bridge-

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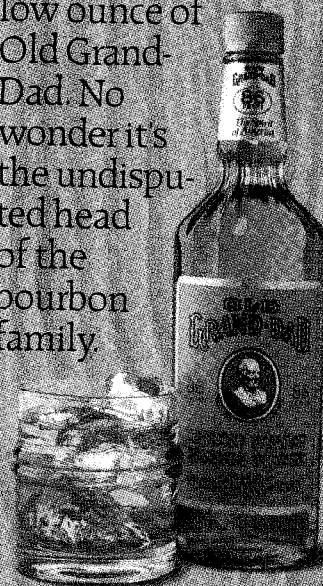
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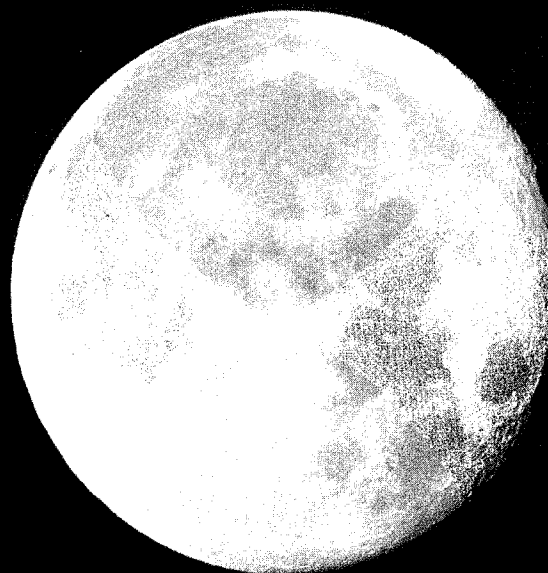
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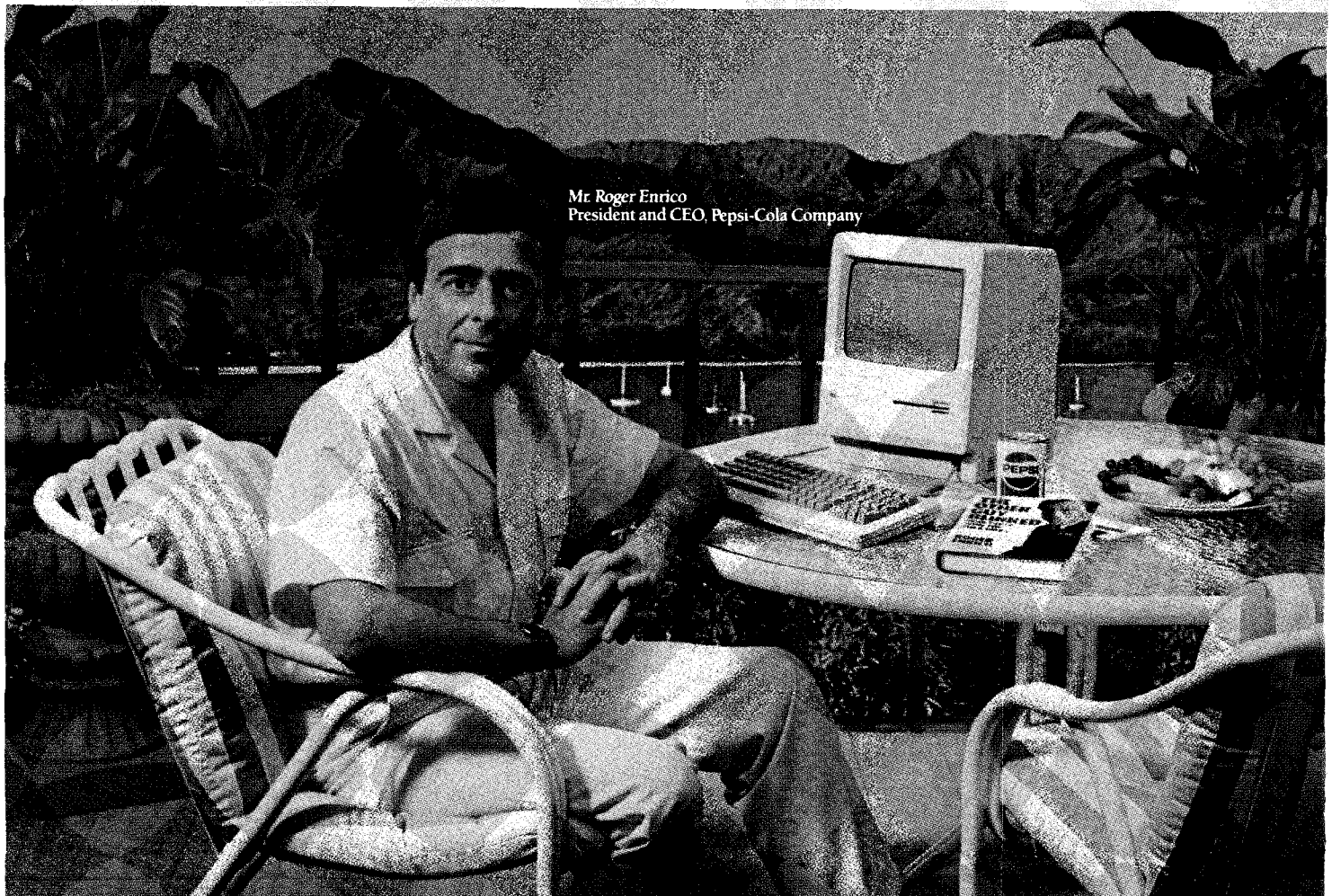
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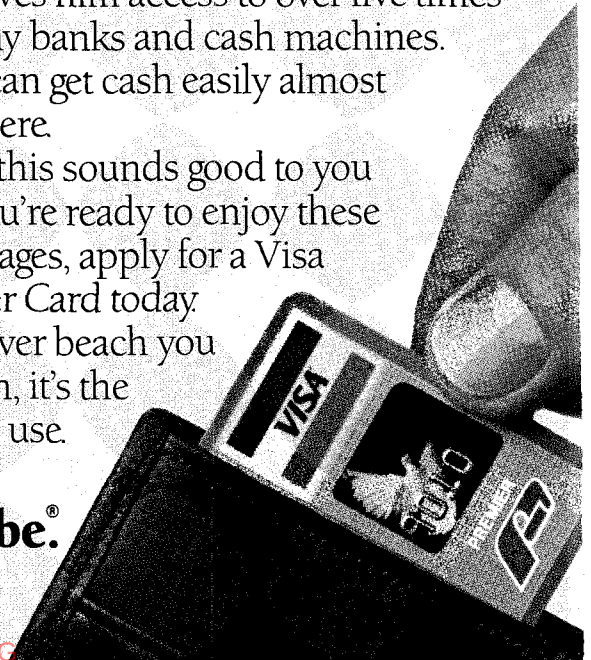
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building going on between the avant-garde and the world outside, and I think my bridge-building drove—and drives—people like Richard Serra mad.”

INGRID SISCHY became editor of *Artforum* at the age of twenty-seven. She was offered the job by Anthony Korner, a forty-year-old English former banker, and Amy Baker Sandback, a thirty-eight-year-old art historian and art-book publisher. They had jointly bought the magazine from Charles Cowles in 1979, and had decided to replace the editor they had inherited, Joseph Masheck, who had succeeded Coplans. Masheck, an art historian, was probably the most scholarly and the least impossible of Coplans' gang of warring contributing editors, and under his editorship the magazine entered a period of calm enervation and dry academicism. With the troublemakers gone (Krauss, Michelson, Rose, Pincus-Witten, Alloway, and Kozloff had all left), *Artforum* seemed somehow to have lost its reason for being; it was as if all the air had slowly leaked out of it. At the time that Korner and Sandback were acquiring it, Sischy was finishing a fifteen-month curatorial internship under John Szarkowski in the Photography Department of the Museum of Modern Art. Before that, she had worked as the director of an organization called Printed Matter, which had been formed by a group of artists, critics, and publishers—among them Sol LeWitt, Pat Steir, Lucy Lippard, and, fatefully, Amy Baker Sandback—to publish and distribute what they called “artists’ books,” as distinguished from art books. Artists’ books were a pleasing expression of the decommmodification ideology: where art books are about art, artists’ books are themselves art of a sort—art that is mindful of its social responsibility, art that refuses to be a precious commodity, art that is cheap, multiple, and without aura. “They had a great idea, but they didn’t know how to do it, and they all had other jobs,” Sischy has said of the board members of Printed Matter. Sischy didn’t know how to do it, either—she had had no experience running a business—but she made it her job to turn Printed Matter into a proper, self-sustaining small business, which it has remained to this day. I once watched Sischy chop tomatoes. She took a small paring knife and, in the most inefficient manner imaginable, with agonizing slowness, proceeded to

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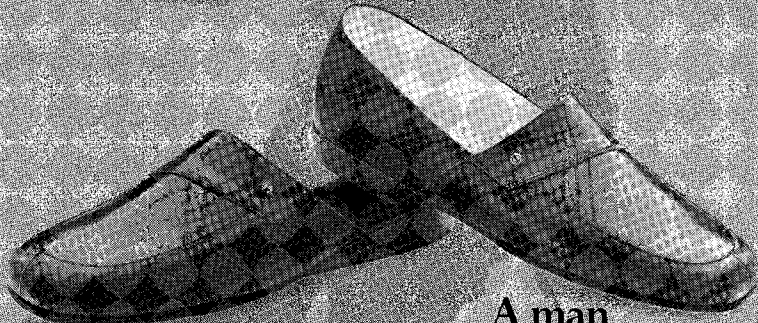
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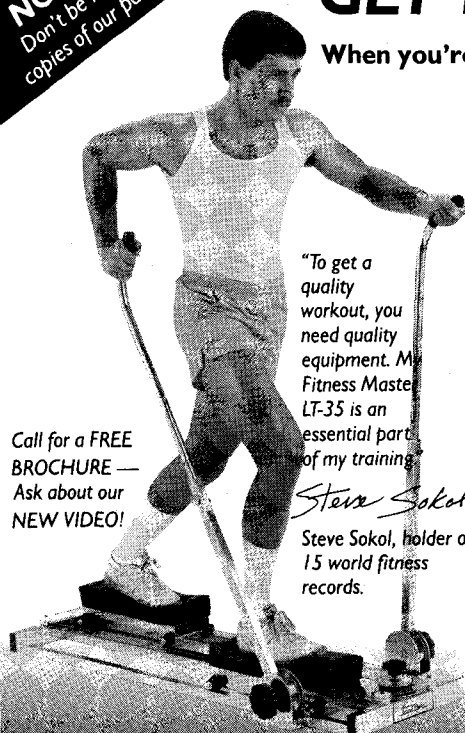
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fill a bowl, tiny piece by tiny piece, with chopped tomatoes. Obviously, no one had ever taught her the technique of chopping vegetables, but this had in no way deterred her from doing it in whatever way she could, or prevented her from arriving at her goal. She is less afraid than anyone I have ever met of expending energy unnecessarily. While at Printed Matter, in order to convince the Internal Revenue Service of the legitimacy of the organization's claim to be nonprofit she dragged twenty cartons of records down to the I.R.S. office. (They were records of pitifully small transactions: in Sischy's day, the average sale at Printed Matter was five dollars; today, it is ten dollars.) At *Artforum*, she will think nothing of spending a whole night in the office working with a writer whose piece is going to press the next day, ministering to him like a kind of night nurse.

When Sischy first took up her duties at *Artforum*, a few days before Christmas, 1979, the next issue of the magazine was due at the printer's in two weeks. (She had been unable to start any sooner because of two exhibitions she was committed to do for the Modern.) "Everyone was about to go off for the Christmas holidays and probably was not very thrilled at the sight of me," Sischy recalls. "I think people were shocked at the thought of working for a young woman they had never heard of, as against an established academic man. After they were gone, I sat there looking at this pile of articles that were ready to go into the issue, and I just couldn't do it. I thought to myself, If this thing isn't going to suck you up, if it's not going to kill you, the only way you can do it—even though it will irritate everyone, because you go so slowly—is to take one step at a time and do only what you know and feel secure about. The minute you do something that isn't yourself, the minute you publish something you can't stand, the minute you answer somebody faster than you want to, it's all over. I'm positive it is. So I looked at those manuscripts, and I said to Amy and Tony, 'I don't think I can publish these things.' I said, 'If I'm coming in here, and I'm this new person, I've got to say right away who I am and do what I have to do, even if it's going to be crazy or stupid or two months late.' And Amy, quite rightly, said, 'Look, it can't be two months late. Because that's a part of what they'll know about you—that you're someone who can't get the magazine

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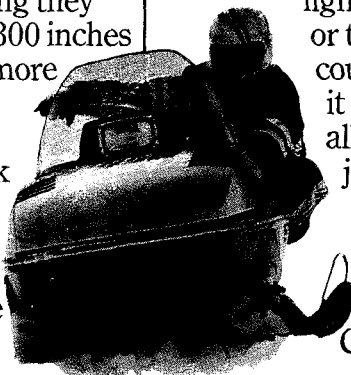
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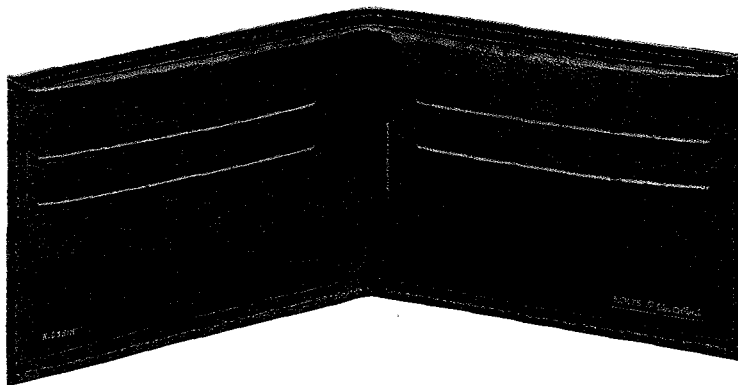
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out. It's got to be on time.' So I said, 'O.K. That makes sense.' We went to Amy's house for lunch and talked about what to do. The only things I knew were artists' books and projects and photographs. I didn't know how to deal with eighty manuscripts by art historians, but I did know contemporary art, and I knew artists. So I said, 'Why don't we make a whole issue of new art? And let's not get famous artists, who will do a little doodle—let's get people who have a real commitment to the printed page.' So we made lists. It was pointed out to me that we had to have a finished pile of material in two weeks. I also knew it had to be pretty good. I didn't think it had to be great. I mean, I would already have been happy if I could have figured out how to get the typesetter on the phone. I didn't even know what a typesetter was. The only thing I had was this ability to relate to people. So I called people up and told them what I wanted them to do, and they said, 'Great! When do you want it?'—thinking I would say in a month—and I said, 'In a week.' And something must have happened in these phone conversations, because every one of them came through."

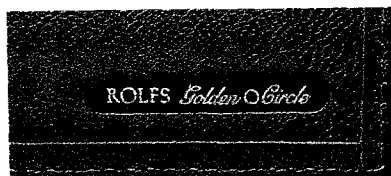
When the issue—the issue of February, 1980—arrived on the newsstands, it caused a great stir. It was utterly unlike any previous issue of *Artforum*. The contributors included the photographer William Wegman, the English conceptual artists Gilbert and George, the German conceptual artist Joseph Beuys, the performance artist Laurie Anderson, the editors of the radical-feminist magazine *Heresies*, and the editors of the art journal *Just Another Asshole*, and the whole thing had an impudent, aggressively unbuttoned, improvised, yet oddly poised air.

Sischy had happened to take over the editorship of *Artforum* at exactly the start of the new decade, and the appearance of an untried, unbookish, unknown, very young woman at the helm of a magazine whose three previous editors had been older men of parts, and whose atmosphere, even in its recent, least successful, manifestation, was that of a powerful and exclusive men's club (notwithstanding its women contributors, who possibly even contributed to that atmosphere), was a kind of portent of the astonishing developments in art that the eighties were to witness. In the abrupt transformation of *Artforum's* format from a predictable high-art austerity

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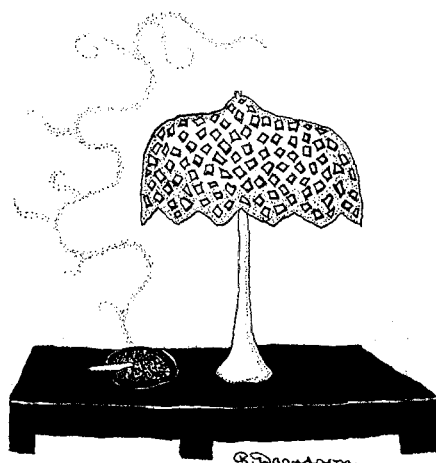
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to an unpredictable sort of underground-press grunginess/flashiness may be read the changes that were to transform the quiet and stable New York art world of the seventies—with its Minimalist and post-Minimalist stars surrounded by familiar constellations of conceptual, performance, video, and film artists—into today's unsettling, incoherent postmodern art universe. One has to remind oneself, of course, that every present is disorderly, that art history is an artifact of time, and that certain temperaments tolerate chaos better than others. Barbara Rose, for example, found the present as threatening twenty years ago as she finds it today; the following passage, from a piece by Rose entitled "How to Murder an Avant Garde," was published in *Artforum* in November, 1965:

Today, there is no "scene." Although the slick magazines have invented a fictional scene for public consumption, the experimental artist is more alone than he has been since the thirties. There are many disturbing signs: among art students, one perceives a "make-it" mentality conditioned by mass press descriptions of artistic high-life. . . . There are other bad omens. As the pace becomes more frantic and distinctions are blurred, values are equally obscured. . . . Pseudo-art writing in mass magazines confuses issues, imputes artists' motives while supposedly honoring them. . . . Having lost their common purpose on being accepted into the Establishment, and now rapidly losing their center as galleries and museums and exhibitions proliferate, is it any wonder that avant-garde artists are experiencing a crisis of identity?

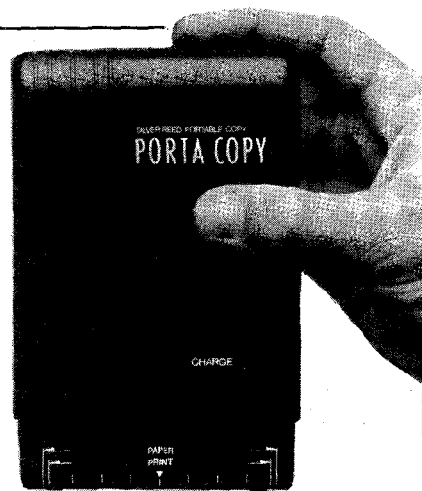
The cover of Sischy's first issue was a reproduction of the cover of the first issue of an avant-garde magazine of the forties called *VVV*, which styled itself a magazine of "poetry, plastic arts, anthropology, sociology, psychology," and numbered André Breton, Max Ernst, André Masson, William Carlos Williams, Claude Lévi-Strauss, Harold Rosenberg, Arthur Cravan, and Lio-



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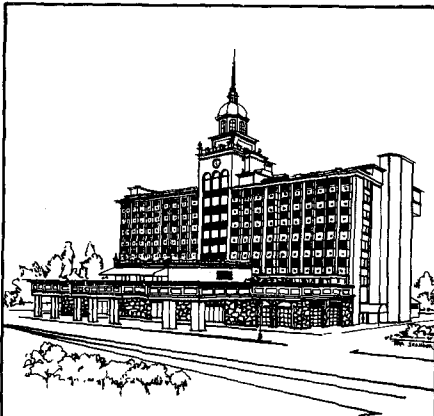
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nel Abel among its contributors. The VVV cover, by Max Ernst, was an Ernstian design of mysterious figures and diagrams from some abstruse, invented science, which surrounded the three "V"s in black, on a green background. Sischy had borrowed the original cover from David Hare, VVV's former editor. Someone who had not come from John Szarkowski's Photography Department might not have been as overjoyed as Sischy was by the cigarette burn and the spills that stained it, but she correctly gauged the surreal beauty that these ghostly traces of a past life would assume when photographed, and also the sense of quotation marks that they would help impart to the notion of a cover about a cover. There was in addition a special personal fittingness to the unretouched, worn, dog-eared appearance of Sischy's first cover. Among the people in positions of power in the cultural institutions of this city—book publishers, magazine editors, newspaper executives, museum directors and curators, theatre producers—there has developed a style of dealing with staff which is noted for its informality, directness, simplicity, ordinariness. The pompous, self-important boss who puts a glacial distance between himself and his underlings, the petty tyrant who surrounds himself with cowed secretaries, is so rarely seen today that he is almost an endearing anachronism (in the upper-middle-class establishment of which we speak, that is). In this context, Sischy's way of running her magazine as "a kind of kibbutz" (in the words of the critic Donald Kuspit) is not all that remarkable. If there are some things Sischy does that editors of other magazines don't do (the editor of this magazine, for example, doesn't run out of the office several times a day to the luncheonette across the street to get coffee and pastry for his employees), her relations with her staff are, in general, only slightly more egalitarian than the norm.

Where Sischy is outré is in her obsessive, almost fetishistic concern with questions of ethics. She sees moral dilemmas everywhere—and, of course, there are moral dilemmas everywhere, only most of us prefer not to see them as such and simply accept the little evasions, equivocations, and compromises that soften the fabric of social life, that grease the machinery of living and working, that make reality less of a constant struggle with ourselves and with others. Sischy, however, rejoices in the struggle; she is



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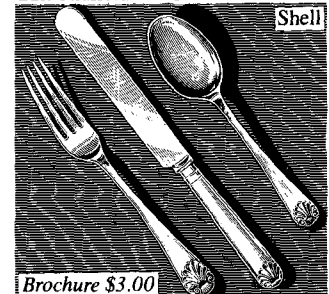
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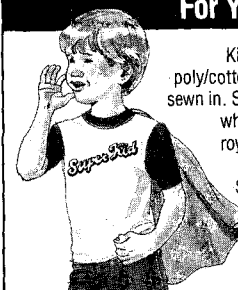
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like someone walking through a minefield who has taken a course in mine detection. She positively enjoys staring into the abyss and drawing back just in time. Once, at Printed Matter, she received a telephone call from a museum curator who wanted to buy a copy of "The Xerox Book," a collection of work by seven conceptual artists, published in 1968, which had been very successful and had become something of a collector's item. "Our last copy had just been ordered by somebody," Sischy told me. "So I said to the curator, 'Sorry, it's gone.' And the curator said, 'Ingrid, we'll give you a lot of money for a copy.' We were really in deep financial trouble then, and the museum was talking, I think, a minimum of a thousand dollars. But I thought, How dare they? And I told them I had just sold it for twenty-five dollars, first come, first served, and hung up."

In the presence of such shining rectitude, one cannot—worm that one is—but feel a little resentful. One can even, if one pursues this cynical train of thought far enough, summon up a bit of sympathy for Richard Serra. Who does she think she is? Why does she always have to behave better than everyone else? There are times when the heroines of Henry James' novels provoke just such coarse thoughts—moments when the thread of sympathetic attention snaps and we fretfully wonder why these girls have always to be so ridiculously fine. But if Sischy's moral imagination is of a feverishness to invoke the spirits of Fleda Vetch and Milly Theale, her atmosphere is very different from that surrounding those tense, exquisite intelligences. She has an incongruous, almost Mediterranean easiness and dailiness. The momentary irritation one feels with her when one believes she is riding her ethical hobbyhorse too hard (I remember once standing with her outside an Italian airport sulkily watching everyone else get a taxi while we, at her insistence, honorably waited our turn behind a pair of utterly baffled Japanese) is swept away by the disarming agreeableness of her company. Her capacity for enjoyment is movingly large. She is a kind of reverse Jewish princess: she goes through life gratefully accepting the pleasures and amenities that come her way, and if they are not the particular pleasures and amenities she ordered—well, so much the better. Her relationship to the world of consumer objects is almost bizarrely attenuated. (If a person

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could be likened to a work of decommodified art, Sischy would be that person.) She has no credit cards, no charge accounts, no savings account (until last year, she had no checking account), no car, no driver's license; she doesn't even have a handbag, and stuffs her money and the tiny scraps of paper that serve her as an address book into a bulging wallet, which she awkwardly carries in her hand, like a kid on the way to a show. She uses no makeup and wears the plainest of clothes: the knit pants and shirt are her uniform. She has no possessions to speak of—she has never bought a painting, a sculpture, a photograph, a decorative object, or a piece of furniture or jewelry. All her belongings (mostly books and papers) fit into a trunk that she brought to the house of the woman she lives with when she moved in four years ago, and that she has yet to unpack.

The not yet unpacked trunk is a fitting metaphor for Sischy. As a child, she was twice uprooted—first from South Africa, at the age of nine, and then from Scotland, at the age of fifteen. She was born in 1952 in Johannesburg, the youngest of three children (she has two brothers, one a doctor and the other a lawyer) of a Jewish professional family. Her father, Benjamin Sischy, is a physician, and her mother, Claire Sischy, is a retired speech therapist. The family emigrated to Edinburgh in 1961, after the Sharpeville massacre, and again in 1967, to Rochester, New York, where Dr. Sischy took a position in oncological research at Highland Hospital. In Edinburgh, Ingrid went to a famous private school for girls, George Watson's Ladies' College; in Rochester, she went to public high school; and in 1973 she graduated from Sarah Lawrence College. In all three places, she became a leader very quickly and easily. "My ability to adjust got to be a family joke: we'd move to a new country, and within six months—at most, a year—I'd be president of the class, and eventually president of the school," she told me almost ruefully.

Sischy speaks of her parents with affection and approval bordering on reverence, and she once told me how, as a child of such a socially conscious and service-oriented family, she was able to reconcile herself to the apparently socially useless work that she does now. "For my parents, art was something that you did after the day's work," she said. "I grew up with the assumption that I would go into a

profession like theirs—one that did some social good every day. When I took this job, I realized that the only way for me to do it was as if I were going to medical school. I worked sixteen hours a day, the way I saw my father work, and the way I saw my brother work when he was a resident, and I still work that way. I'm still serving my residency." She went on, "I used to have the fantasy that I would do this work for a few years and then one day I'd stop and dedicate the rest of my life to South Africa. But more and more I have come to understand that to edit an art magazine today is to participate in all of today's social, economic, and political discourses. Nowhere was this clearer to me than in the primitivism show."

THOMAS McEVILLEY's attack, in the November, 1984, issue of *Artforum*, on the Museum of Modern Art's major exhibition "Primitivism in 20th Century Art: Affinity of the Tribal and the Modern" made an extraordinary impression on the art world. There was something about the piece which was instantly recognized as more deeply threatening to the status quo than it is usual for a critique of a museum show to be—and not least aware of the threat was William Rubin, the director of the show, who is also the director of the museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture. The article had a sort of dangerous lustre, and this quality was also present in the two replies that McEvilley, a classicist turned art historian and critic, wrote to the letters that Rubin felt impelled to address to the editor of *Artforum*. (Kirk Varnedoe, co-director of the exhibition, joined the fray for the first round of correspondence and prudently dropped out for the second.) McEvilley's article was like the knocking on the door dreaded by Ibsen's master builder—the sound of the younger generation coming to crush the older one—and drew its power as much from the urgency of its Oedipal subtext as from the co-gency of its manifest argument. Other reviews just as critical and as well argued as McEvilley's—Arthur Danto's devastating one in the *Nation*, for example—didn't get under Rubin's skin as McEvilley's did. (With one exception: an earlier piece, by Michael Peppiatt, published in *Connaissance des Arts*, caused Rubin to threaten to sue the magazine—it remained calm—when it refused to publish his long riposte, which was accompanied by

fourteen color illustrations.) What also may have contributed—indeed, must have contributed—to the specially charged atmosphere of the McEvilley article was the intense pressure under which it was produced. It was written, revised, and prepared for publication in just eleven days. Sischy told me how this had come about. She and McEvilley had gone to the opening of the primitivism show together, with the understanding that he would write about it if he felt moved to do so after seeing it. “As I walked through the show, I had a really creepy feeling that here, yet again, was a case of two objects looking the same but not meaning the same,” Sischy told me. “As I went along, I began to feel that yet again the Other was being used to service us. Yet again. Practically a thesis had been written on the label below a Brancusi work, but it was enough to say of the primitive sculpture beside it, ‘From North Africa.’ All the research had gone into the Brancusi, while the other thing was being used once again simply for affirmation of our values. A supposed honor was being bestowed on primitive work—the honor of saying, ‘Hey! It’s as good as art! We’ll even call it art.’ But now we know that a different set of questions needs to be asked about how we assimilate another culture. Tom had the same feelings—maybe even stronger. So we went to the Plaza and had about five drinks, and after the drinks Tom said ‘Look, can we get the review into the next issue?’ and I said ‘Tom, the issue is all designed. It’s going to the printer in four days.’ And he said ‘Well, what do you think?’ and I said ‘It would be incredible to come out with the piece while the show is still so new. Let me think about it.’ And I had another drink and said ‘I’ve thought about it.’ I went to the office the next day and asked Amy and Tony whether it would be possible to open up the magazine and add an article a week late, which is an insane thing to do. But Tony and Amy agreed that in this case it would be a great thing to do. So Tom wrote the piece in four days, and then we sat in my office for seven days and seven nights working on it.”

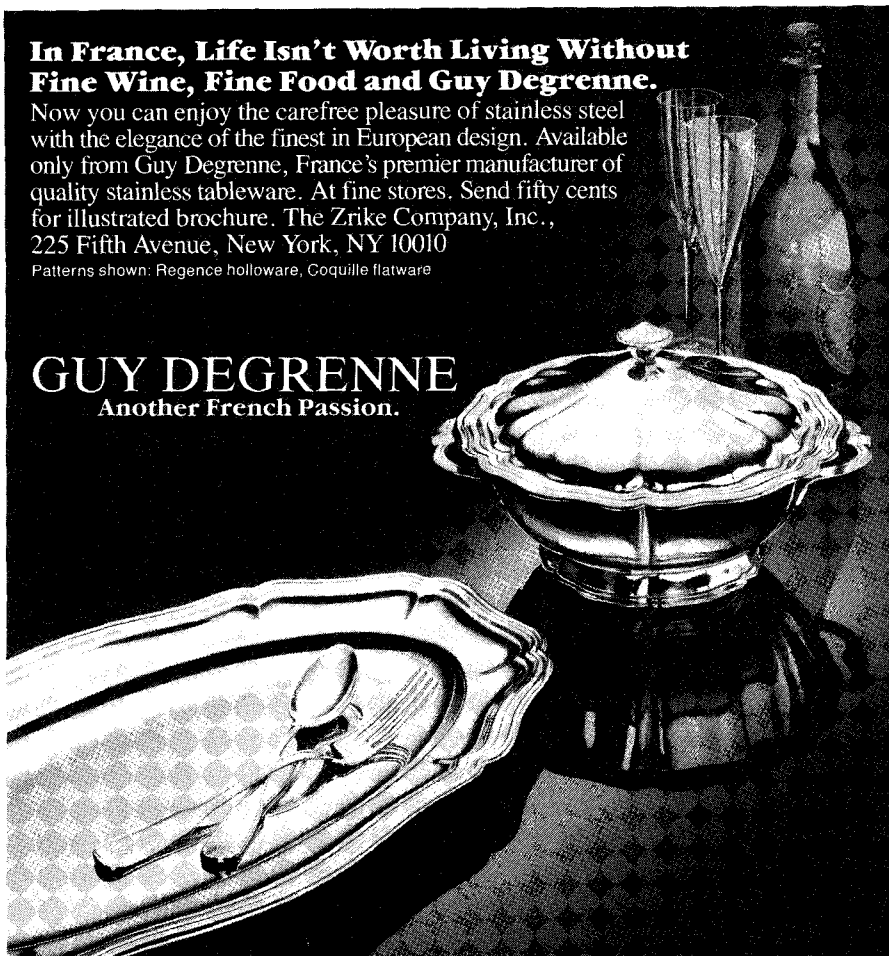
The article, entitled “Doctor Lawyer Indian Chief: ‘Primitivism’ in 20th Century Art” at the Museum of Modern Art in 1984,” not only bore down heavily on the ethnocentricity of which Sischy (among others) was so painfully conscious (“This exhibition shows Western egotism still as unbri-

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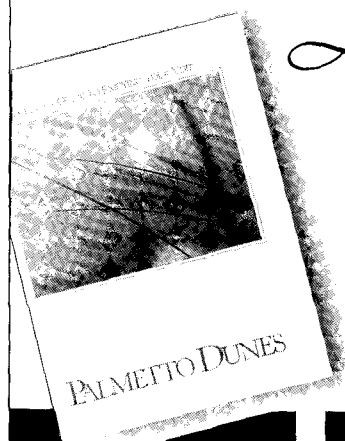
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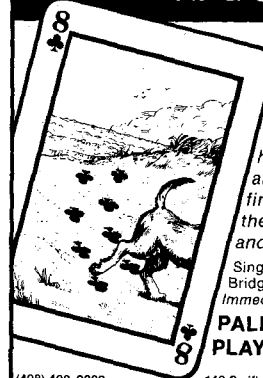
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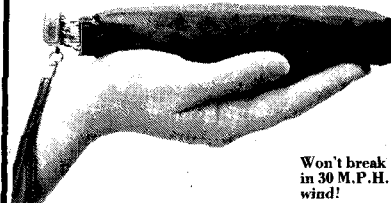
dled as in the centuries of colonialism and souvenirism") but denied that it was any longer interesting to see modernist paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with tribal objects to which they bear formal resemblances. That sort of thing, McEvilley said, was all very well in 1938, when Robert Goldwater published his classic text "Primitivism in Modern Painting," but today such a way of thinking is a pitiful anachronism. Writing of MOMA as "the temple of formalist Modernism," McEvilley characterized the primitivism show as a sort of last-ditch stand by the museum against the incursions of advanced thought:

Whereas the esthetics of [formalist Modernism] had been seen as higher criteria by which other styles were to be judged, now, in quite respectable quarters, they began to appear as just another style. For a while, like Pre-Raphaelitism or the Ashcan School, they had served certain needs and exercised hegemony; those needs passing, their hegemony was passing also. But the collection of the Museum of Modern Art is predominantly based on the idea that formalist Modernism will never pass, will never lose its self-validating power. Not a relative, conditioned thing, subject to transient causes and effects, it is to be above the web of natural and cultural change; this is its supposed essence. After several years of sustained attack, such a credo needs a defender and a new defense. How brilliant to attempt to revalidate classical Modernist esthetics by stepping outside their usual realm of discourse and bringing to bear upon them a vast, foreign sector of the world. By demonstrating that the "innocent" creativity of primitives naturally expresses a Modernist esthetic feeling, one may seem to have demonstrated once again that Modernism itself is both innocent and universal.

Rubin, he went on to say, made "highly inappropriate claims about the intentions of tribal cultures without letting them have their say, except through the mute presence of their unexplained religious objects, which are misleadingly presented as art objects." And he continued:

In their native contexts these objects were invested with feelings of awe and dread, not of esthetic ennoblement. They were seen usually in motion, at night, in closed dark spaces, by flickering torchlight. Their viewers were under the influence of ritual, communal identification feelings, and often alcohol or drugs; above all, they were activated by the presence within or among the objects themselves of the shaman, acting out the usually terrifying power represented by the mask or icon. What was at stake for the viewer was not esthetic appreciation but loss of self in identification with and support of the shamanic performance. The Modernist works in the show serve completely different functions, and were made to be perceived from a completely different stance. If you

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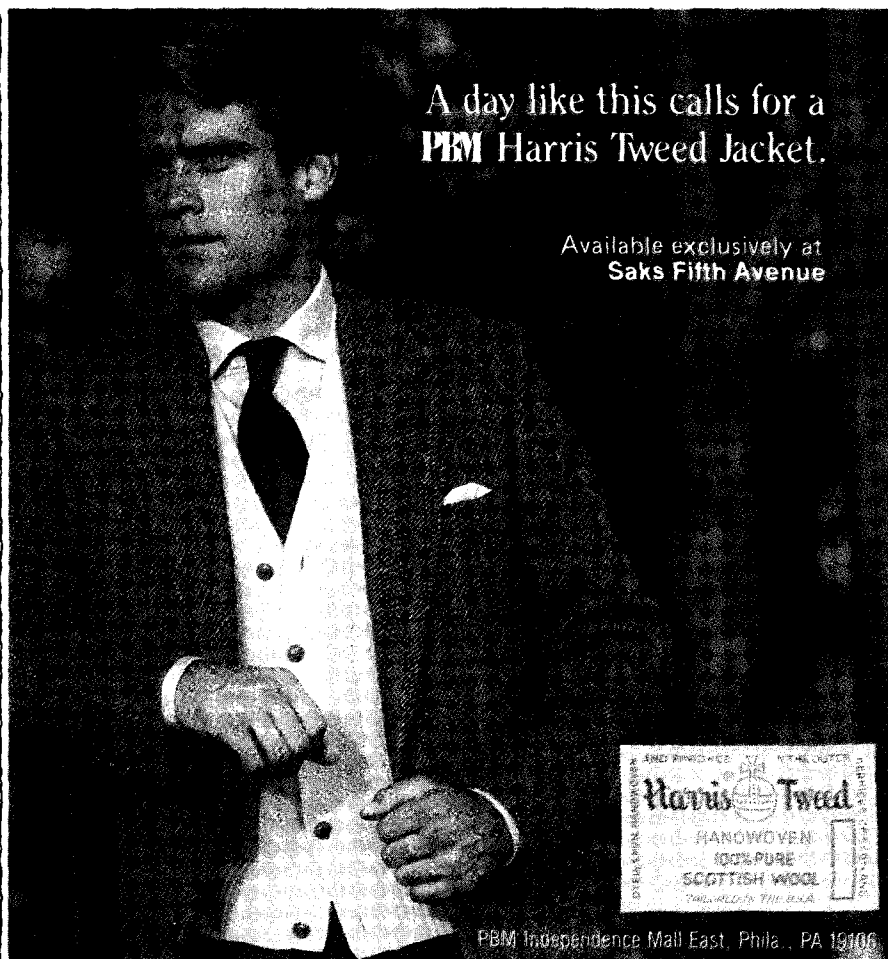
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or I were a native tribal artisan or spectator walking through the halls of MoMA, we would see an entirely different show from the one we see as 20th-century New Yorkers. We would see primarily not form but content, and not art but religion or magic.

The gauntlet flung down by McEvilley was picked up by Rubin in a long reply that *Artforum* published in its issue of February, 1985, together with a shorter reply from Varnedoe. Rubin started out by complimenting McEvilley for being "fair-minded" and for maintaining "a high level of discourse," but quickly went on to say that "notwithstanding his evidently good intentions, his review is interwoven with sufficient misconceptions, internal inconsistencies, and simple errors of fact that—given its seriousness—it should not go unchallenged." The chief factual error of which Rubin accused McEvilley—an accusation that developed into one of the most excruciatingly particularized squabbles about a matter of doubtful significance ever published—concerned the number of objects in a pair of vitrines at the Centre Pompidou, in Paris. McEvilley, to illustrate his dismissal of the idea of the primitivism show as "not new or startling in the least," cited (among other examples) an exhibition of "about one hundred tribal objects" from the Musée de l'Homme which the Centre Pompidou had placed in meaningful proximity to its modern-art collection shortly after it opened, in 1977, and left up for about five years. Rubin challenged the figure one hundred. He said that "a rapid check reveals that... the two vitrines at the Centre Pompidou together never contained more than twenty or so objects." I will spare the readers of this magazine what the readers of *Artforum* had to endure in order to finally learn that neither contestant's figure was strictly accurate: in one of the sixteen footnotes that Rubin appended to his second reply, he confessed that according to a list he had just received from the Musée de l'Homme there had been as many as fifty-two objects in the vitrines. As one of the readers who did not fall by the wayside in the battle of the vitrines, I can report that, despite my boredom with the particulars of the debate, I was kept going by the passionate intensity with which it was conducted. Clearly, each man had more at stake than being right or wrong about a number. The number had become a kind of objective correlative for the anxiety each man felt about his posi-

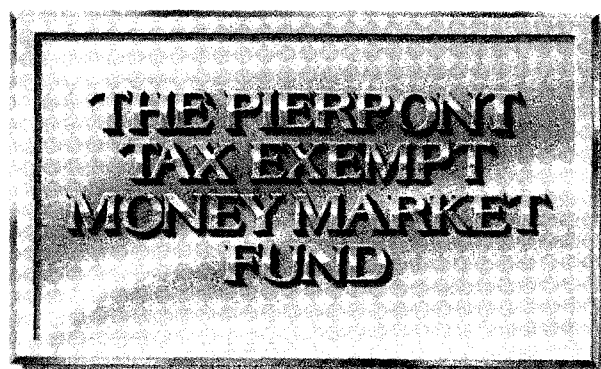


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tion. Rubin frankly told me later, "McEvelley was at great pains to show that the exhibition was old hat, and since I had spent five years and a pile of money on it, I took it ill. Some of our trustees are readers of *Artforum*. I didn't want them to think that I had gone to all this trouble and expense just to do a rerun of something that had already been done." McEvelley, for his part, felt that his position as challenger of the establishment was threatened by the insinuation that he couldn't get his facts straight, and he displayed a kind of young man's anger over being corrected by an elder. (Actually, McEvelley isn't so young—he is forty-seven, to Rubin's fifty-nine—but in the psychodrama of his encounter with Rubin he fell easily into the role of the impetuous young Jack the Giant Killer, just as Rubin, by position and temperament, was a natural for the role of the giant.)

In his reply to Rubin and Varndoe, McEvelley adopted a provocatively folksy tone. "I'm the one who barked these grouchy bears out of the woods, so I guess I have to listen to their howling and gnashing of teeth," he wrote. "In a sense, it's a chance in a lifetime. We rarely see these bears out in the open—especially the big one." McEvelley quickly dispatched the little bear, as he maddeningly called Varndoe:

The whole-cloth 19th-centuryism of Varndoe's thought is revealed in a display of comedic ignorance. He quotes me as using the term "intentionalities" and notes parenthetically that this is "a word [McEvelley] favors as a substitute for the simpler 'intentions.'" He evidently doesn't recognize that "intentionality" is a technical term in the philosophy of Edmund Husserl and in the whole phenomenological movement.

Rubin, in his second letter, saw an opportunity to avenge Varndoe's honor, and he gleefully pounced on it:

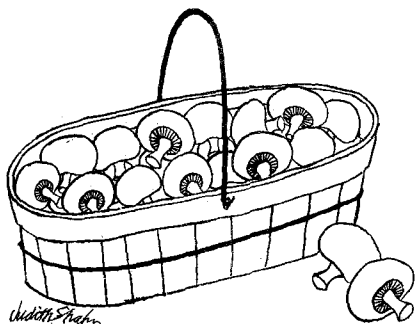
I can only envy McEvelley's authority in art history, anthropology, linguistics, phenomenology, and literary theory, and sympathize with his need to mock the comedic ignorance of those less accomplished than he. Alas, as but a poor art historian, I can only hope that after a professional lifetime in this field I know something about *it*, at least. . . . McEvelley asks us to consider that "the charioteer of Delphi, ca. 470 B.C., for example, was seen totally [sic] differently in classical Greece from the way we see him now. He was not alone in that noble, self-sufficient serenity of transcendental, angelic whiteness that we see." Perhaps I should take it less amiss to find my own ideas being transformed beyond recognition by McEvelley when I discover that he can also somehow transform this familiar monument of introductory art history from a bronze into a marble.

I am afraid that almost all of McEvilley's art-historical assertions come from the same quarry as the marble charioteer.

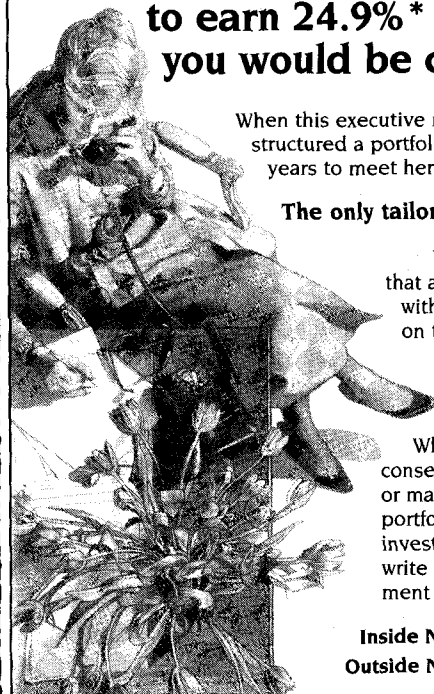
But Rubin's triumph was short-lived. McEvilley retorted:

Hibernation can be a productive method—one can go into solitude and come back with understanding—or it can cloud the mind with dreams of scrambled facts, of fabricated evidence and marble charioteers. "The charioteer of Delphi," I wrote, "ca. 470 B.C., for example, was seen totally differently in classical Greece from the way we now see him. He was not alone in that noble, self-sufficient serenity of transcendental, angelic whiteness that we see." The word "marble" is Rubin's, not mine, and comes up in his claim that I misreported the classical bronze as a marble work—after which he exercises his wit against me by referring to "the marble charioteer." Rubin never deals with the question of why I brought the charioteer up in the first place. My point was about the manipulation of the object through its context; we now see the work alone on a pedestal in a white room in the Delphi archaeological museum, in the typical kind of installation with which we relate to works from other cultures or times by isolating them so that they are available to receive our projections. The charioteer is decontextualized in this artificial white atmosphere and made meaningless in terms of his native context, function, and intention. I drew the analogy in my initial article as a criticism of the installation of the primitive works at MoMA, where, similarly, fragments of complex pieces were isolated in such a way as to render them meaningless in their own terms, as if indeed they had no terms of their own. Rubin chose to ignore this issue, as well as others that related to the example of the charioteer, and instead to argue a point of physical detail that would not have affected the argument in any way even if he had gotten it right.

If Rubin did himself no good by engaging in these scholastic skirmishes, his greatest disservice to himself was his writing to *Artforum* at all, thus giving McEvilley a second, and then a third, chance to score off the primitivism show. McEvilley's original critique was probably not as airtight as it might have been if he had had more than four days in which to write it. Now Rubin had afforded him more time, and perhaps even more motivation, to shine. Taking his argu-



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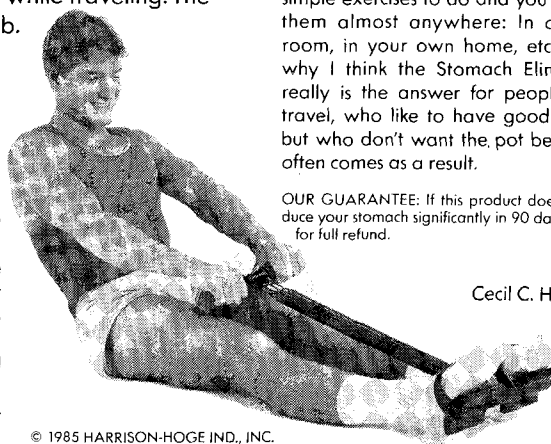
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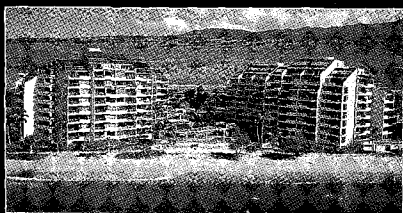
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ment against a universal aesthetic to another level, McEvilley listed three periods in the history of the West's relationship to tribal art. In the first period, primitive objects were "denied the status of art, as if it was an honor that they did not deserve." In the second, primitive objects were thought "formally and intellectually 'good enough' to be called art." And in the third, which is the present period, "one may begin to look at the tribal objects from the point of view of their own culture and to realize that, whatever they are, they fall in between the categories on our grid." McEvilley chastised Rubin for being stuck in the second period. He accused him of presenting "a value system that had been firmly in place for sixty years as if it were a terrific new discovery," and of treating the primitive objects in the show "as if they had nothing to do with any living societies except ours, as if they were pretty objects and no more, there for us to do with as we like." In his first letter, Rubin complained that McEvilley had missed the point of the show, which was to study tribal works from the point of view of the pioneer modernists. "Of course the tribal objects in our show are decontextualized," Rubin snapped, adding, "In fact, they are more than that; they are *recontextualized*, within the framework of Western art and culture. *And that is what our particular story is all about.* McEvilley simply refuses to accept the fact that our story is not about 'the Other,' but about ourselves." But McEvilley stubbornly insisted that "to really be about *us*, the show would have to be about the evolution in our relationship to the Other." He wrote:

We no longer live in a separate world. Our tribal view of art history as primarily or exclusively European or Eurocentric will become increasingly harmful as it cuts us off from the emerging Third World and isolates us from the global culture which already is in its early stages. We must have values that can include the rest of the world when the moment comes—and the moment is upon us. Civilization transcends geography, and if history holds one person in this global village, it holds another. In fact, if one of us is privileged over the other in art-historical terms it is the so-called primitive object-makers, through whose legacy we got our last big ride outside our own point of view, and called it Modern art.

A FEW months after the publication of the final round of the McEvilley-Rubin exchange, I pay a call on Rubin at his office in the Museum of Modern Art. In his embodi-



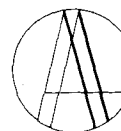
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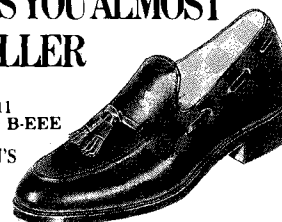


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ment of all the clichés about men in positions of power, Rubin is an almost allegorical figure. To make an appointment with him requires prolonged conversation with a secretary ("Mr. Rubin has asked me to get as much information about his calls as possible, so that he may judge the urgency of returning them"), and to enter his office is to immediately experience a feeling of diminishment, in the same strange way that entering a Gothic cathedral gives one a feeling of exaltation. Rubin is extremely well dressed and well groomed, with a dark, assertive, attractive face; he sits behind an enormous, immaculate desk in a large white room that commands a spectacular view of the museum's sculpture garden and a panorama of New York buildings, and is fitted out with spare, expensive modern furniture, abstract paintings, and an African sculpture. In spite of the dossier of information I have left with the secretary, he does not know who I am and why I have come. Once my identity and purpose have been reestablished, I ask him the two questions I have come to ask: Was he satisfied with the treatment he received from *Artforum*, and was he satisfied with

his performance in his two letters to the editor?

Rubin replies yes to both questions. "The people at *Artforum* were at great pains to be fair, though I think they were reluctant when we said we wanted to write a second letter," he says. "Ingrid would have liked to say no, but we made certain points about misstatements, and then she realized that the matter couldn't just be left there. I feel very secure in thinking that students and other people reading this exchange ten years from now are going to come down on our side. If I didn't feel that way, I would have to accept criticism that would put five years of work into question. Not that there aren't things in my exhibition which I wouldn't have done differently. Sure there are. And not that I'm saying that all the criticisms of the exhibition were wrong. I think there was good criticism even in McEvilley's article. But McEvilley wanted a different exhibition altogether. Someone in the department here said to me, 'McEvilley would have liked to be invited to do the exhibition.' That's the sort of thing you run into in this work. Since we invited people from all over to participate in the exhibition,

to write articles for the catalogue, McEvilley may have felt that the museum overlooked him. There may have been personal offense taken. Frankly, Kirk and I found McEvilley's replies to the letters much worse than his original article. We deeply felt the absence of *politesse* in the thing about the bears."

A few days after this meeting, to my surprise, Rubin telephones me and says he would like to speak to me again. Evidently under some compulsion to do everything twice, he says that he has had some further thoughts over the weekend about the McEvilley exchange and wishes to share them with me. When I arrive in his office, he hands me a three-by-five file card on which the following list has been typed:

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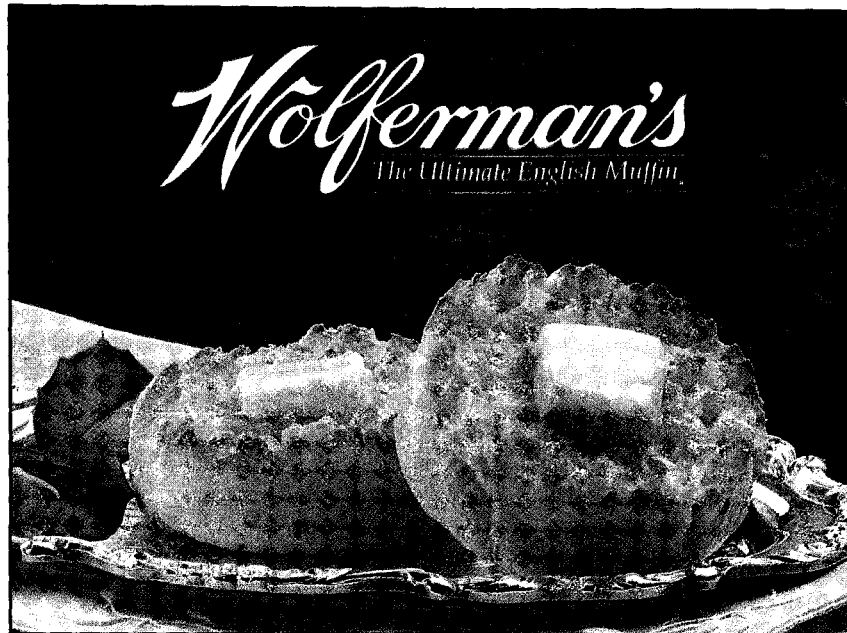
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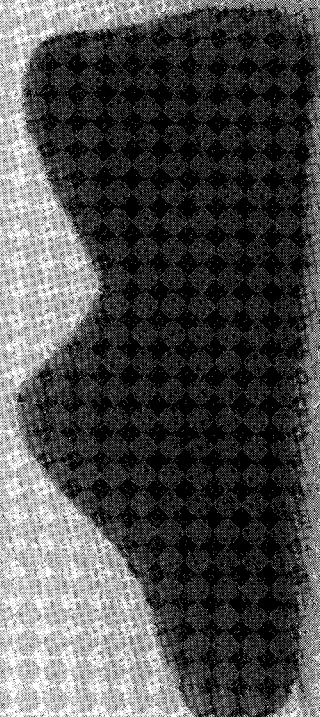
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through "rhetorical devices," examples of which he has typed out on the card. "McEvilley went down claiming that he never did or said a single thing that was wrong," Rubin says. "At least I admitted that I was wrong about the number of objects in the vitrines, though I don't think I was as wrong as McEvilley believes. The point is, these rhetorical devices that he has obviously studied somewhere are for winning arguments, not for getting to the truth. I never studied rhetoric, so I'm disadvantaged to that extent. It may be that McEvilley is emotionally so offended by the very conception of the show that he can't see straight. And I think it kind of shocked him, and hurt him, that he was being questioned at all. The tone of his reaction seems to me to contain not a little anger at being called on to defend himself. His interest only in winning an argument is how I explain his unwillingness to see if there is a common ground. I'm only human. If someone uses invective on me, and slithery techniques to prove he's always right, I'm going to come straight back—I'm not going to try and find common ground either. But I think there is common ground. I don't think McEvilley really believes half these extreme things he says."

Like a teacher handing out reading material to a class, Rubin hands me a pack of Xeroxes he has made of McEvilley's article, of his letters and Varnedoe's, of McEvilley's replies to them, of various other reviews of the primitivism show, and of an exchange in *Artforum* in 1967 between him and Harold Rosenberg over a piece Rubin wrote on Jackson Pollock, which McEvilley cited in his second reply. Referring to a set of Xeroxes of his own, which I notice are extensively underlined, Rubin proceeds, like one of Borges' obsessed men, to go over the entire exchange, point by point. He continues this rite of self-justification for the next two hours, touching yet again on the dread vitrines, and also on the other exhibition that McEvilley cited—that of the Menil Collection in the Grand Palais in 1984. "McEvilley dismisses our show as old hat because it was done before, in the Menil show," he tells me. "Then I write in to say that in the Menil show there were only two juxtaposed examples of primitive art and modern art, and that all the rest of the tribal art was shown separately, in its own area. And how does McEvilley respond to this? He responds by *blinding the reader*, in

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effect: 'The fact that Rubin can neither growl away nor live with is that the tribal objects were not shown *entirely* in their own separate area,' he writes. By the time you get to this, your head is dizzy. You would have to be much more clearheaded than anyone is likely to be at this point to see that what he's saying is just ridiculous. It's so tricky and slimy."

The telephone rings, and the secretary announces Rubin's next appointment. Rubin looks at his watch and says to me, "I'll just race through this." Then, in a moment of apparent uncertainty, he lets the pack of Xeroxes fall from his hand. He takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, and seems to be hovering on the edge of seeing the absurdity and futility of the proceedings. Then he puts his glasses back on and resolutely picks up the Xeroxes.

—JANET MALCOLM
(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

WHICH MOVIE CRITIC D'YA READ?

I can't say enough good things about Mr. DeVito, who here is never allowed to "act cute," which has sabotaged his work in "Romancing the Stone" and "Jewel of the Nile," or about Miss Midler, who starts off looking like a nightmare parody of Pia Zadora and winds up being a svelte if loud-mouthed kitten. "Do I understand this correctly?" she says on learning that her husband won't even pay \$10,000 for her return. "I've been marked down? I've been kidnapped by K-Mart!"—*Vincent Canby in the Times*.

Even as a caricature of a self-centered bitch, Midler makes me laugh. Eventually, she becomes the ally of her captors. She likes them because she loses 20 pounds during her two weeks of captivity. And she's furious at her husband's failure to pay the ransom. Learning it has been reduced from \$500,000 to \$50,000 to \$10,000, she shrieks: "Do I understand this correctly? I'm being marked down? I've been kidnapped by Gimbels."—*Joseph Gelmis in Newsday*.

MAILGRAMS MARIAN BURROS NEVER FINISHED READING

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JAZZ

New American Songs

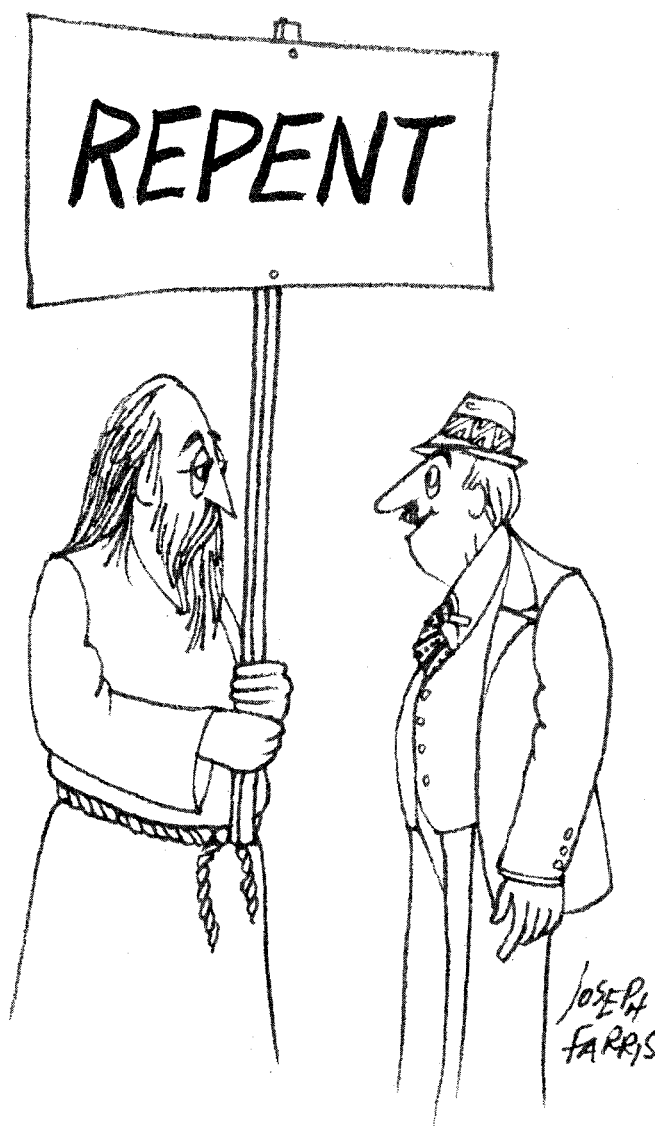
IT no longer matters whether you describe Dave Frishberg as a songwriter, a pianist, or a singer. In the past six or seven years, all three skills have become indivisible. Indeed, he has become a Blakean cottage industry. First, he thinks of a song title. Then, in the course of a month or two, he writes the lyrics and the enclothing melody, usually concurrently. He performs the song publicly, and if both he and the public like it he records it, often supplying his own liner notes. Last, his publishing firm prints the song. Frishberg started as a pianist. He talked not long ago about his beginnings. He was sitting in his music room—a high-ceilinged converted garage, furnished with a grand piano, a word processor, a flat-topped oak desk, a sofa and several chairs, a huge Sempé poster, and a floor-to-ceiling wall of books, records, and tapes. The music room was part of a one-story wooden California house, built forty years ago in the San Fernando Valley. The house wandered to the right and left as you entered, and had three bedrooms, a split-level living room, a kitchen, a new enclosed back porch, and a skirting back yard. The living room contained a small, fervent collection of baseball memorabilia and of early Robert Benchley books. Most of the baseball artifacts were in a glass cabinet, and they included “Babe Ruth’s Own Book of Baseball” (1928); two books by Christy Mathewson, “Pitching in a Pinch” (1912) and “Won in the Ninth” (1910), which is “the first of a series of stories for boys on sports to be known as the Matty books;” and a 1911 copy of *Baseball Magazine*, with an article by one Richard W. Lardner on the first baseman Frank Chance, which Frishberg believes may be Ring Lardner’s first magazine piece. On the opposite side of the room, on top of an

upright piano, were his Benchleys, among them “The Early Worm,” “Of All Things,” and “Love Conquers All.” Frishberg mentioned that he might seem jumpy, because he was trying to quit smoking a second time, having stopped the first time for eight years.

“I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on March 23, 1933,” he said. “I was the youngest of four children—three boys and a girl. We all get on. Miriam lives in Seal Beach out here, Arnold’s in St. Paul, and Morton’s in Minneapolis. My father, Harry Frishberg, came over from Russia during the pogroms. He sold Philco radios in Minnesota and the Dakotas, and he was apparently a world-champion salesman. But he gave up the road around the time of the Second World War and went into the retail clothing

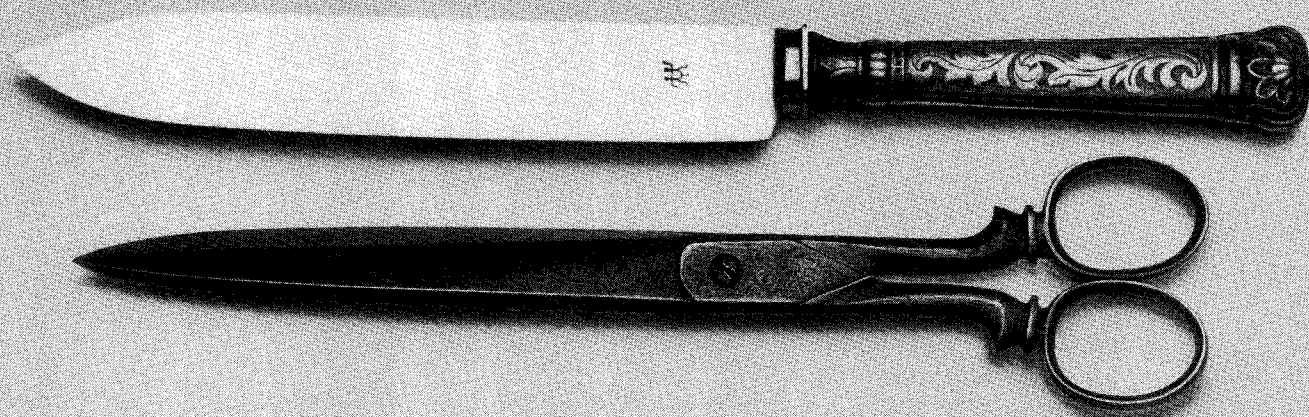
business in St. Paul. When I got to know him a little, he was already in his fifties and getting portly, but he was still handsome and had a lot of charm. From the first, I knew he was considered to be very funny. People always laughed when Harry was around. Legitimate music was his thing. He sang in the temple, and he loved cantorial music. I never saw things his way musically, and he never saw things my way. The first time he heard me play professionally was in 1960, when I was Carmen McRae’s accompanist. He was amazed. He had no idea I had any sort of profound skills. It had always been ‘This piano playing is very nice, but when are you going to do something serious?’ My mother was Sarah Cohen. She was from St. Paul. She had snapping brown eyes, and she was waspish and had a tongue on her. She was a good critic of life. She not only cooked; she kept the books at my father’s store. She was a little woman, and she must have had a nice figure when she was young.

“I was eight or nine when I started playing piano. My sister and my brothers had left home, and I was a child by myself. My parents enrolled me with a classical teacher. I didn’t like it, but I could tell I had natural ability. I learned the simpler Mozart and Schumann pieces. Then one day I put a Mozart piece into conga rhythm—da da da-dum, da da da-dum. I played it at my lesson, and I was bawled out. I couldn’t believe that doing such a thing was wrong, so I quit practicing, and eased out of the lessons. My father was so upset he sold our grand piano. Later, he relented and bought a Kimball upright. By this time, I was listening to the blues and boogie-woogie pianists—Pete Johnson and Jay McShann and Albert Ammons. I used to play some of their stuff for Jimmy Rushing years later, and he’d call me Home. Our house was rich with records. We had ‘Pinafore’ and ‘Iolanthe’ and ‘The Mikado,’ which I loved and studied endlessly. I

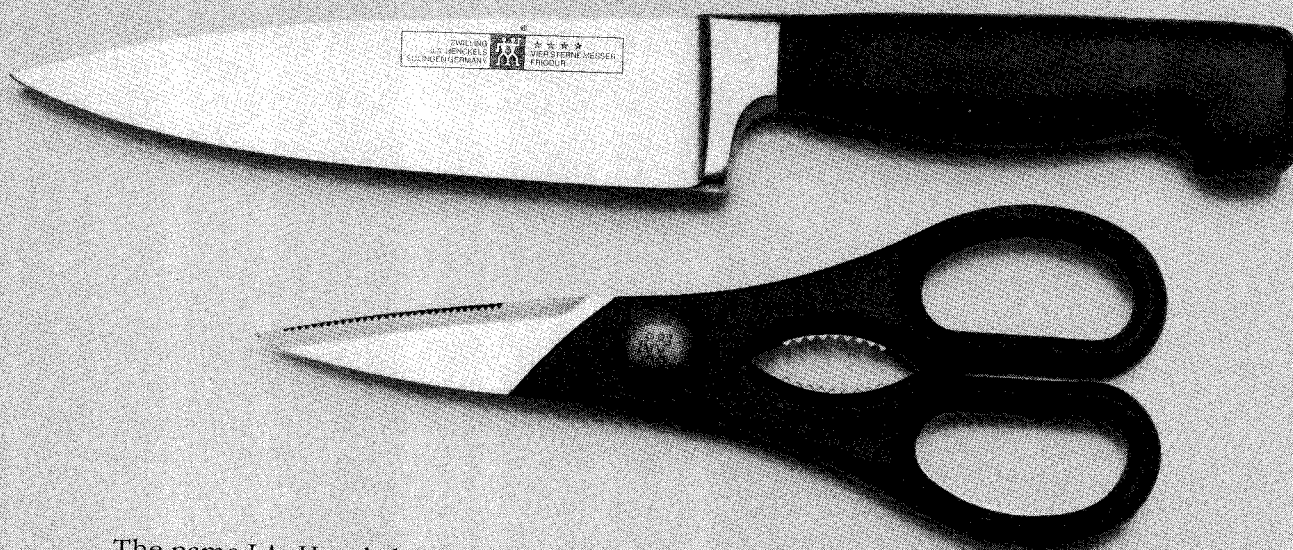


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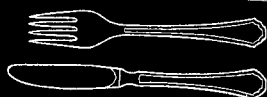
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also listened to the Goodman small groups and to Count Basie—and to Frankie Carle, who killed me. I was an insufferable purist. When I was fifteen or sixteen, I met a piano player named Jimmy Mulcrone. He gave me lessons Saturday mornings for five or ten dollars. I could play in C, F, or G. He showed me the minor-seventh chord, and a whole new musical universe opened up to me. 'That chord doesn't sound like Joe Sullivan, does it?' I'd say to him, and he'd say, 'No, it doesn't.' He'd make me practice a tune like 'Just You, Just Me' in five keys. He got me listening to bebop. By the time I was a junior in high school, I'd found other kids who liked bop, and we formed a band. My first decent job was in the house trio at the Flame in St. Paul in the early fifties. When I started, the main act was the Art Tatum Trio, with John Collins on guitar and Slam Stewart on bass. Collins lives out here, and I see him every so often, and for some reason he still remembers that gig and me playing there. Billie Holiday came through, probably with Bobby Tucker on piano, and so did Johnny Hodges' little band, with Lawrence Brown and Emmett Berry and John Coltrane.

"I went to the University of Minnesota and majored in journalism. To be a music major, you had to play an instrument, classically, and that wouldn't have worked for me. So I took every music elective I could—orchestration, counterpoint, theory. I

learned to deal with written music, to write it, although I didn't become a good sight reader until later. I didn't think I'd be a professional pianist. I thought I'd be a columnist. I guess at the time I had bought my dad's philosophy that music is fun, not a job. Then I heard Jimmy Rowles on those Woody Herman Columbia small-band sides—'Pam' and 'Steps' and 'Igor' and 'Fan It'—and it was the best jazz-ensemble piano playing I had ever heard. I had never heard anyone bend notes on the piano, and he had a way of rolling a chord, of clouding a chord, and of constructing these skipping melodic lines. I wanted very much to sound like Rowles. A bell rang inside me: You better be a professional piano player."

FRISHBERG the pianist is an unclassifiable creation. The blues pianists he once aped lie at the bottom of his style, particularly in his strong bassopropundo left hand. A level or two up are traces of Fats Waller, Jess Stacy, and Earl Hines. Art Tatum comes and goes on the next level, and so does Nat Cole. At the top, like a meadow sprinkled with rare wildflowers, is Jimmy Rowles. Frishberg's singing, pitched in the low tenor register, is bold, declarative, and unencumbered by such trappings as vibrato, chest tones, and dynamics. It is the kind of utilitarian singing that was meant to get lyrics across to the listener as pleasantly and clearly as possible. When Frishberg

sings, the words file by, face you long enough to sink in, and move on. Most singer-pianists skimp on their piano playing (Blossom Dearie doesn't, and neither does Shirley Horn), but Frishberg is a superb self-accompanist and a good soloist. He swings constantly, and he has learned Jimmy Rowles' trick of surreptitiously squeezing odd single notes and offbeat chords into the cracks between a singer's words. Frishberg is of medium height and size—he could lie under his grand piano and keep dry—and he has a strong, many-planed face. His mother's snapping brown eyes shine like headlights through his metal-frame glasses, and he has a vigorous Roman nose, a wide mouth, and a leading chin. His brown hair is loose and plentiful over his ears but is receding between. He smiles a great deal when he talks, and he talks carefully and at different speeds.

Frishberg got up and went into the kitchen for a cup of tea. Just as he returned, his wife, Sam, entered the music room from an outside door, her arms full of groceries. She is a pretty, cheerful brunette, who was born Cynthia Wagman and nicknamed Sam. Frishberg went out and brought in more bags, and Sam asked him what kind of sandwich he'd like for lunch. He said Swiss and salami on rye, and she said it would be ready in a little while. He sat down and, in the way of new ex-smokers, tried to find things for his hands to do. Then he described the circuitous route he had taken from St. Paul to California. "I graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1955. I had joined the Air Force R.O.T.C., and part of the deal was that you had to go into the service for two years. I was stationed in Salt Lake City. I had a lot of spare time, and I helped start a little company called Notable Ads, and we made jingles. We had a cadre of local musicians and a vocal group. I started writing music and lyrics. I must have done fifty jingles. I had already decided that I would go to one coast or the other when I was discharged, so I went to New York and got a job at WNEW, writing continuity and spot announcements. The station still had live music, and I spent most of my time with the musicians or copying out arrangements for them in my office. At night, I was a wild man, making every loft and sitting in. I was at WNEW for about six months, then with RCA for six months. I wrote promotional material there. I also got a job as solo

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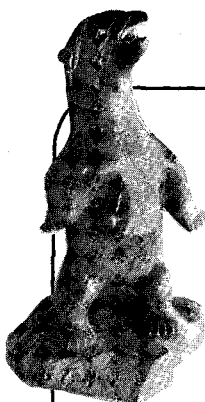
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pianist at the Duplex, on Grove Street. There was an upstairs and a downstairs, and at first I was downstairs, playing a piano with sixty-six keys. The upstairs had theatrical singers and comics, and pretty soon I was doing the show upstairs, too. So I worked without a break from nine to four every night, for seventy-five dollars a week. I had an apartment on Greenwich Street, and I felt I was really sailing. I stayed at the Duplex several months, then went on the road with Kai Winding and his four trombones. When that trombone sound got to me, I went on the road for a year with Carmen McRae. When that got to me, I went back to New York and began working at Eddie Condon's, which was downstairs in the Sutton Hotel, on East Fifty-sixth Street. I also played at the Metropole, on Seventh Avenue. I made a lot of connections with the older musicians. I liked them, and I began to find myself immersed in their music. I played with Bud Freeman and Pee Wee Russell and Rex Stewart and Buck Clayton and Wild Bill Davison. In 1962, I worked with Ben Webster at the Shalimar, in Harlem. Richard Davis was on bass and Mel Lewis on drums. We also played at the Vanguard and Birdland and the Half Note. By the time I knew Ben, he was in his mid-fifties, and the fabled brawler had disappeared. He was just an excessively sentimental guy. He cried every time he mentioned his mother. But he really took charge on the bandstand. He never told us outright what he wanted to play. He'd hum a bar and start, or he'd just go 'BLAM! BLAM!' and we were supposed to know what he was going to do. I made some mistakes at first, but after a week or so I learned to translate the hums and blams. When we were at the Shalimar, Ben took us to a little grocery store next door, and we'd hang out there between sets. The man who owned it told us that if we ever needed to hide we would find a home in his store. I had no idea what he was talking about, but a couple of months later, when we were with Ben down at the Half Note, the riots broke out in Harlem. Ben cried when he heard about them. Musicians came in to hear Ben all the time, and people like Billy Strayhorn and Johnny Hodges and Paul Gonsalves would sit in. Al Cohn and Zoot Sims came in, too, and they listened to me and asked me to join their band. There was nothing in the world I wanted to do more. Eventually, we became the

house band at the Half Note, and we worked there off and on for four or five years. But I did a lot of things in the sixties besides play jazz choruses. I went on the road with Odetta. I conducted for Dick Haymes and Fran Jeffries. I conducted for a country-and-Western singer named Johnny Tillotson. I played with various rehearsal bands. All in all, I think I played the piano somewhere every night for fifteen straight years. In 1971, I was hired to write funny songs for a weekly television show called 'The Funny Side,' with Gene Kelly as its host. I had put out an album called 'Oklahoma Toad' that had some of my songs on it, and the producers of 'Funny Side' had heard it and wanted me. The show was produced in Los Angeles, so I moved out here."

SAM summoned Frishberg to lunch. She talked about her first child, which was due in a couple of months. Sam said she hoped that their German shepherd, Bix, wouldn't be jealous of the baby. Bix came in from the porch and stood in the living room like a pony. Frishberg started his sandwich, then put it down and said that on his most recent trip to New York he had ordered a club sandwich at the Carnegie Delicatessen that turned out to be about a foot and a half high. He told the waiter it was a vulgar sandwich, and asked him how he was supposed to eat it. The waiter suggested he take it apart. Frishberg said it wouldn't be a sandwich anymore. The waiter shrugged, and Frishberg told him to take the sandwich away, and he left in what he said was "a cold fury." Sam said they were thinking of moving—maybe to Oregon, maybe to Minnesota. Frishberg nodded, and said he didn't want their child to be a child of the freeways. (The baby was a boy—Harry Nicholas—and late last summer the Frishbergs moved to Portland, Oregon.) Frishberg thanked Sam for lunch and went back to the music room. He talked about songs.

"When I was at the Duplex, I became aware of the great world of songs," he said. "I found myself looking analytically at these songs as pieces of art, instead of as vehicles, which is what they generally are for the jazz improviser. I'd listen by the hour to Bob Corwin, the intermission pianist at Condon's. He knew a million tunes, and he wrote music, and I began to write lyrics to his songs. I started thinking about being a songwriter. I met Johnny Mercer through Corwin,



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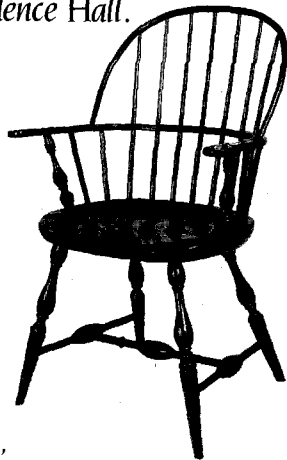
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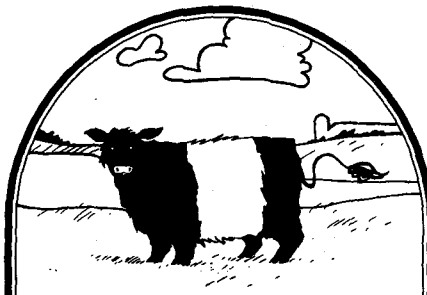
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and Mercer introduced me to Bob Dorough, who's a deep musician. I met Blossom Dearie. They became my songwriting friends. Dorough and I wrote one song together—"I'm Hip." I wrote "Peel Me a Grape" for Dick Haymes and Fran Jeffries in 1962. I sent "Wallflower Lonely, Cornflower Blue" to Frank Loesser, and he called me in and talked to me for a couple of hours, showing me what was right with the song, what was wrong. For me, it was like talking to Babe Ruth. There was dignity in everything Loesser wrote—no cheap lines, no cheap rhymes. He made the vernacular classy. I loved "Guys and Dolls" and "How to Succeed." Each of his shows had its own personality, and I think he got better and better. Anyway, six different recordings were made of "Peel Me a Grape" in the first few years after it was published, and I thought, This songwriting business is a snap—you just write a song and it's recorded all over, and in come the royalties. But none of my songs were recorded again by anyone but Blossom for eight years. I had been singing privately for quite a while, and I didn't sing in front of people until I was out here and doing gigs with Jack Sheldon, the trumpet player, who would suddenly announce, "And now Dave Frishberg will sing you one of his songs," and I would. I began to sing regularly in public, and got a good response. In 1977, I opened a Bing Crosby show in front of six thousand people at the Concord Pavilion, in northern California. Bing was one of my heroes, and when I came off he shook my hand and said I had done a good job, and I was on air. During his part of the show, which was a medley of forty of his biggest hits, the sound went off, and he gave one of the great exhibitions of professionalism. He just stood there, his hands at his sides. He didn't make any wisecracks, he didn't put anybody down. By sheer force of personality, he quieted the audience and held them in silence for the five minutes it took to get the sound back. It was only when he came off the stage after the show that he blew up.

"After 'The Funny Side,' I worked in the studios doing jingles and movies. I was either bored or panicked. I'd talk to myself about it: 'You don't enjoy this. You're not temperamentally suited to it. You're not even a good sight reader.' Besides gigs with Jack Sheldon, I worked with Joe Pass and Bill Berry and Irene Kral, and I spent two wonderful, funny, first-

class-all-the-way years with Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. The time of the Crosby show was when I began to appear with my own trio and sing my own stuff. All along, I had been writing songs for other people. Now I began to write for myself, with my own voice in mind. Then I took jobs as a solo singer and pianist, which is where I am now. I'm on the road three or four months of the year, and the rest of the time I try to work locally."

FRISHBERG's songs, like his piano playing, are multilayered. One can find Sir William Gilbert in them, and Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer and Frank Loesser. But only in small amounts. They are new American songs. Some are extremely witty, some are extremely funny. Some are fits of nostalgia. Some are lamentations. Some are cautionary. Some are highly satirical. Some are love songs in disguise. Frishberg's lyrics drive his songs, but his melodies are their wheels. (Melodies by others that Frishberg has put words to rarely work as well as his own songs.) Most song lyrics die on the page, like sails without wind. But Frishberg's generally don't. Here is the second stanza of "Blizzard of Lies," a hilarious catalogue of the awful fibs we pass off on each other every day:

You may have won a prize,
Won't wrinkle, shrink or peel,
Your secret's safe with me,
This is a real good deal.
It's finger lickin' good,
Strictly by the book,
What's fair is fair,
I'll be right there,
I am not a crook.

Marooned, marooned, marooned
In a blizzard of lies.

His early, brilliant "Peel Me a Grape," which has long been one of Blossom Dearie's anthems, laughs at social ennui in the seventies and eighties in the way that Cole Porter laughed at it in the thirties:

Peel me a grape, crush me some ice,
Skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow,
Start me a smoke, talk to me nice,
You gotta wine me and dine me,
Don't try and fool me, bejewel me,
Either amuse me or lose me,
I'm gettin' hungry—peel me a grape.

"Van Lingle Mungo" is simply a list of older baseball players' names set to a loose Brazilian rhythm. It has no verbs or adjectives or adverbs. It has no story, no moral. But the way the words are stretched or telescoped, the

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way the melody is speeded up or slowed down, as in the mournful two-note "Mun-go," gives the song the motion and weight of a good standard ballad. It becomes a kind of cheerful threnody.

"Sweet Kentucky Ham" is both a love song and a dirge about the sorrow and longeurs of being on the road:

It's ten P.M.

They're rolling up the
sidewalks in Milwaukee,
And the only place to eat
Is just across the street.

So you sit there with a bowl of navy bean,
And you turn the pages of your magazine,
And you feel you want to quit while you're
behind—

'Cause you've got sweet

Kentucky ham on your mind, on your
mind,

Nothing but sweet Kentucky ham on your
mind.

"Slappin' the Cakes on Me" is built around an expression given Frishberg by Sam, who was born in Kentucky. A girl who slaps cakes on a boy is one step ahead of him—already knows his line, and is making a fool of him in the kindest way:

I was mute, I was mum,

I was trying not to look too dumb.

I said, "I certainly hope you won't miscon-
strue.

But perhaps we could have a little drink or
two."

I said, "What's your pleasure?" She said,
"Guys like you."

She was slappin' the cakes on me, my
friend.

"Dear Bix" is addressed to the legendary cornettist Bix Beiderbecke, who died of alcoholism at twenty-eight in 1931. It is addressed to him as if he were still alive, and, cognizant of his problems with drink and of his various aesthetic frustrations, it wishes him well and cheers him on. It is full of affection and gentleness. In its strange way, the song steps completely around time. This is how it ends:

I wonder, Bix old chum,

When you reminisce in years to come,

Will you ever hum that someday song

You've been looking so long to find?

So, do what you got to do—

And may the years be good to you—

'Cause you're one of the favored few,

Dear Bix, you're one of a kind.

FRISHBERG had had a beer with lunch, and he got himself another. Then he talked about songwriting and about songwriters he admires. "I've written a hundred or more songs, and recorded about forty of them," he said. "A lot of them are just lying there. They're finished, but I don't think they'll be used again. I don't have any

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regular work pattern. I'm not a workaholic, although I wish I were. It's easier to write songs to order than for myself. 'My Attorney, Bernie' was written for a friend who was celebrating twenty-five years as a lawyer. 'Listen Here' was done for Mary Tyler Moore. 'Dodger Blue' was written for the Dodgers, and tears came down Walt Alston's cheeks when he heard it. I'll write a song a month in a hot year, and four or five songs in a cold year. I work at the piano, and I start with the title. Then I think of a lyric premise that will fit the title. I try to figure out how the song will end, where the payoff—which is generally near the end—will be. The music comes along with the lyrics. I design the music as best I can to make the words happen. They have to be presented, they have to be understood. You can't do this if people are bored by the music. If you put a two-chord melody to one of my songs, it would sound terrible. Often the comedy element in my songs is pointed up by the melody. I set 'Van Lingle Mungo' to a romantic, Brazilian-type tune, and I think the contrast is what makes the song funny. When I sing, I want the audience to understand every syllable. Hoagy Carmichael heard me do some of his songs once, and he told me, 'You don't have a real good voice, but I understood every word.'

"I admire Frank Loesser and Yip Harburg and Johnny Mercer as much as I admire anyone. Leonard Bernstein is a wonderful songwriter—the songs in 'West Side Story' are triumphant. And Stephen Sondheim must be a very proud guy. Hal David is a terrific lyricist. When he first heard that quirky, fearless Burt Bacharach music, he must have reeled. Cole Porter and Larry Hart were playing with language, it seems to me. Mercer and Loesser were working on meaning, on communicating. They knew that good lyrics don't sound like poems. They knew that good lyrics should be literate speech that says something in a lyrical way. They knew that good lyrics come up to the edge of poetry and turn left."—WHITNEY BALLIETT

As usual, returning "home" to New York from my home in Paris plunges me into a serious, if temporary, identity crisis. (Yes, Thomas Mann, you can go home again, as long as you call it by another name. But try to find that name.)—Joan Z. Shore in the *International Herald Tribune*.

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Speaking of Marriage

THE production of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" that has arrived at the Circle in the Square is an amiable revival of a play that Shaw himself regarded as a literary indiscretion, committed at the beginning of his very long career as a dramatist. In it he was attempting to combine mockery of the kind of theatre then popular in London with the polemics that he was finding as easy to practice on a stage, at somebody else's expense, as on a soapbox, without pay, at Hyde Park Corner. To Shaw's astonishment, the play endured—not least because there are so many short, attractive roles in it for actors capable of speaking Shavian English with grace and force. (Shavian English is the elegant language of a man of ge-

nus who wasn't English.) Several of the members of the cast of the Circle in the Square production are capable of speaking their lines in a fashion that makes them pleasurable rather than just bearable; it would be a pity to miss their performances.

The hero of the play is a young man of high intelligence and little practical knowledge of the world who believes himself to be coolly scientific in his approach to love but is in fact a hot-blooded romantic, helpless not to abase himself at the feet of bewitching, predatory womankind. He has not a penny in the world and scorns the prudence of those who do. He has twice failed as a physician, because he told his patients the truth instead of what they wished to hear, and has now set him-

self up as a cheap, "five-shilling" dentist in a seaside resort, where, after six weeks of ardent waiting and at the mercy of a grasping landlord, he has yet to acquire a single patient. To his office on a fine morning in the summer of 1896 come, in rapid succession, a pretty, saucy girl of eighteen; her equally saucy twin brother; their "advanced" mother (author of many manuals of sociological instruction addressing the needs of the imminent twentieth century); their exquisite, high-minded sister, with whom the dentist falls instantly in love; and the landlord, ill-tempered and yet longing for affection. Within a few hours, a variety of collisions have taken place among the group, to the members of which Shaw adds a gruff old family friend, an all-wise hotel waiter, and the waiter's son, who has slipped upward through the loosening interstices of the British class system to become a queen's counsel. The collisions provide Shaw with the opportunity to ride the hobbyhorses that would preoccupy him throughout his life, and that by now have achieved the sorry quaintness of discarded toys; what was once provocative has become mildly tiresome, with the result that contemporary actors have a far heavier burden to bear than did the actors for whom Shaw wrote. Fortunately, Victor Garber is brilliant as the dentist, Lise Hilboldt is admirable as the young woman he is pursued by even as he believes himself to be the pursuer, Philip Bosco is amusing as the waiter, Stefan Gierasch, as the landlord, threatens to give a trifle a good name, and Stephen McHattie brings to his role as the upwardly mobile Q.C. the "absolute tremendousness" that Shaw's stage directions call for. Uta Hagen is curiously muted as the revolutionary author; we want a Lady Macbeth, not a Mother Machree. John

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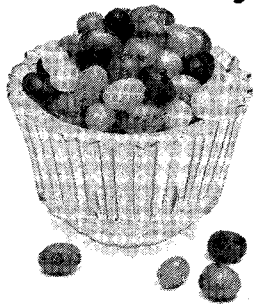
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David Cullum and Gordon Sterne bring the necessary charm to their roles as brother and family friend, but Amanda Plummer is miscast as the saucy eighteen-year-old; Shaw describes her as "this darling little creature," but Miss Plummer chooses to play her as a calculating shrew, with a harsh voice and an odd assortment of accents.

The configuration of the stage at the Circle in the Square is always at war with a set designer, no matter how resourceful he may be. Thomas Lynch has hung a skeletal suggestion of a Brighton-like pavilion from the flies and has painted the stage floor in shades of blue, representing—unconvincingly, by my strict marine standards—the Atlantic Ocean. The director, Stephen Porter, has kept the action of the play tidy, respecting Shaw but not illuminating him. That task Mr. Garber carries out with quite astonishing finesse; again and again, he enables us to glimpse the author himself inside the role of the bewildered hero. In 1896, the penniless Shaw was preparing to surrender his vaunted independence and marry what he called his "Irish millionairess," Charlotte Payne-Townshend, and many of the lines that he gives his hard-pressed dentist he must already have tried out upon his fiancée, including the waiter's valedictory remarks to the entrapped hero: "Cheer up, sir, cheer up: every man is frightened of marriage when it comes to the point; but it often turns out very comfortable, very enjoyable and happy indeed, sir—from time to time." —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

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"GROUCHO," at the Lucille Lortel, is much better than I expected it to be. I expected the worst—more imitations of great stars by not great actors—but this "life in revue," by Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher, starts out as merely acceptable and grows more and more authentic (and funnier) as the evening wears on. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation of the articulate Marx brother becomes a full-bodied performance, with only occasional slippage in that incomparable accent. Les Marsden, doubling as two other brothers, does pretty well as Chico and catches to perfection Harpo's delicate, poetic clowning and mien and humor. The show opens with Groucho in his eighties, frail and gray and wearing a



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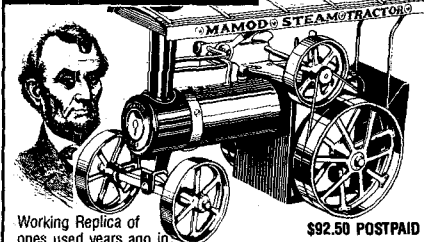
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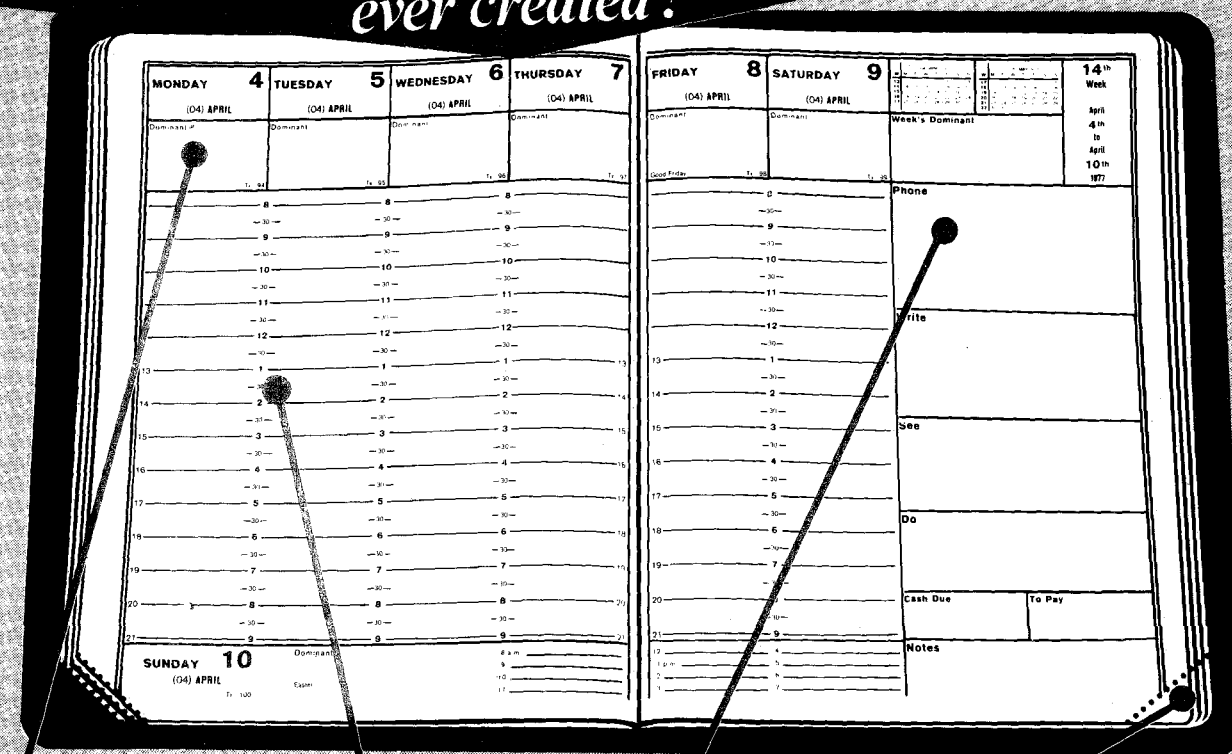
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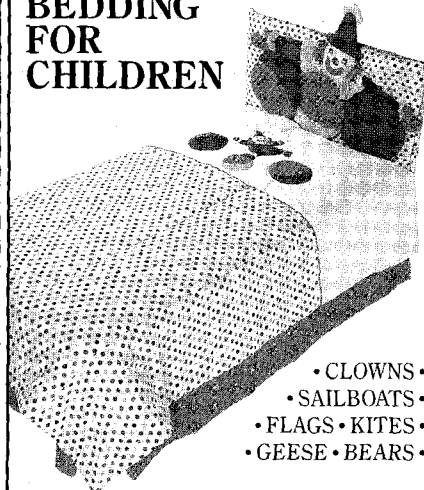


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beret, welcoming an audience to Carnegie Hall, and then moves via flashback to when the brothers were boys, and proceeds, scene by scene, from early vaudeville to Broadway musicals, to movies, to Groucho's radio quiz show. The comedy is Marx Brothers comedy, the jokes are Marx Brothers jokes, and all of it brings them back to us: Groucho insulting first Margaret Dumont and later the contestants on his radio show (Miss Dumont, along with the other women in Groucho's life, is very well acted by Faith Prince); Harpo standing still, his face that of an angel as table silver streams out of his sleeves, or sitting at his harp, rapt, as he fools with the strings and then strokes them; Chico explaining that he has just lost his money at cards but in the doing has got a new booking for all of them, or tinkling away at the piano and then suddenly making music. It is, of course, Groucho, comedian and humorist, acting as narrator throughout, who runs this show, as he ran his own. Although I've described him as the articulate Marx brother, he is as inarticulate as all funnymen are when he tries to express the sadness and remorse that run through his own life; he talks of his three failed marriages, of his ambition to be on his own (which eventually broke up the act), of his neglecting to let Chico and Harpo know how much he loved them. There is, by the way, a perfectly dreadful scene of Groucho being interviewed by a young woman, which could easily be clipped. This melancholy strain never dominates the show; there is more laughter than sorrow. Arthur Marx was the ingenious director. The good setting, by Michael Hotopp, was lighted by Richard Winkler.

THE enterprising Pan Asian Rep, at Playhouse 46, opens its season with a satirical comedy from contemporary China—"The Impostor," by Sha Yexin, Li Shoucheng, and Yao Mingde, which apparently caused some consternation in the land of its origin. The protagonist is a devious, clever, infinitely attractive young man who passes himself off as the son of one of the heroes of the revolution in order to get himself transferred from a collective farm so that he can return to Peking and the girl he wants to marry. (We first meet him, incidentally, as he is wangling a ticket to a production of "The Inspector General"—in case any audience ribs need poking.) In the course of the action, he climbs into the

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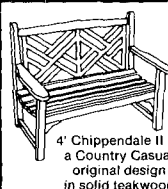
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world of susceptible, corrupt Party functionaries, and he almost gets away with his scheme. Not quite, unfortunately; he is foiled by a visit by that revolutionary hero, who delivers a grave lecture on corruption. The acting, under Ron Nakahara's direction, is appropriately broad and farcical. The young hero is acted by the clever, infinitely attractive Keenan Shimizu. There is also a fine performance by Donald Li, as the drunken, disillusioned manager of the collective farm.

JOHN PATRICK SHANLEY's "the dreamer examines his pillow" (the lowercase title doesn't mean much of anything), at the Double Image, was first produced last year, as a staged reading at the O'Neill Playwrights Conference, where I work as a kind of adviser. If Mr. Shanley has made any changes in his script, I failed to detect them. The play is composed of three conversations in three scenes. The first conversation is between two lovers, Donna (Anne O'Sullivan) and Tommy (Scott Renderer), who broke up some time ago but are obviously still deeply attracted to each other. She enters his basement room in a rage, because she has heard that he is sleeping with her teen-aged sister, and tries to make him promise to quit, which he refuses to do. The second is between Donna and her father (Graham Beckel), whom she visits to demand that he beat Tommy up. The father, a painter who has done nothing but sit and drink since the death of his wife, is a complex, combative, and very funny character; he is in no mood to be drafted as an indignant parent, but changes his mind after an emotional and affecting scene with Donna. The third is between the father and Tommy, and it is full of surprises. Mr. Shanley is a born playwright, if not a born self-disciplinarian. Too many patches of guff get in the way of his strong, often witty lines; his seriousness may be suspect, but there is no question about his sharp, original humor. The performance is satisfactory. The setting of the two rooms, in the Bronx, was designed by Adrienne Lobel and lighted by James F. Ingalls.

—EDITH OLIVER

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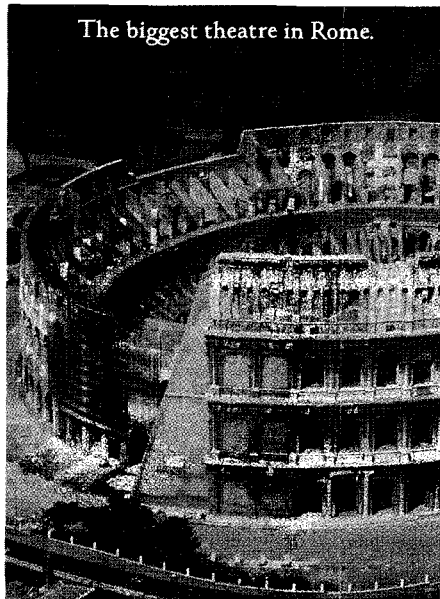
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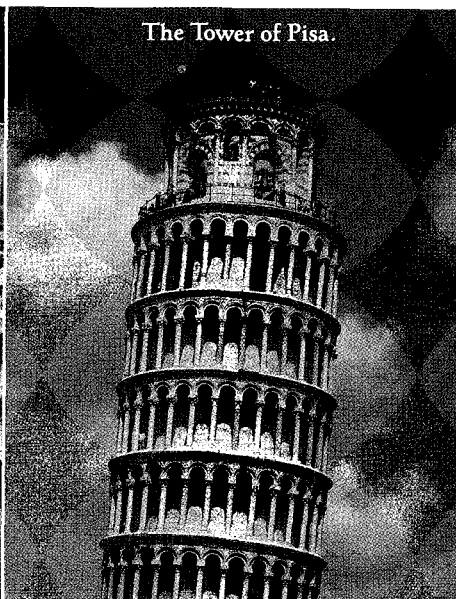


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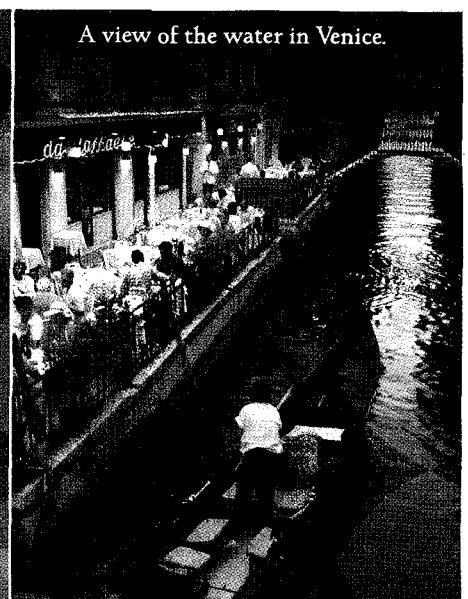
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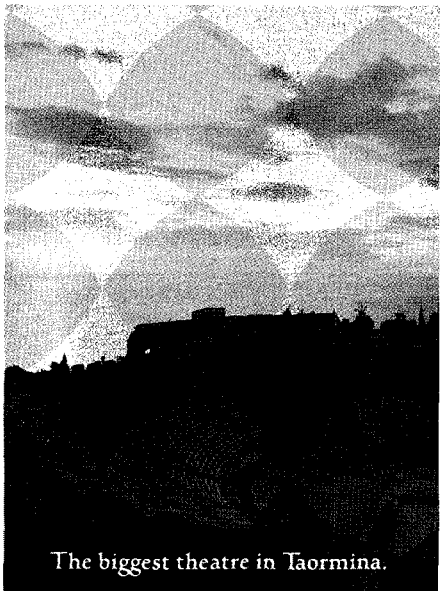
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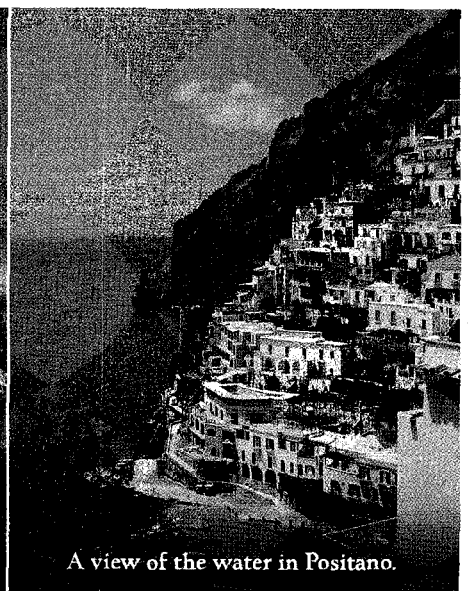
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Old and New

MOST big opera companies and many small ones perform "Der Ring des Nibelungen" quite often, but in recent years the Seattle Opera has been the only American company to do so. The handsome San Francisco Opera "Ring," completed last year, was played thrice and then shelved until 1990. The Metropolitan Opera's last "Ring," begun in 1967 with a "Walküre" conducted and directed by Herbert von Karajan, was completed only in 1975, when Sixten Ehrling conducted three cycles, and the full cycle has never been revived. The 1986-87 Met season has begun, however, with a "Walküre" planned as the start of a new "Ring." "Das Rheingold" and "Siegfried" are due next season, "Götterdämmerung" and then full cycles in 1988-89. The conductor is James Levine, the director Otto Schenk, the designer Günther Schneider-Siemssen—the team whose 1978 "Tannhäuser" broke new ground by employing the technical resources of the modern theatre in a straightforward, unfancified, unglossed representation of the work according to Wagner's prescriptions. Scenically, the new "Walküre" is conceived in the same spirit. Acts I and II are built to designs in the vein of Max Brückner, Cosima Wagner's designer for the 1896 Bayreuth "Ring." Although they do not observe the stage directions quite literally (one wall of the first scene is a rock face, apter to Mime's cave than to Hunding's homestead), they suggest dioramas in the Bayreuth museum enlarged. Since the "Walküre" of Covent Garden's postwar "Ring"s, staged in Gabriel Volckoff's pre-

war scenery, this is the first I have seen in which in Act I a great door flies open to reveal a moonlit forest. Act III, the important, recurrent scene of the Valkyrie Rock, is in a slightly more modern style and bears the stamp of Adolphe Appia's and Emil Preterorius's influential designs for the scene. But Mr. Schneider-Siemssen's crags and crevasses, lichens and pine limbs are more naturalistically rendered than theirs were. It is not beautiful scenery, like John Conklin's for the San Francisco "Ring" (which is based on Caspar David Friedrich and Karl Friedrich Schinkel), but it is bolder and more consistent in its historicism than that of any other of the professedly romantic, back-to-Wagner "Ring"s around. Most of those have compromised, not dared to step confidently backward into an "authenticity"

—tempered, in some respects even enhanced, by modern practicalities—of the kind that in the concert hall has brought new freshness to the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven.

There are compromises in the Met "Walküre," too. They affect the costumes (by Rolf Langenfass), the lighting (by Gil Wechsler), the staging, the acting. Wotan wears not a winged helmet but something between a slim coronet and a jewelled sweatband. Brünnhilde wears gilded boots and a short, flimsy skirt. The Valkyries—galumphing great girls—expose an unseemly expanse of garter and thigh. The costuming contradicts the sets. So does the lighting when bright follow-spot circles traverse the illusionistic surfaces or obviously machine-driven clouds scud frenziedly across the backcloth. And in the staging many of the modern "Ring" clichés—the new traditions—are perpetuated, in defiance of Wagner's specific stage directions. The

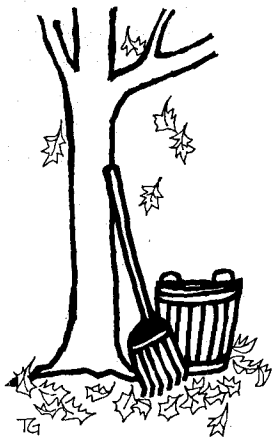


"I'm about to experience the totality of who I am!"

long, difficult bedtime pantomime à trois—fifty-eight slow bars accompanied by significant looks—is simplified by Hunding's going out into the garden for a moment before retiring. Sieglinde gives a great scream, unwritten by Wagner, when Siegmund draws the sword from the tree. At the end of the act, the lovers are not just embracing but coupling on the ground when the curtain falls. In Act II, Brünnhilde hugs Siegmund at the end of the Annunciation of Death scene. The sword does not shatter on the spear. Siegmund dies in Wotan's arms—a sentimental touch introduced, I think, by Patrice Chéreau, and much copied. And the new Bayreuth craze for kneeling, indulged freely in Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's "Tristan" and Peter Hall's "Ring," is carried to extremes. Most of "Winterstürme" and "Du bist der Lenz," the siblings' dialogue in Act II, Siegmund's share of the Annunciation of Death, even Sieglinde's "O hehrstes Wunder" and Wotan's Farewell are sung kneeling. It's a useful way of anchoring possibly restless singers, but it dulls the stage pictures.

So there is disparity between the old-style, monumental sets and what happens in them. It will take time, thought, and courage to reforge an "old-style," dignified, yet vivid enactment of the drama. This "Walküre," promising in many ways, lacked any confident, committed character, and the individual singers could not invest the drama with the majesty and significance that Kirsten Flagstad, the Konetzni sisters, Hans Hotter brought to similarly "neutral" stagings. The singers—two for each principal role, shuffled in various dispositions—are for the most part from today's standard "Ring" circuit: veterans of Götz Friedrich, Chéreau, Hall productions, drilled to be obedient enactors of a strong director's will. I saw the third and fourth performances. Jeannine Altmeyer's Sieglinde lacked the quick spontaneity of her Freia for Karajan and Friedrich, her Sieglinde for Chéreau. A Lotte Lehmann pupil, Miss Altmeyer should perhaps again listen to and learn from Lehmann's recording. Johanna Meier, her alternate, acted more impulsively but sang unsteadily. Peter Hofmann's Siegmund

was, as ever, keenly played and verbally incisive, and I caught him in somewhat better vocal form than usual. Timothy Jenkins' first Siegmund was promising—there's a voice there—but unpolished, and sometimes errant in pitch. It was unwise of him—for he is bulky—to essay Mr. Hofmann's bright, boyish movements. Aage Haugland, at both performances, was a formidable and vocally splendid Hunding—the only member of the casts fully acceptable to exigent Wagnerian ears.



Hildegard Behrens is hardly a Brünnhilde. She gets through the role, and gets away with it, because she is an intelligent, intrepid, vital artist. But she cannot sing it properly—effortlessly fill the glorious phrases, hold lines evenly. There is no predicting whether the notes will wobble, fade, or—as sometimes they do—shine forth excitingly. Her modern, energetic approach proved unhappy in

these traditional sets; too often one saw a grown woman prancing about like a coltish schoolgirl. At the fourth performance, Miss Altmeyer began the role, but she was unwell, and Miss Behrens took over in Act III. The Met "Ring" is to be recorded by Deutsche Grammophon with James Morris as its Wotan. Onstage, there were Simon Estes and then Donald McIntyre. Mr. Estes was strangely blank. His voice pours out tirelessly, powerful and gleaming, but the words and the phrases seemed to mean little. Mr. McIntyre has never been an imposing Wotan, but, veteran of many "Ring"s, he is a reliable one. Brigitte Fassbaender chose to make Fricka sound more like a common scold than like an offended goddess. For the Valkyries, a new young team, all but one of them making Met debuts, had been engaged, led by Eleanor Bergquist's Gerhilde and Marita Napier's Helmwig. They were a lively but not always well-tuned posse. In the absence of horses, they were called on to play riders and horses in one—were set to trot and gallop around the stage. The orchestra played well: warm, full string tone (with some richly emotional portamento); eloquent woodwinds; brass sometimes a shade bright, perhaps not roundly "German;" admirable balance. Mr. Levine's

conducting was broad but ardent. The flow was on occasion almost too steady, not swiftly enough responsive to the constant small eddies of the drama or to the singers' particular, on-the-night inflections.

This "Walküre" promises a "Ring" in which all the attention is thrown onto the artists. They must engage and surprise us with excellence of understanding and execution. They receive no help from—the audience is undistracted by—any novel directorial "concept." The scenery makes no new "statements." Wagner's opera is presented, not commented on or elaborately annotated. His own symbolism, for the most part, is retained. It is a brave undertaking, and one wishes it well.

CIO-CIO-SAN, the heroine of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," was the role of Renata Scotto's Covent Garden début, in 1962, and of her Met début, three years later. She became the leading interpreter of the part, and recorded it twice, in 1967 and 1978. In her autobiography ("Scotto: More Than a Diva," published by Doubleday), she expresses impatience with the impresarios who wished to engage her, season after season, in just the handful of roles for which she was celebrated. She struck out into territory usually occupied by singers with heavier voices than hers. But she has not abandoned Butterfly, and this season at the Met she is singing it again, in a production she herself has staged. It's a remarkable interpretation.

Although "Butterfly" has never left the bills—the performance I attended was the four-hundred-and-forty-eighth by the company—in recent years it has come to new prominence in productions wherein passages from Puccini's first, second, and third versions of the opera are reinstated. Those were dramas sharper, more critical, and more interesting than that of the familiar, "standard" fourth version, which was prepared in Paris in 1906 by Albert Carré, the director of the Opéra-Comique. Carré cut episodes that might disturb his family audience or that lay beyond the powers of his wife, who took the title role; the composer acquiesced in the publication of a surefire, performer-proof version—less adventurous but easier to bring off than the work ("the most modern of my operas") that he had originally composed. Directors intent on desentimentalizing "Butterfly" have added

more than just the extra episodes. It has become common for Butterfly in Act II to don Western dress; her child has clutched a Coca-Cola bottle; in the English National Opera production, main-stage scenes of veristic squalor are contrasted with unreal "dream events" enacted on an upper level by mimes. And the japonaiserie charm of the opera—part of its appeal, as it is part of the appeal of "The Mikado"—has often been lost.

At the Met, Miss Scotto retains the standard text, and she retains the 1958 scenery, by Motohiro Nagasaka, which is still fresh-looking—a little gaudy, perhaps, a little arty in its Japanese-screen framing, but basically sound. (It could be more romantically lit.) Working within the prescriptions of the piece, not against them, with strong, subtle touches she manages to re-create aspects of the character which Carré removed and which modish directors reinstate with crude over-emphasis. She does not get into jeans or a skirt to indicate that Mme. Butterfly has become Mrs. B. F. Pinkerton: one well-judged Western handshake with the American Consul is enough. In the original love duet, Butterfly confesses to Pinkerton that with mixed feelings she had contemplated temporary marriage to an American, a "wasp" ("una vespa"), but that love has now replaced calculation. The passage was cut in Paris and is missing at the Met, but the sense of it is felt in Miss Scotto's performance. She is no silly, infatuated little geisha but a girl—fifteen in Act I, eighteen in Act II—made prematurely wise by the world, and only half blinded by love to a truth she dare not admit. Her "Un bel di" is a protesting too much. Her interruptions of the Consul's letter reading are not foolish, pretty prattle but a desperate postponing of the news she fears the letter must contain. Hope will not die. It flares up to prompt the flower duet. This Butterfly is a divided character—hoping against hope until the appearance of Kate Pinkerton ends all attempts at self-delusion—and a more interesting, intricate heroine than usual. To objections that Miss Scotto is reading more into "Butterfly" than the familiar score warrants, it can be answered, first, that the earlier versions support her interpretation and, second, that she achieves it without distortion of that score.

If it were twenty years ago, one would urge Miss Scotto to reconsider the edition and revive her production

with the reinstatement of some earlier passages: that missing section of the love duet; Butterfly's song to her child before the vigil; the exchange in which gently, with dignity, she refuses the payoff money Pinkerton has left with the Consul; the sad old song that runs in her head before the suicide scene; the missing sections of the final aria. They would support and enhance her conception of the role. I wish she had recorded them when she was in her vocal prime. Perhaps in a recording studio she could still manage them memorably. But in the theatre even the abridged role, as trimmed for Marguerite Carré, takes Miss Scotto to the limits of, sometimes beyond, her vocal resources. High notes that need to be sustained in full voice were not sustained but oscillatory. The climaxes of the entrance aria and "Un bel di" were painful. The voice could not bear any pressure. On the other hand, soft passages, confidences, intimate exchanges were delicately and truly uttered. "Words shape everything," a chapter in Miss Scotto's autobiography begins. "It is the words that shape the voice and color its sound." The words were tellingly used. Her acting style was controlled—simpler, less mannered, than it has sometimes been. It was a performance more studied than spontaneous, but expertly and sensitively studied. And in these days when young singers are often content to abnegate interpretative responsibility, leaving that to directors and conductors, it is good to encounter an artist with a mind of her own and high artistic ambition, still able to bring fresh insights to a familiar role—even if she can no longer sing it securely.

"Butterfly" is almost a monodrama, and was more nearly one than ever in this performance. The Pinkerton, Vasile Moldoveanu, sang cleanly and agreeably, without forcing; he acted when others were singing, but when he sang he stood and looked at the conductor. Leo Nucci's Consul and Claudia Catania's Suzuki were ciphers. Nello Santi conducted as an able routineer. It was far from being a model performance. Yet there was much about it to admire.

—ANDREW PORTER

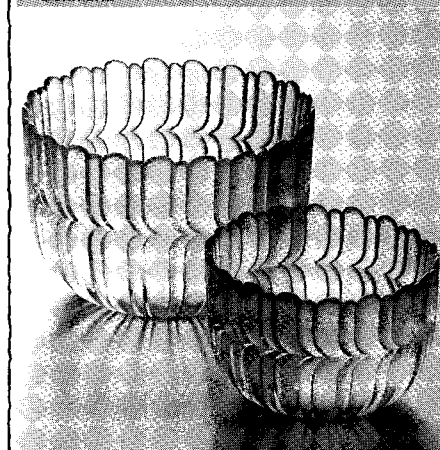
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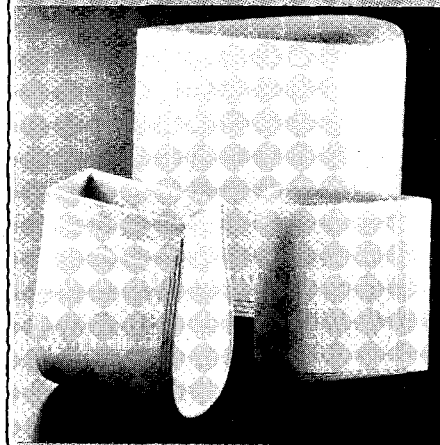
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quests for America

DAVID BYRNE's "True Stories" is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. It has been synthesized from streets and buildings in and around Dallas, and from studio-built sets. Most of the characters and events are based on people Byrne heard about or on news items he collected from sources as disparate as the *Times* and the tabloids that are found in supermarkets. These people—the bachelor (John Goodman) who has a "Wife Wanted" sign on his lawn, the rich woman (Swoosie Kurtz) who's so lazy that she doesn't get out of bed, the contentedly married civic leaders (Annie McEnroe and Spalding Gray) who haven't spoken to each other in about fifteen years, the kook (Jo Harvey Allen) who tells lies that put her in the middle of the most famous scandals of her time, the Hispanic worker (Tito Larriva) who thinks of his head as a radio transmitter-receiver, the plump, lisping woman (Alix Elias) who dresses in pink frills and wants everything to be cute as a puppy—are defined by their eccentricities, but they're also normal, everyday Americans. They're the kind of people who sit next to each other on the assembly line at the microchip plant or at a revival meeting; they walk by each other at the shopping mall, and they're all preparing for the big day coming up when they will take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial. As Byrne, the narrator and observer, drives into the broad main street of this prairie town, he passes by the decorations for "1836-1986: Celebration of Specialness."

Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A. And as the characters interact in the days leading up to the big event you begin to get a sense of the community. It takes a while, though—a half hour or so—before you tune in to Byrne's deadpan presentations of the people and the setting. During these introductions, I thought he had come a cropper. His remarks to us presuppose our response, but it's only after his first

throwaway gag lines are over that you get a sense of where the laughs should have come. So there's a feeling of discomfort in the audience. As a director, Byrne doesn't seem to have the timing for comedy, and his manner as narrator—his wide-eyed, immaculate blandness—doesn't cue us in. The imagery is calm and elegant, though. Working



with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen—a respect for pared-down plainness, and an eye for how to place objects in the frame arrestingly, so that we always have something satisfying to look at. There are simple, rhapsodic images, like the sight of a string of 4-H Club kids in a field, in their bright-green T-shirts, moving in rhythm to the song "Hey Now." And there's a shot of the narrator's red convertible crossing the screen as smoothly as a toy car in a dream. The film is one superbly lighted frame after another in a relaxed, controlled pattern. And pretty soon the characters themselves begin to engage us—especially John Goodman as the big, friendly Louis Fyne, who wants a wife but describes himself as maintaining "a very constant panda-bear shape" and lacking the magical element that would make a woman love him. Louis is like the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Cowardly Lion: he needs a wizard to do a little hocus-pocus for him. But he has the outgoingness to bring the picture partway to life. It may be Byrne's smartest move to have Louis and the narrator become pals, because their brief scenes together draw us in; the narrator's liking Louis makes it easier for us to accept the narrator himself. And the narrator is a good foil for Louis; he plays straight man to Louis and everyone else.

Aesthete and all-around multimedia artist, David Byrne, the singer and songwriter of Talking Heads, looks as if his feet had never touched earth; he may be the most distanced and the shiest of all the moviemakers who in the post-Vietnam years have gone on a quest for America. Wearing a black cowboy hat and a narrow-cut dark-green Western suit with a white shirt,

Byrne as narrator materializes on a flat, bare landscape where—an image that seems intended to resonate more than it does—a little girl is playing on a road that disappears into the horizon. He's in the America of this movie but not of it. (He's like the mystical Stranger who has sometimes appeared in British plays and movies.) In his polite, formal, and slightly ghostly matter-of-fact way, Byrne is trying for something large-scale: a postmodern "Nashville." And when you get the hang of the movie you see that his unworldly persona as narrator is of a piece with his vision. Altman's "Nashville" is imbued with consciousness of Vietnam and with the horror of the assassinations. "True Stories" stays clear of heated subjects; sex and politics (and even memories) are outside its design. Byrne is interested in American banality: in consumerism, in the manners and mores of the mall, where fashion shows are staged and miming contests are held to see who is best at lip-synching to records. (Miming is so popular it has spilled over from night clubs.) Byrne is interested in the paradox of "specialness" represented by twins—special because they come in pairs. They can be seen wandering around in the backgrounds.

Although Byrne worked closely with Jonathan Demme in 1984 on the triumphant Talking Heads-in-concert film, "Stop Making Sense," and has directed several Heads videos, this is his first feature as a director. He attempts to organize the movie by a structure that owes as much to music as to traditional storytelling; it's risky and unconventional, and in general he brings it off. (He commits only one small visual barbarism: when he appears disguised by a dark mustache, he moves the camera in for a closeup, so that we won't fail to spot him.) "True Stories" wobbles between security and insecurity as the stories begin to mesh and the thematic-narrative logic becomes clear. Some of the performers break through Byrne's measured, clean restraint. Jo Harvey Allen's intensity gives her scenes a gleam of nuttiness. This lying woman's concentration on her whoppers has rage and abandon behind it; it's as if she were a composite of the fierce crackpots and fantasists who read the scandal sheets. And radio-head Tito Larriva's high-speed dancing has a comic dazzle. But the more normal eccentrics—the tame, peaceable ones—are duds,

with less appeal than they might have in a Demme film or a film directed by Michael Ritchie. There's no comic payoff to Spalding Gray's scenes as the upper-middle-class husband who talks to his wife via their two children, and the rapidly-becoming-legendary Swoosie Kurtz, confined to bed because the rich woman she plays can't think of any reason to get up, can't think of much to do with her role. The script, by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky, seems like a sly, tidy piece of work, but it flattens out the more normal crazies; the actors aren't provided with the kickers they need to point up their roles. The only one of the gentle characters who seems "special" is John Goodman's big, warm Louis the bear; he's the star of the movie, and he gets to sing the film's anthem, "People Like Us," in the one sequence that's really built up to. The song works in the movie, but what is Byrne saying in the words? "People like us/We're gonna make it because/We don't want freedom/We don't want justice/We just want someone to love." Is that meant as a parody of the woozy-mindedness of pop lyrics, or is it a preppy's observation about what "ordinary" people like Louis want? It may be both. (The nine songs by Byrne are conceived as rock or country, Tex-Mex or gospel, depending on which character sings them. The Heads provide the instrumental work, and can be heard now and then on the words; it's their voices that the lip-synchers weave and sway to.)

What's disappointing about "True Stories" is that Byrne's unconventionality is purely aesthetic. He set out to make a very precisely assembled collage, and the result suggests a mandarin's view of the Southwest. As the narrator, he shows his curiosity, but it's idle curiosity—he's looking for a droll subject and droll details. His view has no thrust, no subversion. It's as innocent as something made out of paper dolls. Is there a deep-rooted primness in Byrne, or is he so afraid of giving offense that he wouldn't let himself consider any seaminess or think any harsh thoughts about the characters—not even about the woman who has to make everything cute? His wanting to make everything odd yet benevolent is almost as limiting as cuteness. He sets up the material for satirical sequences—such as the fashion show with hugely fat, puppet-like models, with people dressed in

banana leaves, Astroturf, and tiered wedding cakes, and with others in cloth that simulates building bricks—yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. It's as if he refused to see any implications in what he shows us. His unacknowledged satire is like a soufflé that was never meant to rise.

In "Stop Making Sense," when Byrne is working with the other Talking Heads, he's able to let go and let the music take over and transport them, and we share in their exultation. That's what Altman was able to do in movie terms in "Nashville," and its zinging mixture of comedy, melancholy, and joyousness may waft back to you whenever you think of the picture. Byrne doesn't (yet) have that freedom as a moviemaker. The people in "True Stories" have no independent life; they're pinned to the screen—all except Roebuck (Pops) Staples, as the wizard who heals big Louis Fyne by magic. Dressed in white, chanting his spells, and dancing and singing, the patriarchal Staples (who's eighty) has a juicy richness about him, as if he'd strolled over from "Nashville." His

song "Papa Legba" seems to go on its own, and when he's onscreen a viewer can be completely happy.

Not many films invoke comparison with "Nashville." And not many new, young American directors invoke comparison with the best new directors at work now in England: Byrne, cool as he looks, may be right up there with them. "True Stories" has felicities that any director anywhere would be proud of. It's something to see, so that you can bask in its beauty and have your own complaints about it.

IT'S 1985, and Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, has recently separated from her high-school-sweetheart husband, who has been unfaithful to her. Distressed by her marital mess, she collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. She enters the old house where she used to live, and sees her mother (Barbara Harris), who looks young and lovely and is amused by the



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way Peggy Sue overreacts to her presence. It's likely to be a blessed moment whenever Barbara Harris appears on-screen, but this moment—in Coppola's "Peggy Sue Got Married"—is bathed in special poignancy. Our pleasure at seeing the actress again is all mixed up with Peggy Sue's feelings about having her young mother restored to her, and with our imaginings of what that might be like—perhaps our own longings for the mother we've lost. This scene and a few others touch deep nostalgic fantasies before the movie settles down to the question of whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should make the same choices that she made before. Will she marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated, and the one who got her pregnant on her eighteenth birthday—knowing that he won't go on to have the singing career he talks about, that he'll go into his father's business and turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King? There's never any doubt in our minds about what Peggy Sue will do, because, of course, if she doesn't marry Charlie her children will never be born.

Coppola doesn't bother much with the sci-fi aspects of the story; this is a dream movie, and it has a golden, romantic look. (Jordan Cronenweth was the cinematographer.) It has an emotional texture, too. After the hollow pyrotechnics of "One from the Heart," in 1982, "The Outsiders" and "Rumble Fish," in 1983, and "The Cotton Club," in 1984, Coppola seems to be trying to get back to something more solid, something that the audience can connect with. But he's picked the wrong screenplay. This first effort by the husband-and-wife team of Jerry Leichtling and Arlene Sarner may have appeared to have the makings of an audience pleaser, but the writers haven't shaped the scenes for comedy, or for anything else—the script skitters all over the place. The plot lacks the mechanical ingenuity of a "Back to the Future" (the scenes don't snap into place), yet the characters are almost as superficial. Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog, trying to direct the actors to bring something out of themselves when neither he nor anyone else knows what's wanted.

Kathleen Turner gives her role a good try, but she's miscast, or, rather,

it's an unwritten part—Peggy Sue doesn't exist except to worry about marrying the right man. And Turner looks self-conscious and embarrassed. She always seems to be doing something telegraphic—to be acting, acting. For most of the movie, she's supposed to be not quite eighteen, and she's trying to act young—one of the toughest things to do on camera. It's especially tough for her, because she's a womanly big woman poured into tight teen-age-schoolgirl dresses. I don't know why Coppola or the writers didn't slip in a few lines of dialogue to turn her height and fleshiness to a sexy, comic advantage. Couldn't her boyfriend have contrasted her with her petite-little-nothing schoolmates? The movie never acknowledges that she looks different from the other girls, and so we're acutely aware of it. (Turner is really good only when the joke is that Peggy Sue is much too experienced to put up with the behavior expected of her as a teen-ager.) Nicolas Cage isn't a facile actor; he works to get into his character, and he brings something touching and desperate to Charlie the small-town hot shot. But, matched with Turner's Peggy Sue, the raw-boned Charlie is uncouth and callow, and his voice is funny, as if Daffy Duck had crawled into his mouth and got his teeth jammed up.

Coppola's efforts recall something that the cinematographer-writer Tom McDonough said recently:

A haunted nostalgia, sometimes sentimental, sometimes irritable, accompanies most quests for America. Perhaps memory—the genuine article, myth-piercing memory on the order of Marguerite Duras's or Gabriel García Márquez's—is a more strenuous enterprise than spinning stools in the old soda shop. Perhaps the problem is that we don't really feel nostalgic anymore; we just feel empty. Maybe America's memory is MIA.

Coppola does some nifty soda-fountain-stool spinning here when Charlie sings in a pop quartet (and winks at Peggy Sue), but he's too much of a director to be satisfied by effects like that. You feel that he's trying for something more and can't find it. The picture asks if given another chance Peggy Sue would marry Charlie again, but the question underneath that is: Should she reconcile with him, or go ahead and get a divorce? And the picture answers it the way Hollywood movies used to, by showing us that as teen-agers Peggy Sue and Charlie were physically attracted to each other—as if that meant that they

were destined to live together forever, in the best of all possible worlds. I came away with the feeling that Coppola took on a piece of crap thinking he could do something with it, and when he discovered he couldn't it turned into sad crap. The tone at the end is maudlin and baffled.

LIKE Jim Jarmusch's 1984 "Stranger Than Paradise," his follow-up film "Down by Law" is a low-key, minimalist comedy about American anomie shot in black-and-white—this time by Robby Müller. The setting is the skid-row alleys of New Orleans, the hangouts of two harmless deadbeats—an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie) and an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—who become the victims of frameups and are sent to prison. Put in a cell together, they vegetate in hostile silence. They don't have the dignity of despair; they're passive and defeated, and we're meant to find their apathy (and the film's lingering over it) farcical in a hip, new manner. Everything changes when a little Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them. Roberto knows English only from the putdowns and slang phrases he has heard, and recorded in his notebook, but he misuses them comically, and he has such a hopeful expression that Jarmusch actually goes quite some distance on this, and on devices such as the little guy's getting hiccups. Jarmusch even yanks laughs by giving Lurie's pimp the name Jack and Waits's d.j. the name Zack and having Roberto get them mixed up. Jack and Zack seem interchangeable; they're so alike that they can't stand each other. But Roberto isn't anomic, like the Americans; he's a friendly, bighearted, life-loving fellow, and he tries to engage them in conversation. Pretty soon, the three of them are pals, grinning and talking together and playing cards. And soon this little life-force Italian devises a plan of escape.

The movie is like a comic reversal of those old Hollywood movies in which a high-spirited, enthusiastic American would show the dejected Europeans or Asians how to get something done. But the moviemaking itself shares in the lethargy of the two Americans, and that gives the film a cachet of modernism. (And something else does: we're meant to identify with them.) You can see Jarmusch's sentimentality peeping through. Before the arrests, Jack, at dawn, is in bed with a weary, rebellious black hooker (Billie

Neal), who's partly covered by a satin sheet. (Müller knows how to light the textures of skin and satin.) Then we see another hooker on the porch of the shack, blotting out her sordid life by watching the light change. Jarmusch might deny it, but that's socially conscious poetry sneaking into his formula minimalism. A lot of other things sneak in, too, such as Roberto's recitations of Whitman and Robert Frost, in Italian. The best scene in the movie is the least characteristic of Jarmusch: it comes almost at the start, when Ellen Barkin, as Zack's girlfriend, throws a tantrum, quiets down, then gets sore again, and—wham-wham-wham!—his possessions land in the street. That's the most active the movie ever gets. When the story cries out for an action (how the men escape from prison, how Roberto skins a rabbit without a knife, and so on), Jarmusch fades away. He seems interested in the look of the actual world, but not in the world itself.

Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor (like old Aunt Lotte, who gave "Stranger Than Paradise" a jolt). And without the boredom of the first three-quarters of an hour Roberto wouldn't be so funny. Jarmusch must know he needs to expand; there are limits to how much lethargy audiences will sit still for. About the only peripheral attraction here is the writing on the walls of the cell and on just about every other wall we see; it adds up to a staggering amount of humorless graffiti until Roberto draws a picture of a window. Maybe the writing was all done by Jack and Zack.

—PAULINE KAEI

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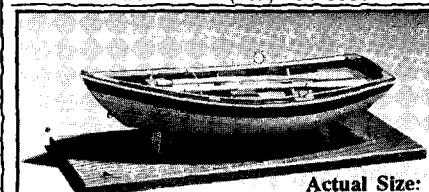
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The Ugly Duckling

IF all the formal works of, say, Emerson or Kierkegaard quite vanished, and only their journals remained, we would still have a good idea of their thought and sensibilities, and an adumbration of their achievements. In the case of, say, Edmund Wilson or Franz Kafka, the relative loss would be greater, but a fair sense of the man and the reach of his concerns and his imagination would remain. But in the case of Tolstoy, who kept a diary, off and on, from the age of eighteen to that of eighty-two and whose journals occupy thirteen volumes in the complete Russian edition, we would have hardly a clue to the generous-spirited, all-knowing author of "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Family Happiness," and "The Death of Ivan Ilyich." A reading through of the two-volume abridgment of "Tolstoy's Diaries" (edited and translated from the Russian by R. F. Christian; Scribners; \$60) is a claustrophobic experience, an intimate long sojourn with a mentality so morose and censorious, so puritanically perfectionist and dourly dissatisfied, that any significant creative achievement would seem to have been out of the question. The sunlight of Tol-

stoy's art scarcely penetrates into the monk's cell of his unrelenting moralism and self-scorn; the artist's thoroughly illumined world, with its characteristic Tolstoyan feel of simultaneous transparency and density, lies beyond the horizon of the diaries, which began as a schoolboy's notations on his strenuous self-improvement and ended as an old man's melancholy, oblique communications with his hysterical wife and an unseen host of more or less burdensome disciples. A note of unhealth sounds from beginning to end: the first entries were made in the Kazan University clinic, where the young law student was confined with a case of gonorrhea, and the last were scrawled on the internationally renowned sage's deathbed in the railroad depot at Astapovo, a few days after he had at last fled the conflicting claims of family and philosophy, of earthly existence and ideal goodness.

The Tolstoy we care most about, the man who between 1863 and 1877 wrote "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," kept his journal least assiduously. Again, in the eighteen-nineties, when he composed his third full-size novel, "Resurrection," there was a slacking-off as his literary en-

ergy was diverted elsewhere. The Tolstoy we might do with less of, the elderly prophet in baggy peasant shirt and forked white beard, who lived on and on into this uncongenial century, became quite attached to daily diary entries, and well over two-thirds of Mr. Christian's seven-hundred-page selection comes from the years between 1880 and 1910. The young Tolstoy, up to his marriage to Sonya Behrs, at the age of thirty-four, accounts for a hundred and sixty-five pages. He rather priggishly announces to himself at the outset, "I have never kept a diary before, because I could never see the benefit of it. But now that I am concerned with the development of my own faculties, I shall be able to judge from a diary the progress of that development." Finding odd moments between bouts of dissipation and soldiering, of European travel, estate management, and educational theory tested upon peasant children, he takes note of his toothaches and losses at cards (both prodigious) and even now and then of his considerable literary successes, which began with "Childhood," composed when he was twenty-three. He is a tireless compiler of lists of rules for himself—"Rules for

developing the physical will," "Rules for developing the emotional will," "Rules for subordinating to the will the feeling of love of gain," "Rules for developing lofty feelings and eliminating base ones, or, to put it another way, rules for developing the feeling of love and eliminating the feeling of self-love." His was an ego determined to concoct a superego as powerful as itself: "I am beginning to acquire physical will-power, but my mental will-power is still very weak. With patience and application I am sure that I shall achieve everything I want." His program for himself was infinitely ambitious: "What is the purpose of a man's life? Whatever the point of departure for my reasoning, whatever I take as its source, I always come to



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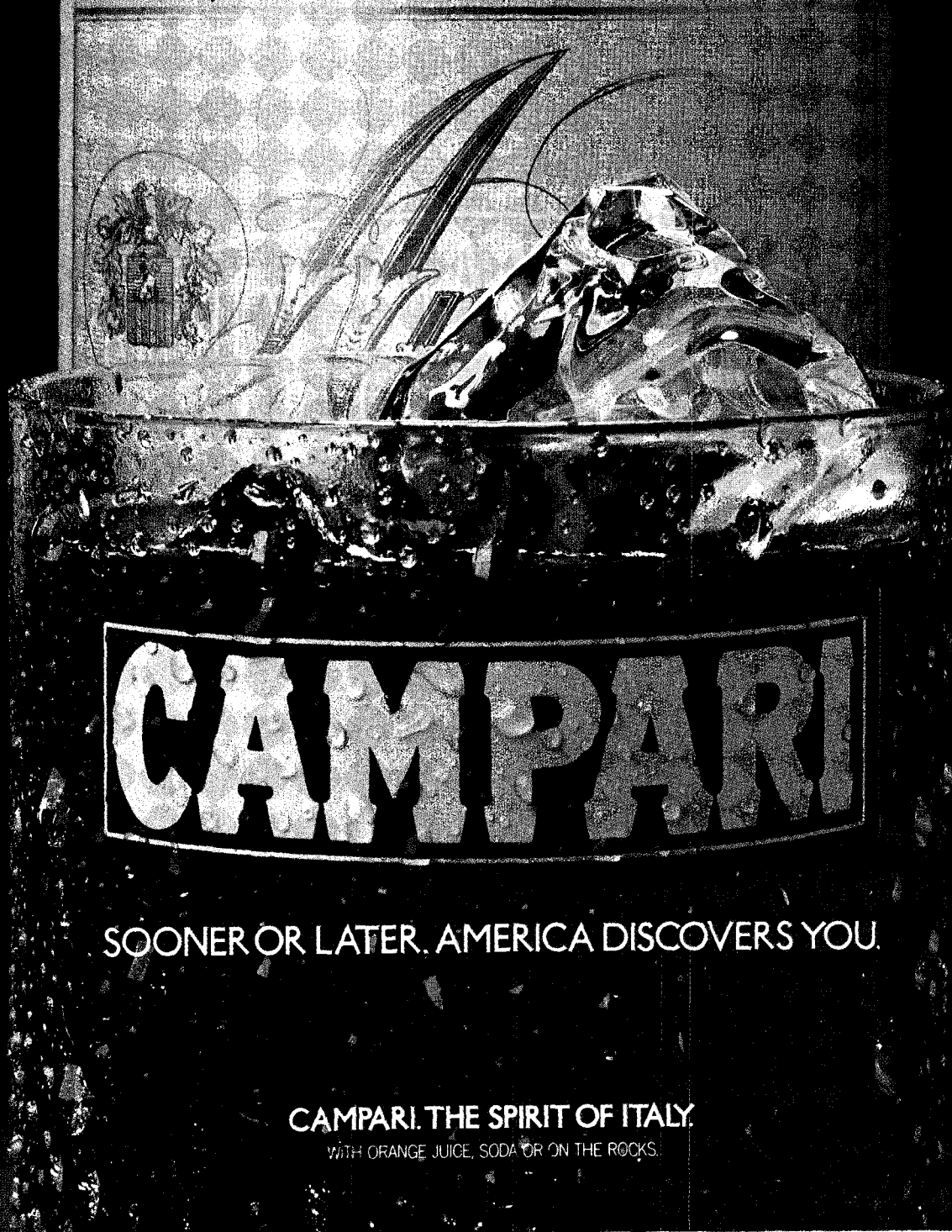
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the same conclusion: the purpose of a man's life is the furtherance in every possible way of the all-round development of everything that exists."

He never moderated that mighty sense of purpose. In these early pages he pays homage to Franklin and Rousseau and Sterne, and reminds us of how much Tolstoy himself remained rooted in the eighteenth century, a man of the Enlightenment to whom "man's primary faculty" is self-evidently "reason." We are also reminded that he was an orphan from the age of nine, left with no conscious memory of his mother, who died when he was not quite two, and with no very directive image of his father. Nicholas Tolstoy, a dandified playboy whose own father had bankrupted the family with such luxuries as sending his laundry across Europe to be washed in Holland, had married Leo's mother, Marya Volkonsky, as a way out of financial destitution; she was five years older than he and characterized in a contemporary letter as "an ugly old maid with bushy eyebrows." A shy, well-educated woman, she was the heiress to the rich estate of Yasnaya Polyana, which Leo, the youngest of four sons born to the couple, was eventually to inherit. Although "Childhood" should not be taken (as Tolstoy himself insisted) as a purely autobiographical document, the sketch of the father gives perhaps the emotional temperature of Nicholas's paternity: "He was a man of the preceding century and possessed the elusive nature blended of chivalry, initiative, self-confidence, amiability and rakishness characteristic of that century's youth. . . . His life was so full of all kinds of diversions that he had no time to form any convictions and, besides, he was so happy in life that he saw no necessity for it." Within a few years of his father's sudden death, of apoplexy, the child's affectionate grandmother and his Aunt Aline, his official guardian, both died; though the prosperous family matrix provided more aunts (notably his father's distant cousin Aunt Toinette) and tutors and servants to fill the void, Tolstoy's feeling, as recalled in "My Confession," was that "I was alone, wholly alone, in my search after goodness. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart to be morally good, I was met with contempt and ridicule, but as soon as I gave way to low passions, I was praised and encouraged." An unnamed "kind-hearted aunt" would tell him that "there was one thing above

all others which she wished for me—an intrigue with a married woman." Tolstoy states of this nurturing time, "I cannot now recall those years without a painful feeling of horror and loathing." For all of his life, and in crisis proportion for the last thirty years of it, he was to feel, as a journal entry of 1891 puts it, "depressed by the evil life of the gentry of which I'm a part." A year later, he wrote, "Even the people who are always with me—my children, my wife . . . In the midst of all these people I am alone, quite alone and isolated."

As alone as God, he created himself, and a clangor of resolve and self-rebuke rings through the early journals. "I'm tormented by the pettiness of my life . . . but I still have the strength to despise both myself and my life. There's something in me that makes me believe that I wasn't born to be the same as other people. . . . I am old—the time for development has passed, or is passing; but I'm still tormented by thirst . . . not for fame—I don't want fame and I despise it—but to have a big influence on people's happiness and usefulness." The vagueness and largeness of "people" perhaps compensate for something more tactile, a social deficiency that Tolstoy describes as "my inability to get on with people." He asks, "Why are all people—not only those whom I don't like or respect and who are of a different bent from me, but all people without exception—noticeably ill at ease with me? I must be a difficult, unbearable person." The next year, at the age of twenty-four, he asks his journal, "Why does nobody love me? I'm not a fool, not deformed, not an evil man, not an ignoramus. It's incomprehensible." And the next year, a soldier now, he asks, "What am I?" and answers:

One of four sons of a retired lieutenant-colonel, left an orphan at seven years of age [nine, really] in the care of women and strangers, having received neither a social nor an academic education and becoming my own master at the age of seventeen, without a large fortune, without any social position . . . without patrons, without the ability to live in society, without knowledge of the service, without practical talents—but with enormous self-love! . . . I am ugly, awkward, untidy and socially uneducated. I am irritable, boring to other people, immodest, intolerant and bashful as a child. I am almost an ignoramus. . . . I am intemperate, irresolute, inconstant, stupidly vain and passionate like all people who lack character. I am not brave.

In fact he was brave, and had citations to prove it, and if an ignoramus one

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who read widely all his life, not only in Russian and the foreign languages expectable among the aristocracy (French, German, and English) but in, as occasion demanded, Dutch, Italian, Latin, and Greek. Ugliness is a self-accusation hard to pin down for counterargument. Henri Troyat, in his biography of Tolstoy, does not give a source for his affecting word-picture of "little Leo" as he, having admired his face disguised with a turban and a burnt-cork mustache, became grieved to see that "when his make-up was washed off again there was the same old baby face, with its shapeless nose and thick lips and little gray eyes. A big, fat boy, a 'patapouf,' like Papa said." A few years later, according to Troyat, "he had hoped his features would improve with time, but at nine, at ten, he still had his cauliflower nose and little steely eyes set deep in their sockets." The hero of "Childhood," it seems safe to presume, speaks for "little Leo" when he confesses, "I thought there would be no happiness on this earth for someone with such a broad nose, thick lips and small gray eyes as mine. I prayed to God for a miracle that would transform me into a handsome man, and I would have given all I had and all I might ever have in the future for a handsome face." In the youthful photographs, he looks as handsome as most, and the face from "Childhood" that we remember is this one, after the hero, made bold by a little champagne, has energetically danced with the lovely little Sonya:

Passing through Grandmother's boudoir I glanced at myself in the mirror: my face was bathed in sweat, my hair was mussed up and my cowlicks were sticking up worse than ever; but my general expression was so lively, healthy and good-natured that I was pleased with myself.

But what the mirror sees, or other people see, is less important than what the mind's eye conceives. "My shyness was aggravated by the conviction that I was ugly," states the narrator of "Boyhood." "I am quite certain that nothing has such a telling impact on a man's cast of thought as his appearance, and not his appearance itself so much as his conviction that it is attractive or unattractive." Tolstoy thought of himself, with a certainty as unusual as his sense of moral isolation, as physically ugly, and the mother, herself homely, who might have weaned him away from self-dislike on this score ("I am told," he noted in his "Recollections," "that she was very

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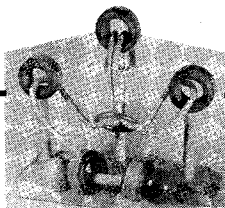
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fond of me, and called me '*mon petit Benjamin*'") died before he could remember her. In "*Childhood*" he constructs a mother who offers the rather stern consolation, "Remember, Nikolenska, that no one will ever love you for your face, so you must try to be a good and clever boy."

Try he did, becoming a cruelly demanding tutor to his own lazy and wayward pupil. "It's sad to know," he wrote, "that my mind is uneducated, imprecise and feeble (although supple), that my feelings lack constancy and strength, that my will is so wavering that the least circumstance destroys all my good intentions." "I lack perseverance and persistence in everything. As a result I've become unbearably repulsive to myself." This repulsiveness extends to his writing: "Got up early, got on with *Childhood*; it's become extremely repulsive." Of the same work, he wrote, "I'm absolutely convinced that it's no good at all. The style is too careless and there are too few ideas to make it possible to forgive the emptiness of content." Of "*A Landowner's Morning*," which he had begun with considerable enthusiasm ("Feel positively ashamed to be devoting my time to such follies as my stories when I've begun such a wonderful thing"), he finally concluded, "It's definitely poor, but I'll publish it," just as, two months before in 1856, he had noted, "Finished *Youth*; poor, but sent it off." Self-condemnation marches in stride with his growing oeuvre. "I'm altogether dissatisfied with the Caucasian tale" (8/18/57). "Received *Family Happiness*. It's a shameful abomination" (5/9/59). "Corrected the proofs of *The Cossacks*—it's terribly weak" (1/23/63). During the years of his two great novels, the carping diary falls all but silent, and does not show Tolstoy disparaging "*War and Peace*." His work on "*Anna Karenina*," however, proceeded by surges of enthusiasm and indifference, and at the end, as the novel thrived at the bookstores, he grumbled to his family, "What's so difficult about describing how an officer gets entangled with a woman? There's nothing difficult in that, and above all, nothing worthwhile. It's bad, and it serves no purpose." In "*My Confession*," begun in 1879, he dismissed his great creative period in a paragraph:

Notwithstanding that during these fifteen years I looked upon the craft of authorship as a very trifling thing, I continued all the time to write. I had experi-

enced the seductions of authorship, the temptations of an enormous pecuniary reward and of great applause for valueless work, and gave myself up to it as a means of improving my material position, and of stifling in my soul all questions regarding my own life and life in general. In my writings I taught what for me was the only truth,—that the object of life should be our highest happiness and that of our family.

Those around him were dismayed at the new direction he took at the end of the seventies. Sonya wrote to her sister in November of 1879, "Leo is still working, as he calls it, but alas! all he is producing are philosophical disquisitions! He reads and thinks until it gives him headache. . . . My only hope is that he will soon get over it, and it will pass, like a disease." Turgenev, visiting in 1880, wrote, "In contemporary European literature he has no equal. . . . But what is one to do with him? He has plunged headlong into another sphere: he has surrounded himself with Bibles and Gospels in all languages, and has written a whole heap of papers." The superego embodied in the diary has triumphed, and the journals greatly expand, singing the same conscience-stricken, self-hating song—religious self-mortification mixed in with exorbitant artistic standards and a dandyish *Weltschmerz*. "I often wish to die. Work doesn't absorb me" (9/2/81). "Shameful and vile. Terrible depression. Full of weakness. I must take care of myself, as though I were asleep, so as not to damage what I need when I'm awake. I'm being more and more dragged into the mire, and my convulsions are of no avail" (4/11/84). "I try to be serene and happy, but it's very, very hard. All that I do is bad, and I suffer terribly from it" (5/28/84). In his peculiar mire, he devoted more energy to making boots, mingling with the peasants, urging chastity and poverty upon his unreceptive family, and reproaching his own laziness and sensuality than to writing: "I'm writing *The Kreutzer Sonata* and even *On Art*, and both are negative and evil, and I want to write something good" (7/24/89). "Thought about the fact that I'm fussing over my writing of *The Kreutzer Sonata* out of vanity; I don't want to appear in public as not fully finished, clumsy, even poor. And that's bad" (8/29/89). "In the morning I wrote a new variant of *The Kreutzer Sonata*—not badly, but sluggishly" (10/6/89). "Looked through the whole of *The Kreutzer Sonata*, made deletions, corrections and additions. I'm awfully fed up with it. The main

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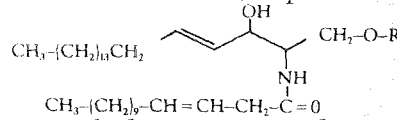
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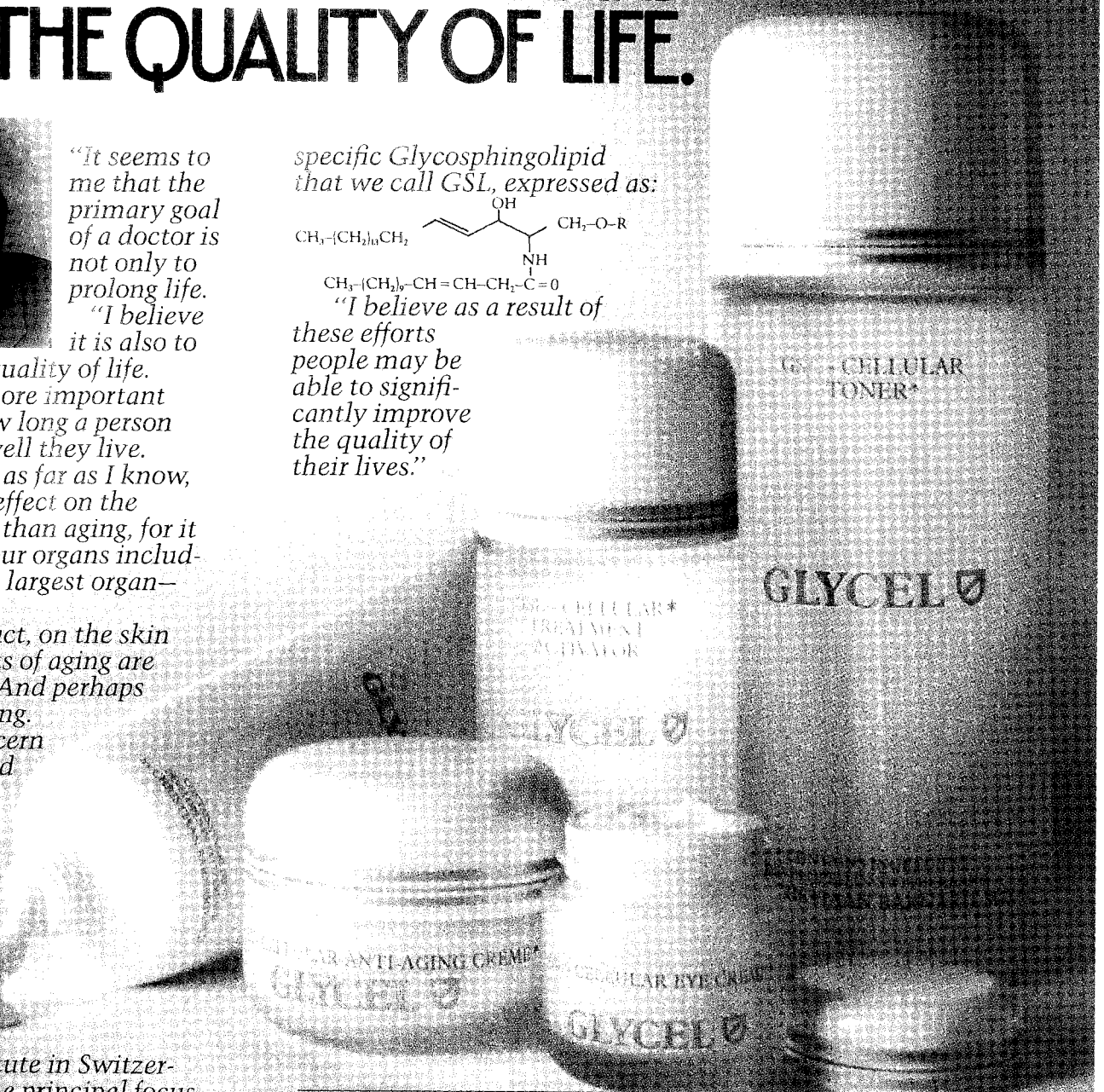
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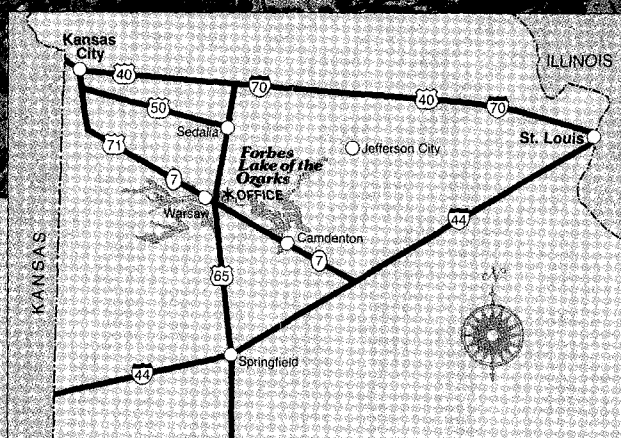
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thing is that it's artistically wrong and false" (12/6/89). "Read through all the works of fiction which I've begun. They're all bad" (6/14/94).

The year 1895 brings us, with a weary sigh, into the second volume of the journals. Tolstoy had fifteen more years to live. In this period, he managed to finish "Resurrection"—"Finished *Resurrection*. It's not good. Not revised. Too hurried. But I'm free of it, and it doesn't interest me any more" (12/18/99). He also produced "Master and Man" ("pretty worthless") and "Hadji Murad" ("stupid"), some fables, the play "The Light Shines in Darkness," several volumes of an anthology of the world's wisdom called "A Cycle of Reading," and a large number of pamphlets and pronouncements. "But still I'm a disgusting, repulsive creature," he reassures his diary. "And how good it is to know this and remember it" (10/9/1900). "Thank God, I'm loathsome and worthless to the last degree" (12/21/09). His struggles with virtue's impossible demands, the world's intractable problems, his incorrigible family, his implacably clinging wife, and his own oppressive celebrity make for a hectic atmosphere. His diary seems to be read, almost like a bulletin board, as he writes it, and Sonya is keeping her own, which he, in turn, reads, while he hides his top-secret diary in his blouse or his boot. She rifles through his papers in the dead of the night, and at the height of her jealousy of Vladimir Chertkov, the chief apostle of the Tolstoyan creed, she waves in her husband's face passages she has copied from his old diaries as proof of his homosexuality. It all seems childish and repetitive, and had been going on for years. In the year 1889, Tolstoy recorded a dialogue with Sonya that captures the tone of their discussions, not entirely to his own advantage: "I. 'What wonderful articles about non-resistance.' She. 'Yes, but it's all talk. Everyone knows it and no one does it, because it doesn't pay.' I. 'That's because people don't drum it in.' She. 'However much you drum it in, they won't do it.' I. 'Why not, if it's drummed in in the same way as, say, the holiness of the sacrament? . . . You don't understand.' She. 'What is there to understand? I understand already what you're going to say next. You just keep on and on about the same old thing.'" Tolstoy, for all his self-flagellation and willed saintliness, only rarely detects the tyrannical egoism of his determination

to "drum in," to achieve the long-deferred "all-round development of everything that exists," beginning with his wife and children. A few months after his recorded dialogue with Sonya, he did confess that "the devil" assailed him "in the form of a proud passion, a desire that everyone should immediately share my views."

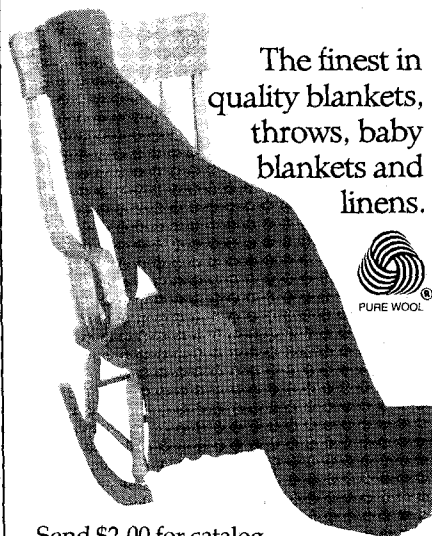
He often makes note that he is depressed: "I'm depressed. I'm a worthless, pathetic, unnecessary creature, and moreover a self-centred one. The one good thing is that I want to die" (5/3/84). "I don't remember such depression for a long time" (5/13/95). "I can't sleep for depression" (1/12/97). He reads William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience" and finds that "in James' book it is said that I'm a melancholic, close to mental illness." Saturation in these melancholy diaries led this reader to conclude that Tolstoy suffered from the ailment of excessive clear-sightedness. He saw through everything to the hard truth, and art was the one realm where such a talent could be enjoyably utilized. Having had his spell of sexual adventuring and family happiness, he saw through them to their bottom of selfishness and transience. He saw the oppression and cruelty in the autocratic, capitalist system that prevailed but also saw that socialist revolution was no solution. His critiques of Marxism, two decades before it came to rule his country, are prophetic:

Even if what Marx predicts were to happen, then the only thing that would happen would be that despotism would be transferred. Now the capitalists are in power, then the workers' bosses would be in power. . . . The main misjudgement, the main error of Marx's theory is the supposition that capital will pass out of the hands of private individuals into the hands of the government, and from the government, representing the people, into the hands of the workers. . . . It is a fiction, a deception, that the government represents the people.

Tolstoy saw that life without a religion amounts to death and darkness and Darwinian struggle; but he also saw orthodox Christianity as absurd and had great trouble maintaining even a minimal faith: "Sonya has gone to Kiev. An inner struggle. I don't much believe in God." His creed, when stated, is stripped-down Kant, a hypothetical "law": "Does God exist? I don't know. I know that there is a law governing my spiritual being. The source of, and the reason for that law I call God." As a thinker, Tolstoy belongs not with the Victorian redis-

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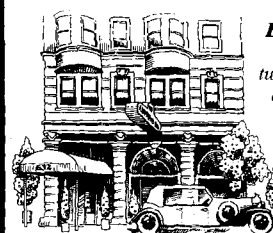
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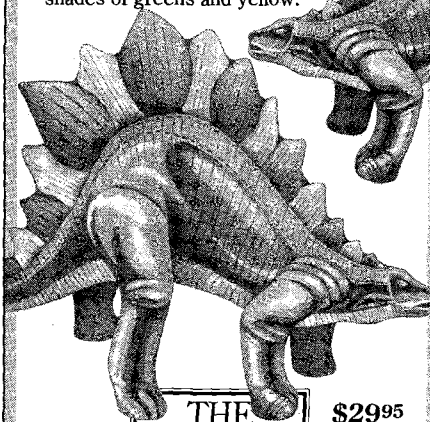
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coverers of faith like Dostoyevski, Kierkegaard, and Newman but with the eighteenth-century *philosophes* and Deists, and even with the cynical, reductionist court maximists like La Rochefoucauld and Chamfort. He seeks the underlying principle, the sweeping law, and the end of "War and Peace" confounds the readers of his momentous panorama of human activity and moral search with the announcement that free will is as much an illusion as the stationariness of the earth. Nowhere as a writer is Tolstoy more powerful than when, with Ivan Ilyich and Anna Karenina, he sees through to the horror of things—a horror he then attempts to cancel with a flash of light: for Ivan Ilyich, "in place of death there was light," and, as the train wheel crushes Anna, "the light . . . flared up more brightly than ever before, lighted up for her all that had been in darkness." May it prove so; but Tolstoy's religiosity usually seems somewhat strained, and his theories advocating a "moral," populist art self-wonderingly reactionary and doctrinaire.

The journals contain many severe and downright dismissive comments on other writers. "I've been reading Shaw. His triviality amazes me." "Read Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, and his sister's note about how he wrote it, and am absolutely convinced that he was completely mad when he wrote it." "Read Boccaccio. The beginning of ruling-class immoral art." "Read Dostoyevsky and was astonished at his slipshod manner, artificiality and fabrication." Goncharov's "Oblomov" provokes the exclamation "How paltry!" and a sampling of Walt Whitman is summarized as "some stupid poems." Writers he somewhat admires elicit rather subtler judgments. "We spoke about Chekhov . . . it became clear to me that he, like Pushkin, has made an advance in form. And that's a great service. But, like Pushkin, he hasn't any content." "Sat all evening alone, read Chekhov. He has the ability to love as far as artistic insight goes, but as yet no reason to." "Have just read Chekhov's story *On the Cart*. Excellent for its descriptiveness, but rhetorical as soon as he wants to give a meaning to the story." "Read Coleridge. A writer very sympathetic to me—precise, clear, but unfortunately timid—an Englishman—the Church of England and redemption. Impossible." When Tolstoy came, late in life, to express his literary opinions in print, he proved to be one of the great

scolds in the history of criticism. He devoted pages of "What Is Art?" to condemning Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé, and other "decadents" as "incomprehensible." He composed a lengthy, energetic essay in justification of the "insuperable repulsion and tedium" aroused in him by the works of Shakespeare; he troubled to read the original sources for Shakespeare's plots (the old play "King Lear," the Italian tale of *Othello*) and in every instance found them more logical and plausible than the contorted, ambiguous plays that Shakespeare scribbled and that Goethe and other Germans foisted off on the gullible nineteenth century as great works. Clarity and naturalness were Tolstoy's touchstones, and, as his religious mission thickened, patent moral purpose and sobriety; in "Why Do Men Stupefy Themselves?" he asserts that "Kant's works would not have been written in such a curious and bad style had he not smoked so much." He came to believe, in a chilling approach to the totalitarian view, that art must serve society with moral instruction, if it is to exist at all.

Yet, as his life draws to a close in a tumult of private quarrels and public causes and global celebrity, he wistfully notes in his diary a longing for "literary work": "Yes, I would like some literary work. One can express everything and unburden oneself without condemning anyone" (10/21/09). A bit later, this man of eighty-one confides sadly, "I think I'm played out as a writer of literary works. I can't concentrate on one thing. But there's a lot I want to do" (11/2/09). And in the year of his death he notes, "I've been reading through my books. I oughtn't to write any more. I think in this respect I've done all I could. But I want to, I terribly want to . . ." Most of the ideas he jots down after completing "Resurrection" never came to anything, as Mr. Christian's notes faithfully inform us. But "Hadji Murad," published posthumously, is as much a masterpiece as "Billy Budd," and the one passage in these two volumes that for me came to life with the full Tolstoyan impetus, the racing pulse of truth, came very near the end, when the old sage and patriarch, already in failing health, at long last makes his escape from home, and sets out to be a pilgrim:

Everything was packed somehow or other before 6; I walked to the stables to tell them to harness the horses; Dušan, Sasha and Varya finished off the packing. The night was pitch black, I lost my way to the outhouse, found myself in a thicket,

ricked myself, bumped into some trees, fell over, lost my cap, couldn't find it, made my way out again with an effort, went back home, took another cap and with the aid of a lantern made my way to the stables and ordered the horses to be harnessed. Sasha, Dušan and Varya arrived. I trembled as I waited to be pursued. But then we were on our way. We waited an hour at Shchokino, and every minute I expected her [Sonya] to appear. But then we were in the carriage, the train started, and my fear passed, and pity for her rose up within me, but not doubt about having done what I had to do. Perhaps I'm mistaken in justifying myself, but I think it was not myself, not Lev Nikolayevich, that was saving, but something that is sometimes, and if only to a very small extent, within me.

This rapid succession of clauses unurls the nervous clarity and concreteness, even the comedy, of the mind and body shown in slightly discordant action, of sensations and emotions constantly modified by a critique delivered by a motionless, watchful, beautifully honest intelligence—the lucid partner in the Tolstoyan balancing act, perhaps that something “within me” worth saving. Ten days later, he was dead.

MORE threads than can be counted run through these journals. His remarks on art, for instance, range dramatically:

Literature is rubbish. (12/27/52)

Art is the ability to depict what ought to be, what all people ought to strive towards, what gives people the greatest good. (10/13/94)

Art is a microscope which the artist fixes on the secrets of his soul, and shows to people these secrets which are common to all. (5/17/96)

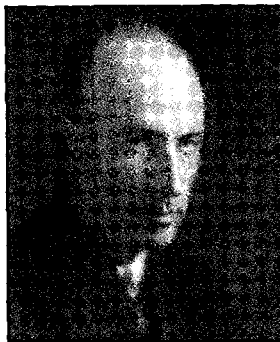
Happiness, like art and women, belongs to the realm of temptation; yet he can never quite turn his back on it:

Unhappiness makes man virtuous—virtue makes him happy—happiness makes him vicious. (March-May 1851)

Unhappiness is the best condition for improving oneself, for rising to a higher level; unhappiness is an indication of one's imperfection. (9/28/99)

There's much to note down, above all the joyful, steadfast, serene, almost always loving state in which I find myself. The question is: where does it come from? Why, given my vile life, do I have so much happiness? (12/13/04)

He preached asceticism but excelled in the portrayal of happiness; the concept figures in his work as prominently as that of truth, and seems to constitute the core of his genuinely religious, pantheistic intuitions. The hero of “Youth,” lying awake on a moonlit night beside a pond, amid birches and



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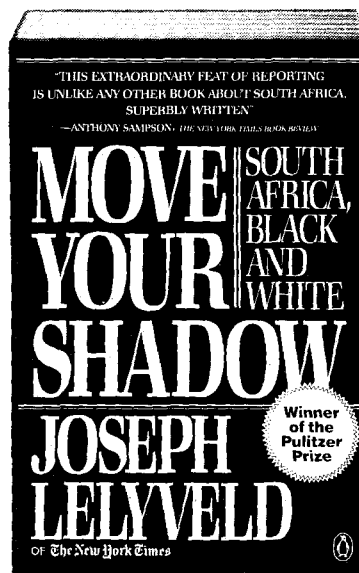
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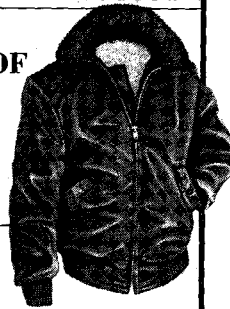


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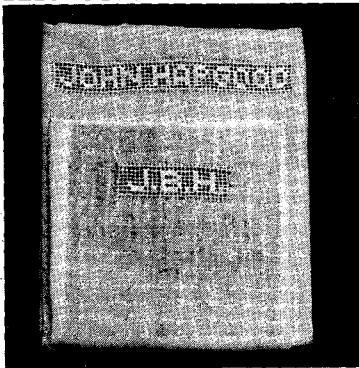
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dew-coated flowers and gleaming, leaping frogs, confides, "All this assumed a strange meaning to me, signifying an excess of beauty together with a sort of uncompleted happiness."

It seems a sad paradox that the author who among male authors has given us unsurpassedly sympathetic and vital female characters, and whose literary career owed so much to the advice and secretarial labors of his wife and daughters, and who in "The Kreutzer Sonata" penned a kind of feminist tract, should in his journals, under the stress of his struggles with Sonya, sink from casual chauvinism to dire misogyny:

Wenches have led me astray. (6/23/53)

I want a woman terribly. A pretty one. (6/15/57)

And it suddenly became clear to me what women's strong points are: coldness—and something which they can't be held responsible for because of their weak powers of thought—deceitfulness, cunning and flattery. (8/31/84)

Yes, woman's kingdom is a disaster. Nobody but women (she and her daughters) can do stupid and dirty things in a clean and even nice manner, and be completely satisfied. (3/3/89)

So to regard women as what they are— weaker creatures spiritually—is not cruelty to women; to regard them as equals is cruelty. (6/13/91)

Women are people with sexual organs over their hearts. (6/2/94)

For seventy years I've been lowering my opinion of women more and more, and I need to lower it still further. (11/20/99)

Clearly all disasters, or an enormous proportion of them, are due to the disoluteness of women. (12/19/1900)

Women lie like children, without noticing it. (5/11/01)

For the existence of a reasonable, moral society, it is necessary for women to be under the influence of men. (7/31/05)

These strictures relate, perhaps, to the unreality of his own mother and the reality, even as he approaches death, of his need for her: "I, an old man, wanted to become a child, to nestle up against a loving creature, to snuggle up, to complain, to be caressed and comforted. But who is this creature I could nestle up against and in whose arms I could weep and complain? Nobody now alive." He never had a conversation with Marya Tolstoy; she has been made into a silent immensity, a religious ideal:

Yes, yes, my dear mother whom I never called by that name, since I couldn't talk. Yes, she is my highest conception of pure love—not a cold or divine, but a warm, earthly, maternal love. This is what at-

tracts my better, weary soul. Mother dear caress me.

All this is stupid, but it's all true.

The words "true" and "truth" echo through these journals, and the triumph of Tolstoy's art is the impression of truth it makes upon us, even when tinged by a cranky and strident ideology. We assimilate the imagery, dialogue, and psychologies of his fiction as if they were already our own; the air we breathe within the book seems our natural air as well. Seen exposed, in the journals, the scathing critical sourness with which Tolstoy regarded his own work, the work of others, and much of the world itself, one can only deduce that a supreme achievement can be achieved through a process largely negative, with a hypertrophied critical faculty pitted against an irrepressible creative urge. He was a terrific reviser; "War and Peace" was copied over and over by his patient wife, and corrected so extensively in proof that his publisher, Bartenyev, wrote him, "God alone knows what you are doing! If you go on like that we will be correcting and resetting forever. Anyone can tell you that halting your changes are unnecessary. . . . For the love of God, stop scribbling!" But Tolstoy answered, "It is impossible for me not to scribble the way I scribble." Very early in his career, at the age of twenty-four, he noted, "I must abandon for ever the idea of writing without revising." He achieved the vital concreteness and directness of his prose as if sculpturally, through a series of self-critical blows, a succession of energetic corrections. James Joyce arguing about Tolstoy with his brother Stanislaus in 1905, intuitively couched his praise in negatives: "Tolstoy is a magnificent writer. He is never dull, never stupid, never tired, never pedantic, never theatrical!"

Proust, the other modern novelist who approached Tolstoy's grandeur of ambition, had this to say of him: "Every so-called stroke of observation is simply the clothing, the proof, the instance, of a law, a law of reason or of unreason, which the novelist has laid bare. . . . One feels oneself moving amid a throng of laws. . . . And for all that, in this apparently inexhaustible fund of creation it seems as though Tolstoy were repeating himself, as though he had no more than a few themes at his disposal, disguised and reshaped. . . . Might not the same memory have 'sat' for Kitty passing by in the carriage and Natasha in the carriage following the army?" Indeed,

part of Tolstoy's truth is a stubborn fidelity, in his fiction, to what his heart has verified; he refused to leave a certain emotional base, defined by Yasnaya Polyana. The scowling, bearded prophet, pronouncing on "the all-round development of everything that exists," looks out with the deep-set live gray eyes of the overheated little boy, his cowlicks sticking up but the general expression "so lively, healthy and good-natured that I was pleased with myself." The year of his death, he wrote in his diary a sentiment stemming from his childhood and more than once echoed in his youth: "What a strange thing: I love myself, but nobody loves me." Issued from the height of so long and victorious a life, the humble confession seems epic.

PERHAPS a word should be offered about this translation of the journals as an editorial production. Though admirable, it is not inviting and could have been, one suspects, nicer. Scribners has done no more than serve up the English edition—big grim gray pages, numerous typos, and all. The two volumes are a bit large to be handy, and making one's way from the index in the second, and back and forth to the footnotes in the back of each, is awkward. Mr. Christian has previously edited two volumes of Tolstoy's letters, and his knowledge of the personae and minutiae of Tolstoy's life is impressively thorough. As in any selection, what was left out haunts what is in; triple dots swarm like mayflies, and a lot of the entries seem very snippety. As it happens, Professor Leon Stilman, of Columbia University, twenty-five years ago edited an edition of the diaries from Tolstoy's last year, 1910, and this single dramatic year of uncut entries made compelling reading. The entry of April 13th appears in the Christian edition (ellipses his) as

Today is 13 April Woke up at 5 and kept thinking how to escape, what to do. And I don't know. I thought of writing. Yet it's disgusting to write while continuing to live this sort of life. Should I speak to her? Go away? Change things gradually? [...] I think the latter is all I can and will do. But still it's depressing. [...]

The Stilman edition carries the section after the second ellipsis to a startling outburst:

It seems that the last is all I can and will do. But it is oppressive all the same. Perhaps, even very likely, this is good. Help me, help me, He who is in me and in everything, and who is, and whom I pray

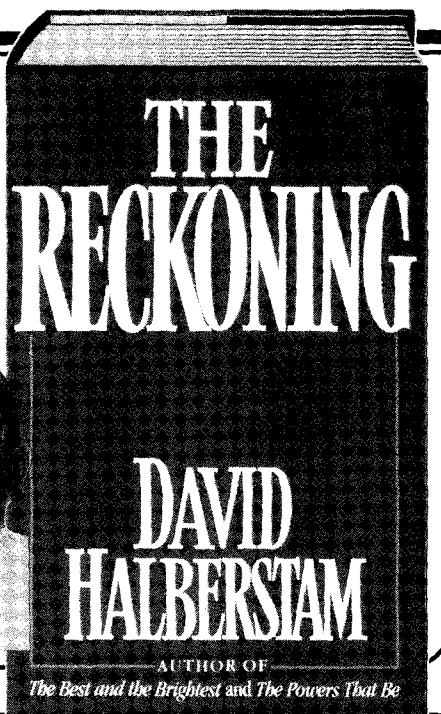
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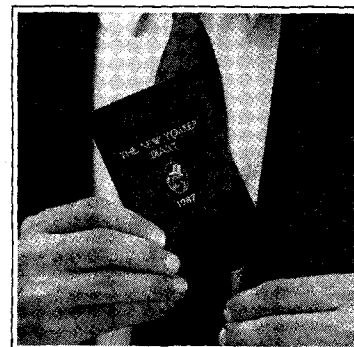
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to and love. Yes, love. Now I weep, as I love. Very much.

Of the ten passages that I had noted in the back of the Stilman book as especially shrewd or poignant, eight were omitted by Mr. Christian, including this valuable and typically Tolstoyan insight: "I am conscious of myself in exactly the same way now, at eighty-one, as I was conscious of myself, my 'I,' at five or six years of age." If diaries are worth translating at all, an uncut version enables the reader to decide for himself what is important and to experience the drift of days somewhat as the writer did.

"Tolstoy's Diaries," as edited by Mr. Christian, seems inadequate as a scholarly resource while still intimidating to the general reader. Thus continue the ragged, unsystematic fortunes of Tolstoy's journals in English. The year 1917 saw published, by Dutton and Knopf, respectively, two "first volumes" that turned out to be the last: "The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy: Youth—1847 to 1852," translated by C. J. Hogarth and A. Sirnis, and "The Journal of Leo Tolstoy: First Volume—1895 to 1899," translated by Rose Strunsky. Ten years later, Doubleday brought out the journals from 1853 to 1857, as rendered into English by the veteran Tolstoy translators Louise and Aylmer Maude. None of these volumes (all out of print) had a sequel, though sequels seemed implied, and all of them, it might be said, were pleasanter to hold and peruse than Mr. Christian's big boxed pair. And all but Rose Strunsky's carried the footnotes at the bottom of the pages, where footnotes should be.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HIGH ART, by Rubem Fonseca, translated from the Portuguese by Ellen Watson (Harper & Row; \$17.95). The publishers describe this novel, the first work by the respected Brazilian writer to appear in English, as a "crime/thriller," and invoke, specifically, the name of Raymond Chandler. This is altogether misleading. There is crime here—high-powered drug dealing and many, many murders—but it is handled largely without thrills, and mostly in parody, often in a surrealistic manner. The story, which is hardly a story at all, involves the efforts of a criminal lawyer called Mandrake to investigate a series of

murders whose victims are prostitutes in and around Rio de Janeiro. But Mandrake's real interests are cigars, wine, and the bedding of eager women. His movements mingle with those of a professional knife-fighter, a wealthy businessman and racing-stable owner who is also a cocaine tycoon and a hypochondriac, a murderous black dwarf, a professional hit man, and a violently jealous lesbian. Mr. Fonseca leads us an enthralling chase through the higher elevations and lower depths of contemporary Brazil, and although his methods are often cockeyed the picture that emerges is only too credibly clear.

THE FISHER KING, by Anthony Powell (Norton; \$15.95). The theme of this brief, elegant, and ironic novel is that of the author's multi-part masterpiece "A Dance to the Music of Time;" namely, the pursuit of power. Here Mr. Powell's fictional device is traditional: he assembles a group of diverse characters in a closed situation—a cruise ship on which well-off British and Americans are sailing around Scotland, stopping to visit Roman and prehistoric sites that inescapably recall the myths of ancient Britain. The Fisher King was a ruler, wounded in the thigh, whose impotence blighted his country's fertility; his counterpart on this voyage is a famous crippled photographer. The mythical figure appears in the Grail stories of the Arthurian legend surrounded by other personages, such as the Loathly Damsel, who, as Mr. Powell's narrative unfolds, find their analogues on this voyage. Mr. Powell's familiar gifts entertain us anew—his ear for speech, for example, and his remarkable feeling for period. His great work evoked the past decades of this century, but everything in this novel—language, costume, cast, behavior—is of the present.

NOTE: "Where You'll Find Me," a collection of stories by Ann Beattie, has been published by Simon & Schuster (\$14.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

SEMITES AND ANTI-SEMITES: AN INQUIRY INTO CONFLICT AND PREJUDICE, by Bernard Lewis (Norton; \$18.95). A Princeton specialist in the Near East explains that for centuries Christian and Muslim atti-

tudes toward Jews diverged: Christians regarded Jews as the people who had rejected Christ, while Muslims, remembering that Muhammad had defeated three Jewish tribes, regarded Jews as insignificant losers, and concentrated their hostility on Christians. Mr. Lewis traces the evolution in Europe of anti-Semitism—the phrase was invented as recently as 1879, and, like much modern racism, confuses categories (in this case, genetic heritage and language)—and its importation into the Middle East. At present, the Muslim Middle East is saturated with propaganda claiming that John Wilkes Booth and Al Capone were Jews, and evoking the memory of “that great man Hitler.” Even so, the author feels that this madness has not sunk deep into the society. If peace could be attained between Israel and its neighbors, he suggests, “then it is possible that the anti-Semitic campaign will fade away, and be confined, as in the modern West, to fringe groups and fringe regimes.”

REFLECTIONS IN A WRITER'S EYE, by Angus Wilson (Viking; \$15.95). These travel sketches were written over the last thirty years or so, and make up a beguiling sampler of the author's witty and sometimes caustic style. Some of his trips were short ones—for instance, from London to Brighton (“the jolliest resort in the world”), or to the London Zoo. Others took him to Japan (“The first view of Tokyo as you leave the airport is hideous; so it is with most airports; unfortunately in this case the impression is a true foretaste”), to South Africa, where he spent a part of his youth and found he had no hankering to stay, to India, to Sri Lanka, to the Georgian coast of the Black Sea, as a guest of Nikita Khrushchev in his sumptuous villa, to Martinique, to the United States. Mr. Wilson is alive to the discomforts of travel, and he is often very funny in describing them. Little seems to escape his eye. He says he admires America, but the things he picks out for special praise—freeways, for example—are not those most Englishmen would light on. He likes to tease, too. After a visit to California, he tells friends in the East, “I love Los Angeles.” “You mean San Francisco,” they say. “No.”

NOTE: “A Missing Plane,” Susan Sheehan's account of the recent dis-

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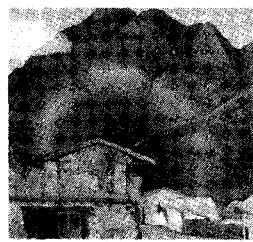
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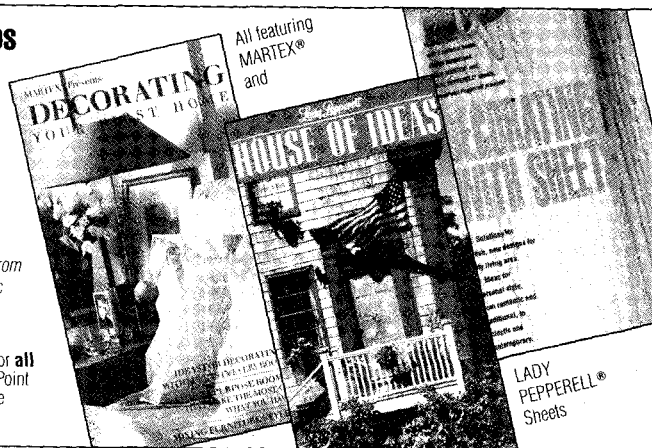
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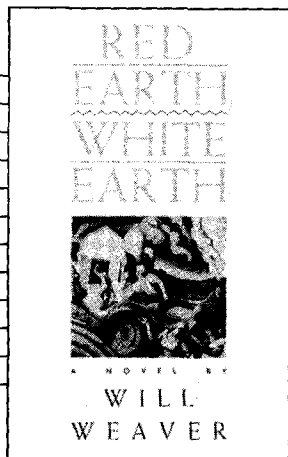
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covery in New Guinea of a Second World War plane and the identification of its crew, has been published by Putnam (\$18.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in these pages.... Frances Fitzgerald's report on four American communities, "Cities on a Hill: A Journey Through Contemporary American Cultures," has been published by Simon & Schuster (\$19.95). Again, nearly all the contents first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LIVE FLESH, by Ruth Rendell (Panthéon; \$15.95). This is a novel of a sort regrettably out of fashion in recent years—the genre once known as the psychological thriller. The psyche under examination is that of a thirty-eight-year-old English loner named Victor Jenner, just released from prison after serving ten years for the shooting (and paralyzing from the waist down) of a London police officer. The shooting occurred when Jenner, a compulsive rapist, in flight from a bungled rape, took shelter in a nearby house and held a young woman there hostage. Miss Rendell achieves immediately the extraordinary feat of making Jenner not only understandable but also almost sympathetic—moving in his efforts to reorient himself to life outside prison, and reasonable in his determination to meet his disabled victim and come to some kind of rapprochement. He achieves this last, and more. He falls naïvely in love with a young woman who is the former officer's companion. The disintegration of his personality which follows is almost unbearable in its relentlessness and its inevitability.

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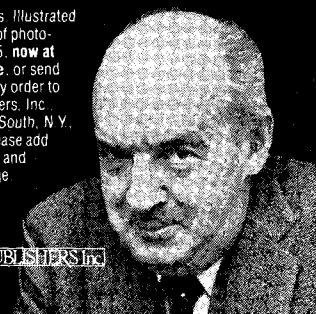
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